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BELGIUM

Painting by Lavergne the Younger

Albert

King of the Belgians

BELGIUM

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE

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BY

BRAND WHITLOCK

UNITED STATES MINISTER TO BELGIUM

AND AUTHOR OF
"FORTY YEARS OF IT,"
ETC.

VOLUME I

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DEDICATED

WITH HIS MAJESTY'S PERMISSION

TO

ALBERT I

KING OF THE BELGIANS

Je l'ai vu, dis-je, vu, de mes propres yeux vu,
Ce qu'on appelle vu . . . . .

Molière

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BELGIUM

I

THE SILVER BOWL

On an evening late in the month of May 1914 we were dining at the German Legation. We had arisen from the long table and gone up to the *salons,* and as we stood about waiting for the coffee I found myself beside Herr von Below-Saleski, who said to me in a low voice and with a sigh:

"Well, thank God, it's over now."

He spoke, no doubt, in the sense of intimacy that was somehow ours because we had come at about the same time to Brussels, where we knew no one, not even each other; the fact was somewhat of a bond, the only one, between us. I could quite understand the relief he felt, the relief of the host who has done his duty; I had the same sensation myself in my capacity of guest.

"Yes," I said, "it's over at last."

"We can be tourists now," he went on, "go where we please, do what we please."

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know; anywhere, to be free, to get away. Take a trip somewhere. And you?"

"To the country."

And I thought of Bois Fleuri, waiting for me there that night, in the dismal rain that made the Quartier Léopold so dreary and emphasized that expression of

vague sadness it always wears, even when the sun lights up its blocks of austere houses. My heart was lighter for an instant in the thought of the country, the noble forest, Ravenstein with its golf links and the red roofs of little Tervueren.

While my thoughts played with the pleasant anticipations of vacation my colleague left me standing there, to greet a dog, a German dachshund that just then came wriggling into the *salon,* as delighted to be admitted to the company as the company was to have it come; there is perhaps nothing as efficient as a dog, even one of these dachshunds, to entertain the guests of a formal dinner. The dog was gamboling about and writhing ecstatically on the floor, which it thumped with its tail, and the guests exclaimed over it and spoke to it in French, though doubtless German was the only language it understood, and flattered it with endearing epithets:

"Oh, le gentil petit toutou! . . . Quel amour de chien! . . . Qu'il est charmant, n'est-ce pas? . . . Ici, mon vieux! . . ."

The dog accepted all their compliments with a dog's frank love of flattery; the *salon* was enlivened with talk, with exclamations, with laughter. The footmen were serving the coffee and the cigarettes, and, leaving his other guests, Herr von Below came back to me. We were standing by a table in a corner of the room, and from among the *objets d'art,* the various trinkets, the signed photographs in silver frames with which it was loaded, he drew forward a silver bowl that he used as a *cendrier.* As I dropped the ash of my cigarette into it, I noticed that it was pierced on one side near the rim by a perfectly round hole, the jagged edges of which

were thrust inward; it was plainly a bullet-hole, and doubtless the bowl had a history. I asked him.

"Yes, a bullet hole," he said. "In China, it stood on my desk, and one day during the riots a bullet came through the window and went right through it."

Several of the guests pressed up to see; such a bowl, with its jagged bullet hole and a history was an excellent subject for conversation; the German Minister had to recount the circumstances several times.

"I have never had a post," he said, "where there has not been trouble; in Turkey it was the Revolution, in China it was the Boxers. I am a bird of ill omen." (*"Je suis un oiseau de mauvais augure."*)

He laughed, standing there very erect and tall and distinguished, with his pointed black moustaches, raising his cigarette delicately to his lips with a wide and elegant gesture, while the guests purred about, examined the silver bowl, thrust their fingers into the bullet hole.

"But now," he went on, "I have the most tranquil post in Europe; nothing can happen in Brussels."

And we all fell to celebrating the peace, the calm, the repose of the loveliest, the most charming city in Europe. . . .

I think we all felt the relief that the end of the season brought us, for Herr von Below's was the last of the long series of dinners and formal functions of the winter. There were only a few more moments to be got over; then the footmen would wheel in the service of the tea and announce the carriages, and we could go. . . . And then, Bois Fleuri, and the links at Ravenstein, and the manuscript of the novel I had so long wished to write!

I went over to where Prince Koudacheff, our Rus-

sian colleague, was standing by a great red curtain at the entrance to the adjoining *salon,* peering with that sharp, cynical glance out at a world that had stripped him of his last illusion. It was always a pleasure to chat with Prince Koudacheff; he was so good at heart in his Russian way, and his incorrigible pessimism was so delightful. But nearby, in the great hall, one of the German secretaries of legation was recounting the history of an enormous oil-painting of the Kaiser that hung over the staircase; the history was neither important nor interesting, but since the portrait was of the Kaiser, the secretary adopted the courtier's tone in speaking of it, and I could like the young Belgian who, squinting up at the theatrical figure in its bald and too vivid colours, said:

"Il serait permis de dire, n'est-ce pas, que comme art, la peinture n'est pas fameuse?"

But then Herr von Below was said to be a man of superb taste, he played the piano well, and had a knowledge of all the arts. Under him the German Legation would be immensely improved. He had set out a new formal garden; he would enhance the already widening German influence in Belgium. His dinners that spring had been excellent; the *Bourgogne* we had just had for dinner, for instance, was the famous *Château-Chose*—1873.

II

THE SEASON

It had been a brilliant and a crowded season, even if its beginnings had been touched by the shadow of mourning for the Countess of Flanders, the mother of the King, from which the Court was just emerging. The two *salons bleus* with which the season at Brussels begins had been given at the Palace and the Queen's garden party, with which it ends, in the Summer Palace at Laeken. But that year, destined to be so tragic in Belgian history and in the history of mankind, had been distinguished by events of unusual social interest. There had been the special mission from the new Chinese Republic; the visit of the King and Queen of Denmark; and later in the fatal summer, the visit of the Lord Mayor of London, who in robes and golden chains came riding—at least from the Gare du Nord to the Palace—in his ancient coach with his beef-eaters and all the civic pomp of old London town. And these events had laughing echoes and brilliant reflections in the Quartier Léopold, which never perhaps had been so gay. It is the quarter sacred, from time if not immemorial, at least what would be immemorial in most of our cities, to the aristocracy, and lies west of the boulevards of the "upper town," as that part of the city was called when Léopold I came to the throne, and with its solid blocks of stately houses, it extends now eastward almost to the Cinquantenaire; so has aristocracy

flourished. Joseph Conrad in one of his stories refers to those houses as having given him the impression of "whitened sepulchres," and the *quartier* does wear, indeed, an aspect of vague melancholy, *un peu triste,* with its monotonous façades of grey or white, or *café au lait,* that have a way of scowling gloomily in the rain that drops down so easily from the low grey northern skies. The houses seem always to be closed, and the *persiennes* drawn, as though their owners were not at home; perhaps it is because they are not at home to everybody, though when one of the great doors is opened with a great clatter of chains by an impassive footman, and one has been admitted, one attributes the external aspect to the reserve that one finds characterizing everything within, surcharging even the calm atmosphere. Through these great doors in other days carriages rolled as motor-cars roll in ours, or as they did roll until the Germans came, and at the other end of the *porte-cochère,* which pierces the house like a tunnel, one has a bright glimpse of those lovely gardens where so much of the intimate life of Brussels is passed. For the *Bruxellois* knows the charm of formal gardens, the mystery of high walls with the lavender blossoms of wistaria or the bloom of a peach bough falling over them in spring, just as, from long intercourse with France, he knows the beauty of subdued colours and the exquisite lines of the furniture that was made in the time of the Louis.

The inner doors of these old mansions have a sense of exclusion and intimacy that enhances their hospitality once one is admitted to it; they give into stately halls, with a wide staircase leading up to the great *salons* with their lofty ceilings and their heavily curtained windows

overlooking the street, and the *espion* to tell who stands at the door without—a device that might have relieved Horace of the bore Crispinus, and delivered Emerson out of the dangers of those awful Devastators of the Day who dwell in every land. The old house, there on the corner of the Rue Belliard and the Rue de Trèves, that is the American Legation, did very well for the ordinary times of peace, though it was hardly prepared for those extraordinary times then lurking in the dark future, when it was to be daily crowded with the victims of tragedies that even Joseph Conrad could not have imagined, and to become the strange stage of events that are now part of the history of the dear, the charming, the tragic land. There was little hint of those tragedies in the bright spring that came so early in that fateful year. It all seems like a dream now from some dim land of youth, and of another day when we were all young and the world was otherwise. How long ago those dinners at the various Ministries—at M. Davignon's, first of all, where an American lady, whose husband had just been ordered home, glancing down the long table brilliant with its napery, its flowers, its plate, the uniforms of the men and the *toilettes* of the women about it, and the flashing jewels, sighed and whispered to me:

"I hate to leave it all!"

We were all soon to leave it and we did not know, and the master of the house was to be among the first to go not only into exile, while Germans came to pillage his wine-cellars and carouse in that very dining hall, but to hasten on into that longer, darker exile where myriads have since been hurried. . . .

It all seems like a dream, we say, in our despair of

giving a real sense of the unreality of some very real event, and I suppose that what leads one to say that, aside from one's inability to give clearness to a rather vague thought, is the fact that such light, gay, inconsequential, natural and human things are impossible in our world any more since it entered upon this long and endless night and the terrible reality of its nightmare; they are events that belong to a world in which we used to live—a world so changed now that it can never be the same again. And yet there is a succession of scenes that live vivid in the memory; I can even recall with perfect distinctness phrases that were uttered, phrases of not the least importance, apropos of nothing at all—the old habit of a memory in which arrangements of words have a way of embedding themselves. For instance, that night at the Lamberts', when the Baroness in a kind of haughty beauty was moving among her guests, with emeralds flashing in her hair; Madame Guinotte entered the *salon* with her two pretty daughters; they were all in white and might have been taken for sisters—a charming sight—and Count John d'Oultremont, stopping before them saying, in his deliberate way: *"Bonsoir, Madame. Comment se porte votre nombreuse famille?"*

I can see the fashionable *cohue* that thronged the *salons* of the Prince Charles de Ligne's house there on the Avenue des Arts, in those famous *soirées* that began at eleven o'clock; the old Prince is leading my wife out to the dining-room and the handsome young Prince Georges de Ligne is talking to the pretty Countess . . . And the old Prince Charles is dead, and the Baroness Lambert is dead, and the Count John

d'Oultremont is a prisoner in Germany [1]—they used to call him *le beau d'Oultremont* in his youth when he was an officer in the Guides—and young Prince Georges de Ligne is dead, killed at Winghe-St. Georges, and the great *salons,* hung in red in the old house in the Avenue des Arts, are closed and dark. . . .

And again that afternoon at the Wittoucks'; Debussy is playing; his finger-nails had an odd way of striking the counter of the piano as he played; and there was an actress from la Comédie Française, *une diseuse,* down from Paris for the day, who stood and recited while Debussy played; she had a voice as sweet as falling rain. . . .

I have a vision of the Marquis of Villalobar standing beside the Prince Napoleon, near the great palms of a fountain in the conservatory of Prince Ernest de Ligne's house in the rue Montoyer, looking on the world he estimated to a nicety by every one of its various standards. The Princess Clémentine is there—ladies are making sweeping courtesies before her, and gentlemen with orders on their hearts are kissing her hand.

And then the ball at the Palace and the dancers under the brilliant chandeliers, the jewels and the gleam of white shoulders, and the gold lace of the officers of the Guides—their trousers of cherry red—and old generals whose breasts were heavy with orders, and suddenly the King, in black evening dress, his arm in a black silk sling, the result of a fall from a vicious horse in the Forét de Soignes the other day.

And then there was the Opéra, every night if one cared to go, at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie; all

[1] Count John d'Oultremont, from the effects of his confinement, has died since this line was written.

the old opéras, and the *Ring of the Niebelungen,* sung by a German company from the Opéra at Dresden, with German thoroughness, not a line cut—and Wagner needs a blue pencil. Every one dined during the long *entr'acte* in the Restaurant de la Monnaie, and a bugler would blow the Siegfried *motif* to announce the curtain. Then *Parsifal,* a score of times, in French, and *Electra* and *Salomé,* with Richard Strauss himself conducting and the audience gone wild, standing up and shouting its enthusiastic bravos. La Monnaie is the soul of the city; it was in this very theatre, at a performance of Auber's *La Muette de Portici,* that the Revolution of 1830 burst forth. Every one goes—the men keeping on their opera-hats until the curtain rises, standing and sweeping the loges with their glasses, and the royal box to see if the little Queen, who is very fond of music, is there, or across at the Burgomaster's box to see if M. Max has come, and this until the conductor appears, bows, taps with his baton, and the lights slowly die away into darkness and stillness falls, and one enters into that other world whose harmonies are so impossible to this that man has so stupidly arranged for himself.

There was, of course, the theatre; every week the company from the Comédie Française came to "Le Parc"; Kraus that spring was playing *Servir,* the play whose terrible climax was so soon to be reproduced on a titanic scale with the whole vast theatre of Europe as its stage; while at Les Galeries Max Dearly was playing *Mon Bébé,* the French adaptation of Margaret Mayo's comedy, *Baby Mine,* in which for us there was a double amusement in the inaccurate adaptation of a Chicago scene to the French stage.

Indeed there was the suggestion of the theatre in the

whole series of events that made that season memorable. Not that it was theatrical in its effect, much less in its intention, but it provided a succession of tableaux known to our Western world only through the theatre, as when the special Chinese Mission was received at the Hôtel de Ville, or at the dinner given at the Chinese Legation, the gardens outlined in coloured Oriental lights, and the Belgian Ministers all wearing the new Celestial decorations which the special Ambassador of the latest republic had so generously distributed.

Or in the first moments of the *dîner de gala* given by the King to the new Brazilian Minister and the new American Minister—the vast hall and the waiting guests, and the brilliant group of officers at the great double doors, the sudden cry *"Le Roi!"* and the doors swinging open and the King standing there.

And then there was the Queen's Garden Party at the summer Palace at Laeken, in the vast conservatories, with their masses of soaring green and towering palms and the heavy odour of strange flowers. The Garden-Party usually marks the close of the official season. It is given in May, when the flowers without as well as the flowers within the royal gardens are all in bloom; but since it is apt to rain on any day in Belgium, the party, with its reception to the diplomatic corps, is always given in the royal conservatories.

But there was another event in that year which succeeded the Garden-Party—the visit of the King and Queen of Denmark. There had been no such festivities in Brussels since the visit of the German Emperor and Empress. They began with the reception King Christian held for the diplomatic corps at the Palace, his tall form in the scarlet coat, giving him the air of an officer

of the Life Guards. There was the *concours hipique,* and review of the Belgian army, with a pavilion for the two Queens, and a tribune for the diplomatic corps at the Rond Point of the Avenue de Tervueren; a day of heat and clouds of dust raised by the marching infantry, the lovable Belgian dogs dutifully trundling their *mitrailleuses* behind them, the rumbling guns of the artillery, and the Guides and the Lancers galloping in review before the two Kings, side by side on their chargers with their staffs behind them; while military bands played and trumpets blared and drums rolled, and all Brussels turned out to see and to cheer.

There was, too, the reception given by the municipality at the Hôtel de Ville. We were all assembled in the ancient Salle Gothique, hung about with the old tapestries, under the Spanish flags that have depended from that oaken ceiling since the time of the Spanish domination. The Burgomaster Max, *svelte,* pale, with his prominent eyes, his pointed blonde beard, his curling moustaches, wearing the uniform and the scarlet sash of the Burgomaster, delivers in his exquisite French an address of welcome, to which the King of Denmark responds. There is a quartette to play and Croiza is there to sing, and there are two *premières danseuses* from the Monnaie. The *divertissement* over, the throng drifted along the corridors to the splendid chambers of the Burgomaster, the King and Queen signed in the *Livre d'Or,* and then we went out onto the balcony to see the royal party drive away.

Down there below us the Grand' Place, the most beautiful square in the world, lies under our eyes; directly across from us the Maison du Roi, with its gilded

façade; all about the houses of the ancient guilds; and overhead that lovely spire whereon a golden St. Michael stands triumphant over the dragon he has slain. Close to the walls on all the four sides of the square are massed the delegates from all the old corporations, all the syndicates, all the societies of Brussels, their silken banners mingled in a mass of red and green and blue and gold. Their bearers stand silent, motionless, waiting for royalty to appear; the empty Square is spread before them. We stand on the narrow stone balcony and gaze down. The historical associations of the place impose on one the respect of silence. There in that square there had been the jousts of the Knights of the cloth of gold; there had been held the old *fêtes* of the communes; there the old trade guilds had fought out their fierce quarrels; the *gueux* had assembled there, and there Egmont and Horne were beheaded. Charles V had ridden there in pomp and the Duke of Alva had stalked across those very stones; there the cannon-balls of Villefroi had wrought their havoc. And it was all as it is to-day, those four gilded façades, that beautiful spire soaring aloft—on that morning when some man coming into the square from the Rue du Marché-aux-Herbes, related the news of the discovery of America—to be told no doubt, that such a thing could not be. The centuries had rolled over it, and left it unchanged in its beauty, and as we stood there looking down the modern world faded away. . . . Out from the *portière* below us rode four heralds, slowly, with stately tread of their caparisoned horses; they rode into the centre of the square, lifted their long trumpets to their lips, held them pointing upward at a graceful angle and blew a long fanfare, and turning slowly around, blew to the four quarters

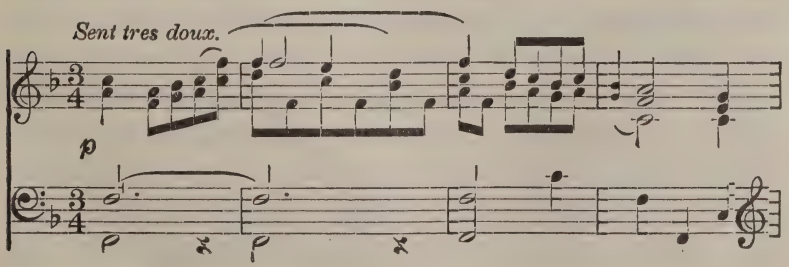
of the square. And then out from the *portière* there rolled a coach of state, of red and gold, with coachmen and footmen in scarlet liveries and powdered wigs, and then another coach of state and another—six in all—with the Kings and the Queens and the princes and the lords and ladies-in-waiting, and while the trumpets of the heralds blew they rolled slowly around the Grand' Place in the light that fell from a sky of mother-of-pearl in the mild spring evening. The delegates of the corporations, the dark mass all around the square lifted the silken banners of crimson and gold and cried: *"Vivent les Rois!"*

Slowly around the square they drove, and drove around again, and then, turning into the narrow Rue au Beurre, they rolled away as though it had been Cinderella and her suite. . . . The light touched the gilt on the façades once more, then slowly faded from a sky that glowed above the house of the corporation of the Brewers. . . .

Down in the Court of the Hôtel de Ville there was a startling sound; the chauffeurs were tuning up their motors. And we drove back into modern times, back into the twentieth century—and home to dinner.

One more scene remains to be sketched—that summer evening in the little royal theatre in the Palace at Laeken. It is a tiny theatre, where perhaps two hundred might find seats. Talma once acted there, and one evening, resting from his imperial labours, Napoleon commanded a performance in honour of Marie Louise. It had been seldom opened since; and had not been used for years; the Queen had had it restored for this event and with her own exquisite taste had herself arranged the entertainment that was given. The King and

Queen of Denmark and the King and Queen of the Belgians and the three royal children, wriggling uncomfortably and leaning against their mother, occupied the royal box. An English duke and duchess were present and the Ministers and the ladies of the diplomatic corps were in the little circle of loges; in the stalls were the members of the King's and Queen's households. Heldy sang and Ysaye played. And then the second act of *Orpheus* was presented, Ysaye conducting. The stage opened out into the conservatories, whose thick purple shadows in the warm summer night afforded such an Elysian scene as no stage director could have contrived; and with such a setting, to such an audience, in that miniature theatre the company from La Monnaie rendered Glück's romantic music. The ballet from La Monnaie was present and there is one strain from the sweetly sad and stately music of the classic dance that must always recall that warm and pregnant night, the shadowy dancers in their gauze, the shades whence Eurydice was not to be wooed back to a world like this. Whenever that strain comes suddenly to memory, as strains of music will, it comes as a synthesis of all that is beautiful and sweet and evanescent, the *motif* that expresses the personality of the lovely and gracious woman who chose it as an offering to her guests:



III

SUMMER

And so the season ends and it is June. The captains and the kings depart; the princes and the dukes, the counts and the barons follow to their châteaux in the country, if they had châteaux, or to their various cures, or if they remained at home they closed their houses. And if through those charming narrow old streets that wind and twist and turn in the lower town the people swarmed and life went on in all its essentials as it had done for eleven centuries, the Quartier Léopold was silent and deserted, the heavy shutters were up at all its windows, the white façades stared purblindly in the summer sun, now and then an old *fiacre* with a prodigious clatter rattled over its cobble-stones, and only servants went in and out of the great doors.

And Brussels settled down to its long summer somnolence. The Ministries over in the Rue de la Loi were dim and cool and half deserted, and the relations between Belgium and America so cordial that there was not often much to be discussed. Promptly at noon the rumble of the city ceased and every one in town went home to luncheon, and for two hours the town was as still as though it had been deserted. Late in the afternoon every one went for a stroll along the boulevards and out the Avenue Louise or drove through the Bois

de la Cambre, the loveliest of woods. Or one could go to the Park and hear the music of the military bands that played every afternoon.

I am conscious that I write with an enthusiasm that is not *à la mode* in a too sophisticated world, but I own without shame that long before I went there to live I fell captive to the strange charm of Brussels. Nothing, for instance, irritated me more than to hear that old and oft-repeated *cliché* of incorrigible banality to the effect that "Brussels is a little Paris." To the tourist gaping at Ste.-Gudule or in the Grand' Place, Baedeker in hand, perhaps yes; but one does not know a city merely because one has visited it and seen its principal sights. I recall often and I recall now with the pang that there is in the thought that he is of this world no more, with his gaiety and his Irish wit—he fell in Flanders—a remark made to me once by Tom Kettle, one of the brilliant young Irish members of the House of Parliament. It was years ago at Dublin. We were speaking of the old town's peculiar charm, and Kettle, with his amused, tolerant and somewhat proprietary love of it, said:

"Stop in Dublin three days and you think you know it; stop three weeks and you begin to doubt; stop three years and you realize that you will never penetrate her mystery."

Now that I have written the words down I have a consciousness of having repeated them somewhere before—perhaps in another book wherein I said something about the personality of cities. For cities are like women in respect of the evanescent and impressionistic quality that is suggested by the word charm; they have it or they have it not: one does not know why if one

seeks to define or to analyse it, it is quite apt to vanish away.

My own enthusiasm for Brussels was of long standing. I too in years gone by, at a time when nothing would have seemed more improbable than the thought that I should ever live there—I too, in my quality of gaping tourist, had gazed at the Grand' Place and at Ste.-Gudule and at the Manneken, had seen all the sights recommended in the guide books. And I had caught some sense, however inadequate, of the peculiar intimate charm of that highly original personality which makes Brussels unique among the cities of the world. It is the airiest of memories—an evening when I looked from the window of my hotel and saw a crowd of youths and maidens in a mist of gentle rain, drifting gaily in a dance down the street, where the long reflection of the lamp-lights wavered in the shining wet surface of the asphalt. I have spoken of that scene somewhere else, and if it seems too trivial to repeat, it is yet important as an implication of that gaiety, of that *insouciance,* that love of pleasure which has characterized the Belgian people all the way along the sad calvary of its history. It is as characteristic of the Walloons as it is of the Flemish, and it persists to-day as strong, as ineradicable, as it was in those long days that are kept so vividly alive in the painting of Jordaens and of Teniers. There one beholds in bright, immortal colours the love of the feasting and the frolic and the fun, the dancing, the eating and the drinking, the coarse pleasure in which Verhaeren has found the poetical material for some of the most charming of his vignettes.

The Walloons and the Flemish meet in Brussels, and it is there that is accomplished that *amalgame* which

makes the Belgian nation, and it is from the contributions of both that is formed that character which makes Brussels as unlike Paris as New York is unlike San Francisco. To the superficial and half-blind eye there are, of course, many resemblances, as in the architecture, which is generally of the French tradition and influence, save where the Spanish touch is shown in the old gables of the lower town, or the German heaviness in certain buildings that marked the German invasion of the *ante-bellum* days. Perhaps one of the things that makes the two cities seem alike to the traveller who is always repeating the tiresome banality, is the fact that in both cities the people sit at tables on the sidewalks before the cafés in the afternoons and sip their drinks. But if he were to sit at one of those tables in Brussels awhile he would begin to note, not merely superficial, but inplicit differences; in the language first of all—that is, if he happened to know French. They speak French at Brussels, of course, but they speak Flemish too, and when, outside of the Quartier Léopold, they speak French, it is apt to be a French that is a translation of Flemish modes of thought, so that another dialect is formed, which degenerates into a savoury patois spoken by the Marolliens, the inhabitants of that swarming quarter which lies along the Rue Haute and the Rue Blaes, below the hill on which the Palais de Justice lifts its heavy and imposing mass. The patois is a mixture of Flemish and Walloon French, and nobody outside the Quartier des Marolles understands it, except the policemen and detectives of the city. In the *petite bourgeoisie* it becomes intelligible, and its fine distinctions are shown in that charming play whose fancy and humour are to be attributed to Mr. Fernand Wicheler, as its stage craft

is to be accredited to Mr. Frans Fonson, *Le Mariage de Mademoiselle Beulemans.* The play depends for its appeal on the distinction there is between the French and the Belgian, between Paris and Brussels, and shows accurately what each thinks of the other.

The French have always made fun of the Belgians, as they have made fun of Englishmen and of Americans, as they have made fun of everybody and everything, including themselves. Their wit is apt at times to be rather sharp with the cutting quality of finely tempered steel. They have more wit than humour; the word does not exist in their language, and where they adopt our own word they sometimes seem to lose themselves in their use of it. The Belgians, however, have humour —in the Flemish blood whose strain is somewhere in the veins of all of them, and they have all those lovable qualities that go with humour. This it is that makes *l'esprit bruxellois* quite another thing from that of Paris and endows it with a personality and a quality all its own, so that Brussels has a word of its own to express it—*la zwanze.*

I shall not attempt to define it or to make any one appreciate it. To do that one must live in Brussels and loiter during long afternoons in the crowded, narrow, sloping streets of the lower town, lunch in the little restaurants in the neighborhood of the Grand' Place or along the Quai au Bois-à-Brûler, and somehow learn to know and appreciate the tang and flavour of the local accent, and, by slow degrees, find one's way into and be accepted by the great heart of the city that is not like any other in the world.

IV

BOIS FLEURI

EARLY in June we went to the country, to the villa we had taken for the summer. It was—the mind thinks persistently in the past tense, of that lost time before the world was for ever changed for us and we, alas! for it—it was not far from town; not twenty minutes in a motor, indeed, from the Quartier Léopold and the Legation, so that we could be out and in. And yet it was in such a retired spot, hidden away in its little grove of fir-trees, that one could imagine one's self leagues away from all that suggests the town, all that is inimical to seclusion and repose. To reach it we drove out the Avenue de Tervueren, the new street that Léopold II, the great builder, had laid out on the uplands east of town; and at Woluwe-Saint-Pierre we were already in the country on a pleasant road that soon was winding through the Forêt de Soignes, where in the solemn shadows of lofty beeches there was always the dreaming peace of some vast cathedral. The sunlight filtered through the boughs far overhead, touching to a vivid green the tiny branches, delicate as ferns, that sprouted from the massive green-grey boles, and it dappled the thick bed of leaves and mould and mosses that lay at their base. We emerged then by the old Chaussée de Bruxelles at Quatre-Bras—not the Quatre-Bras that evokes the memory of Napoleon, of Wellington and of Waterloo, but one of the many score of Quatre-Bras

scattered over Belgium—there by the *estaminet* where on pleasant afternoons there were always gay throngs of bicyclists and pedestrians, taking the air and sipping their beer or their coffee at the little tables set out on the sidewalk. And then just beyond the *lisière* of the forest was Bois Fleuri; such was its perhaps too poetic name.

It was built in the modern French style, of red brick with white stone trimmings, and if it was somewhat too new, if it had not yet taken on the *patine* of time that would have brought it more closely into harmony with the rest of Belgium, its clear newness meant all the modern comforts, the only thing from town that one would take to the country.

And perhaps its name was not too poetic after all, since it stood in a flowering wood, a hectare of land surrounded on three sides by a dark, sweet grove of pines. It had a rose-garden always in bloom; the roses climbed up the façade of the house and over the terrace. There was a little lodge where lived Victor, the gardener, who spoke the odd French dialect of the Walloon provinces, and in an enormous cage kept a fierce Groenendael police-dog; one might stroll down there and look at the dog with all the sensations of looking at a ferocious wild beast in a menagerie. We could never make friends with him, though Victor, with an air no less proudly conscious than that of a lion-tamer, would enter the cage and allow the dog to lick his face. There were pleasant paths among the trees and a thicket where a rabbit dwelt; he came out at times to nibble at the rose leaves, dwelling in the peace that was breathed by all the country-side, until one morning the tragedy, in which life abounds, was brought back to us by a scream of fear

and pain and we saw a dog slinking away, and afterwards:

Mon petit lapin,
A-t-il du chagrin?
Il ne saute plus,
Ne cou—e plus
Dans not' jardin!

From our terrace, at tea-time, we could look across the lawn and the roses to the road and the endless fields that sloped away with their wheat and rye ripening in the sun, over to the little cluster of red roofs that marked the ancient village of Tervueren, where the legend of St. Hubert, the blessed patron of dogs, had its beginning. Farther on, where the slender spire of an old church pierced the tender blue sky, a windmill lazily turned its sails all the afternoon. It was long before I knew the name of that village; I did not wish to know it, lest the delicate charm of it depart on acquaintance, as charm is too apt to do with villages when one sees them, or with mysterious roads when one explores them, or with women—some women—long admired at a distance, when one is presented and for the first time hears them speak.

And there on the terrace after dinner, in the long twilight, we had our coffee; and as the soft voluptuous night enveloped that tranquil, peaceful world a nightingale poured out its melody from the dark thicket which was so very near that we could fancy, when we stopped our idle talking and held our breath, that we heard the breathing of that rapturous little throat. It would not sing long; it knew, consummate little artist that it was, that joy increases by its moderation, and

that rapture grows sweeter as it is withheld. A few moments there in the darkness, with its hush, its mysteries, and its low voices, and I would go upstairs to the manuscript of the novel which I thought at last I was to write.

I had never heard before that summer a nightingale sing. But one evening, just as the twilight was fading from the fields—I had taken a turn in the garden—suddenly, as I entered the door, that shy, sweet melody flooded the still evening. I knew what it was, and yet there might be some mistake; the ironic spirits are always playing such sly tricks on mortals! One grows wary after awhile, of life, of happiness.

"C'est un rossignol, n'est-ce pas?" I asked of Omer.

"Oui, Excellence," he said, and the gentle smile that was so characteristic of him came to his good Flemish face.

"Vous en êtes sûr?"

"Mais oui, Excellence; nous disons 'nachtegale' en flamand."

"Et nous 'nightingale' en anglais."

"Oui, c'est toujours la même chose."

It was convincing, and I could accept the miracle, just as a month or so before I had accepted another miracle that was so much like this. I was playing golf with Frank Neilson at Ravenstein. It was a spring day of sparkling sunlight and warm, caressing air. We were out on the eleventh hole; we had played our brassies, and there remained the mashie pitch across the bunker to the sloping green. I was addressing my ball when suddenly, almost from under my very feet it seemed,

something fluttered lightly into the air and went on into the upper ether, whence it poured forth its

full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

I stood and gazed upward, enchanted. I knew it at once; there could be no mistake.

"It's a lark," I said.

"Yes," said Neilson, to whose English eyes and ears this wonder was not new, "yes, it's a lark. Play your mashie!"

I played it—into the bunker. I remember it all with perfect distinctness. But for once I did not care. I was thinking of Shelley, of course.

And so that summer brought me those two joys, which only Keats and Shelley could describe—two joys that in their simplicity, their evanescence, and their charm stand out as symbols of its brevity.

V

THE TE DEUM

THE work at the Legation was light; the morning drive through that noble forest into drowsy Brussels was itself a delight, and in the afternoon there was the round of golf with George at Ravenstein, or a stroll along the country roads through that pleasant Brabant country to one of the little Flemish villages nearby. We had as guests just then Mrs. Sarah M. Boyd, of Milwaukee, a friend of such long standing in our affections that she was "Aunt Sarah" to us, and I had as a private secretary Mr. George Ross, of Toledo. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Sheppey had come for their usual summer outing in Europe; those of my colleagues who were still in town used to come out for tea—Sir Francis Villiers, the British Minister, and Jonckheer de Weede, the Dutch Minister. And there was a happy day when my friend Richard McGhee, over from London on some mission or other, for the Irish party, came to luncheon; he was full of the news of the home rule struggle in Parliament. We were reading each day in the *Times* the progress of the "Ulster rebellion"—looming large in the world just then—that is, when we read the papers: I used to let them lie many a morning unopened, until the trial of the Caillaux case came on at Paris; we always read about that, with the interest and amusement French processes of justice always have for us who are grounded in the Common Law of England,

though they come to about the same thing in the end as our own.

I can recall a day—a sinister one in the history of this world—when for a moment I was called back rudely to the realities of an existence that those days of blue and gold had removed far from my thoughts. I was sitting at my table, and through the open window there came the soft air of the late June morning, with the odours and the sounds of the country. I had the manuscript of my novel before me and I was far away, over seas and in that distant past, in a little Ohio town that was for the moment far more real to me than Brussels, and I was trying to make it as real to those who perhaps some day might idly peruse, on some such summer day as that, the book of which I was not yet sure. And yet it was somehow just beginning to take form, beginning to show some signs of life: at times some of the characters in it gave evidence of being human and alive; they were beginning to act now and then spontaneously, beginning to say and to do things after the manner of human beings. The long vista before me, the months of laborious drudging toil and pain, the long agony of effort necessary to write any book, even a poor one, were beginning to appear less weary, less futile; there was the first faint glow of the joy of creative work. And then suddenly there came the jingling of an impatient bell, the imperative mandate of the telephone—that most irritating and impertinent of modern inventions, that insolent and inopportune contrivance that makes it possible and, what is worse, permissible for any one and every one in town to thrust his head into one's dining-room when one is at dinner, into one's bedroom when one is asleep, into one's closet when one is praying and to bawl

into one's ear whatever stupidity or *ineptie* he may have on his idle mind! . . . It was, however, the gentle Omer, with whom one never could be impatient.

"Excellence, le prince héritier d'Autriche a été assassiné à Sarajevo!"

Who, and where? By whom? And why? I had never heard of Sarajevo; I had not the least idea where it was in this world, if it was in this world. It was not half so real as that Ohio town which I was trying to evoke. And the Crown Prince of Austria was to me a most immaterial person—a kind of wraith wandering there in those nether regions to which have gone so many of that House of Hapsburg which seems to have suffered in itself as much evil as it has caused others to suffer in this world. I confess that it seemed a rather unwarranted intrusion that morning. It meant for me putting aside Macochee, and going to town at once; doubtless there would be a book to sign at the Austrian Legation. . . .

Two or three days later there was the solemn requiem High Mass sung for the repose of the soul of the murdered prince, at the church of Saint-Jacques-sur-Caudenberg. There we were, the entire diplomatic corps, hurried back from the four corners of Europe to assemble again, in the church transformed into a *chapelle ardente* by the black velvet with silver broideries with which it was hung and the black catafalque with the Austrian arms, and the myriad candles crackling and the priests serving at the altar. The Nuncio officiated at the Mass; and after the absolution and after we had all filed up into the choir and each taken a candle and passed before the priest who held forth the paten to be kissed, and after we had expressed our condolences

to our colleague, Count Clary et Aldringen, the Austrian Minister, we went out into the portico of the church and there a few moments loitered to gossip, to ask the news—with little thought, I fear, for the poor Prince in whose honour the imposing ceremony had been held.

The motors were rolling up, and I rode away across the square in the rain and around by the drenched Park and then finally off through the forest, where the rain was dripping sadly on the thick mosses.

I read the papers more carefully after that, but in a few days the world seemed to have forgotten and went on about its various affairs, and as it had done so many times before, abandoned the fire smouldering there in the Balkans to the diplomatists, in the old assurance that they would smother it with their notes.

And June passed and July came. Aunt Sarah motored off to the Vosges to take the cure, and George went for a holiday trip through Germany; and the days went by—days of blue and gold, the lovely land drowsing, its fields ripening under the sun and settling in droning content. There was the pleasant drive in the morning through the green forest to the Legation, now and then a call at the Foreign Office, the cool half-deserted *ministères* there in the Rue de la Loi—quite the sleepiest places in town. There was golf in the afternoon at Ravenstein, where the larks were forever raining down music from the skies, and in the adjoining fields the happy peasants at their picturesque labour. There was tea on the lawn that was so bright with the colours of the women's *toilettes,* and girls in white playing tennis in a bower of roses, and the long cool avenue of beech-trees; and dinner, and coffee on the terrace.

And then up to my room, when all the house was still and the night dreaming without, and the manuscript of my novel.

The twenty-first of July is the Belgian National holiday, and on that day a *Te Deum* is always sung at Ste.-Gudule, in honour of the august founder of the dynasty, Léopold I. The whole city was *en fête,* the black, yellow and red flag of Belgium—the old flag of that Belgium which for one short year at the time of the French Revolution was a republic, *Les États Belges Unis,* modelled after the young United States of America—was flying everywhere. The boulevards were thronged and the streets of the lower town were filled with the Brussels crowd that is at most times so spontaneously, so almost naïvely, gay. From early morning long *queues* had stretched away down the streets before the theatres, that day opened freely to the public. The trains were crowded with people seeking the shade of le Bois de la Cambre, or la Forêt de Soignes, or *en route* to the great field at Stockel where the aviation-meet was in progress that week. There, too, were great crowds in la Place du Parvis, before Ste. Gudule, waiting for a glimpse of the royal family. "Uniforms and decorations," the Minister for Foreign Affairs had said, which meant for me the trying ordeal of evening clothes in the bright glare of noonday.

The old cathedral, or, to be more exact—since Brussels is not the seat of a bishopric—the old church, the collegial of St.-Michel and Ste.-Gudule, was crowded again for one of those scenes it had been witnessing for eight centuries. The soft light that fell into the nave that morning touched the brilliant uniforms of the representatives of the Army, the government, the deplomatic

corps. There were judges in their scarlet robes, and priests and bishops in their sacerdotal garments, there were tonsured monks, and here and there the white robe of a Dominican friar or the brown of a Franciscan monk, his bare feet in sandals. From the entrance to the transept in the Treurenberg there was a double hedge of grenadiers in their tall bearskins, and a broad crimson carpet that led up to the altar, and at all the grey old pillars of nave and transept there were trophies of flags and banners. There was the stir and rustle of a happy throng, elated by all the light and colour—a pleasant exhilaration, suppressed to a gravity by the place and the scene. Not only were all the personalities of the town there, but there were the mysterious presences of those historic characters that in other days had trailed their fleeting glories there.

We had taken our appointed places in the choir. There were the usual greetings, smiles, hand-clasps, the customary gossip. Then suddenly the drums began to roll, the trumpets blew and through the lofty arches there rang a voice, in military command, hard, like steel: *"Présentez armes!"*

There was the sharp rattle of the muskets as the grenadiers came to present arms. And then the unisonant cry: *"Vive le Roi!"*

Their Majesties, accompanied by their suites, came slowly forward and up the steps into the choir, pausing for the reverence at the altar, then for the ceremonial bow to the representatives of the nations of the world, then to the representatives of Belgium, and passed to the two thrones placed for them on the right of the altar. The great organ began to roll; the three priests at the altar, in their gold copes, began to chant the *Te Deum*.

The royal family made an interesting picture. The King, tall, broad-shouldered, tanned somewhat from his outing by the sea—he had just come from Ostend—was in the lieutenant-general's uniform he always wears; behind the thick lenses of his pince-nez his intelligent eyes were taking in the scene, noting who were there. The Queen, frail, delicate, with the unconscious appeal of sweet, girlish eyes, and the delicate, sensitive mouth, had the three royal children beside her: the two princes, Léopold, the Duke of Brabant, and Charles, the Count of Flanders, grave, fair, slender boys in broad batiste collars and grey satin suits, and the Princess Marie José, with her pretty, mischievous, little face and elfish tangle of crisply curling golden hair—the child that all the painters and all the sculptors of Belgium have portrayed over and over. . . .

I stood there and watched that most interesting family—a very model, in its affection, and in the sober good sense of the young parents, of all the domestic virtues. And I thought of the other kings and queens and princes and princesses that had stood in that very spot—the two Léopolds, father and son, the first of this short dynasty, so unlike each other, so unlike the King who stood there on that July morning.

The Duchess of Parma had knelt at that high altar, William I of Holland, had been crowned there, and Peter the Great had marvelled at the strangely carved pulpit at Verbrugghen, the sumptuous chapel of the Holy Sacrament the precious windows painted by Rozier, the statues of the twelve apostles. There Philip II had caused to be celebrated the funeral service of Charles V; there the Dukes of Brabant and the Dukes of Burgundy lie buried; there was held the funeral of

Frédéric de Mérode, the patriot who fell mortally wounded at Berchem; and there had been observed the stately ceremonies of two chapters of the Order of the Golden Fleece.

I looked at that grave, slender lad, His Royal Highness Prince Léopold Philippe Charles Albert Meinrad Hubertus Marie Miguel, Duke of Brabant, Prince of Belgium, Duke of Saxe, Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, gazing out of those wide boyish eyes at that scene of splendour. What were the thoughts just then in that child's mind? Were there any conceptions of the tragic mutations of Belgian history? Would he one day, in other scenes like this, when others should have taken our places, stand there where his father stood, while priests sang *Te Deums* in his honour?

VI

A TRAGEDY

How distinctly the memories of that day come to mind! The luncheon with Gibson in the crowded café at a little table under the awning on the sidewalk; the bright glitter of the sun in the streets, the clatter of the *fiacres* over the rough paving-stones, and the Brussels crowd gay on its holiday. The Avenue de Tervueren was thronged as I drove back to Bois Fleuri in the afternoon; the trams were packed. Everybody, after the spectacle at mid-day at Ste.-Gudule, was bound for Stockel to see the exhibition of flying, the Franco-Belgian aeroplane competition that had been in progress all that week. We had not gone, since we had comfortable seats in the belvedere of our own house, and a much finer view than we could have in the stands at Stockel, without the contact with the crowd. A much finer view indeed! Far over the waving tops of the trees we could see Brussels lying in the plain, the great bulk of the buildings at the Cinquantenaire, the dim white mass of the Palais de Justice, and amidst the domes and towers, if one knew where to look and peered sharply enough, the delicate spire of the Hôtel de Ville, a slender silvery needle in the distance. And looking to the north, there was the tower of the cathedral at Malines; the lovely panorama of the Brabant plain was spread before us; one might imagine that one saw the lowlands of Flanders over the vague horizon to the west.

Every afternoon we had gone up there and watched

the aeroplanes in utter grace rise and soar and dip and dive and rise again in their amazing evolutions. Olieslager, the best of Belgian flyers, was there, and Pégoud, the great Frenchman, who so short a time before had astonished the world by looping the loop. Up and up they would mount, in gigantic spirals, and then, there at that dizzy altitude, poise, hang motionless and still in the upper airs, immobile as the buzzards at which I used to gaze as a boy in Ohio, and then suddenly dart downward, checked in their fall, turn over, turn over again, and then again and again and again and yet again—six times!—and at last dive swiftly downward, to be lost to sight behind the dark bank of trees. A breathless instant and then there would come to us the sound of far-off cheering and the distant strains of the bands as they played the "Brabançonne" or the "Marseillaise." It was a sight of endless interest and fascination, exhilarating and inspiring—man's airy triumph over the last of the intractable elements with which he had been struggling for ages, the apotheosis of human aspiration, with implications of beauty beyond the wings of the imagination. My mind would go back to the Ohio town, so near to which my father was born; I could remember the early experiments of the brothers, Wright, working with persevering patience, in the midst of provincial skepticism, to realize their ideal. They used to call them "the crazy Wrights," and one old man had said to one of them:

"My boy, no one will ever invent a machine that will fly and if any one does he won't come from Dayton."

And now their dream had come true, this lovely reality there before my eyes above the Brabant plain!

One of those evenings, calm and still, in a trans-

parent sky a pretty thing had occurred. After Olieslager and Pégoud had performed their miracles three swallows flew up before us, and seemed in the foreshortened perspective to take the very places in the luminous heavens that the larger human birds had just quitted; they too mounted in spirals even more graceful, they paused and poised on delicate wing, and then they dived and tumbled there in the soft clear air, turning over and over, looping the loop, not six but dozens of times, just as though they had awaited their turn, and had said: "Now we'll show you how this thing should be done." It was the prettiest performance one could imagine. The servants had come up to the roof to watch the spectacle, and when the birds had done and flown away, Colette said:

"Maintenant, Excellence, les oiseaux disent qu'eux seuls savent faire ce truc, et on peut descendre."

And we went down. We never cared, somehow, to wait and see the number that concluded the performance—the woman in tights who mounted with her husband in a biplane and descended in a parachute; it had seemed to us like some cheap trick of the circus, out of place in that serious triumph of science and human will.

After tea we went for a walk with Mademoiselle P—, who was staying with us for a few days. We went out the Chaussée de Malines toward the little village of Wesembeek, where there was a Flemish *kermesse* that Verhaeren might have described or Teniers painted. As we were coming back the hot day turned excessively sultry, ominous black clouds were piling in the west, a storm was coming up. Just as we turned into the little road that led to Bois Fleuri the biplane with the woman of the parachute rose in the lowering sky; it paused an

instant over the trees. A bevy of Flemish peasant children were pointing excitedly upward and crying:

"Vlieg machine! Vlieg machine!"

"Regardez-la!" I said.

"Mais non!" said Mademoiselle, turning away. *"Je n'aime pas ces histoires-là!"*

She gave a nervous shudder and impulsively covered her face with her hands. There was something of presentiment in the movement and in the moment. I looked; the biplane shot suddenly down behind the trees. We reached the house a moment later and the storm broke—an electrical storm of almost tropical violence. Half an hour later Joseph came to me with an excited face and said:

"Excellence, la femme a été tuée!"

I did not believe it and I thought no more of it. Some American friends, Dr. and Mrs. Snyder, were there to dinner, and we sat on the terrace after dinner talking of home. The soft air was moist from the storm but the rain no longer fell; now and then great sheets of lightning quivered over all the humid fields, then the soft darkness closed in again; the nightingale did not sing.

The next morning, when Colette brought me my tea and toast, she said:

"Oui, Excellence, la pauvre femme a été tuée hier soir."

The newspapers were full of it, telling how the husband had knelt over the broken form of the wife lying there in her spangles on the plain at Stockel, and how he had cried over and over:

"Oh, ma pauvre petite poupée! Ma pauvre petite poupée!"

And because one life had come to so sudden an end

there, on that tragic evening, the newspapers printed long columns giving all the details, and we were somehow depressed all that day because death had struck so near.

VII

ULTIMATA

On Saturday morning, the twenty-fifth of July, I had just seated myself at my table and was yielding to all those trifling temptations by which the indolent will postpones the task of composition—sharpening lead pencils, aligning them on the desk, arranging notes and paper, looking out the window at the summer day—and the golf-links so near!—and at last, having exhausted all the possibilities of petty occupations which by a trick of the lazy mind might serve as excuses for procrastination, I was about to go to work when the morning papers were sent up. I would glance over the report of the Caillaux case, at any rate, though the full reports were in the Paris papers which Omer would bring out at noon. I picked up *L'Etoile Belge,* and there was the ultimatum which the Austrian Government had sent to Servia on Thursday evening.

There had been references to it in the newspapers of Friday. Over at Ravenstein, as I stood on the terrace chatting with Sir Francis Villiers, Mr. Paul Hymans, the parliamentary leader of the Belgian liberals, had come up and said:

"It looks serious."

We thought for the moment that he referred to the troubles in Ulster, but no, he said; Austria had sent an ultimatum to Servia. But ultimata were not so infrequent in Balkan diplomacy, and we had been too much absorbed in pleasanter things! But here it was in full;

I read it through, marvelling more and more at the amazing brutality of its successive exigencies, that ended on the peremptory note of demand for a reply within forty-eight hours. The delay was even then almost up; any one could see that it meant but one thing—war, for surely no nation could yield to such a summons! The smouldering fire in the Balkans would break out again! Could the flames be confined to that area by the diplomacy that twice before in recent years had succeeded in doing that, or would they spread and involve all Europe? The mind for a moment was aghast at the thought, and then—— But no! Impossible in our day, humanity advanced as it is, at an epoch where as never before the spirit of good will is working in men. I read the dispatches from the various capitals; the thing could not be. Diplomacy would find a way; there would be discussions and *pourparlers* and exchange of notes. The Balkans were far away from the field of American thought and preoccupation, and far away from snug little Belgium, safe in its neutrality; far away surely from Bois Fleuri, tucked away there among its roses and its grove of sweet-smelling pines, the wide fields about almost audibly purring with peace and contentment. War!—on such a summer morning! Let the Balkans settle their rascally quarrels among themselves; what had we to do with them?

I thrust aside *L'Étoile,* hitched up my chair to my desk and went to work. I wrote until noon.

The Marquis of Villalobar, my Spanish colleague, an old friend whom I had known in America, was coming to luncheon that day, and when he arrived the Austrian ultimatum, of course, came up at once. I can see him now as he stood there in our small *salon,* shrugging his

stout Castilian shoulders at mention of it. The word so often lightly spoken came to our lips and suddenly assumed the sinister connotation it should always bear, and as it was uttered now it had a new dread sound. War! We speculated, to no purpose of course, and spoke of the fortunate neutrality of Belgium.

"At any rate," the Marquis said as we were going out to luncheon, "we have a comfortable *loge* from which to watch the performance."

It was a thought in which there was comfort; we could hug it to ourselves in the inveterate and persistent selfishness of our deplorable human nature, fling aside our preoccupation, and talk of the Caillaux case, of French politics, of Washington, or of the visit the Marquis had once made us at Toledo. He was on his way to the Château de Dave, near Namur, to spend the week-end with an aunt, and shortly after luncheon he drove away in the rain, in his big green English car, behind Griffin, his English chauffeur, who seemed so integral a part of it.

The next day, Sunday, we went to Antwerp, my wife and I, to meet the *Lapland,* which was bringing our mothers from America. The delay fixed in the Austrian ultimatum had expired, on that dull Sunday of dismal rain, and yet there was no war—the world was quite normal. Dawdling about the Hôtel St.-Antoine at Antwerp I asked the old Swiss porter—one asks porters everything—and he said there would be no war; he said it was impossible. Of course!

We had to stop over at Antwerp for the night; the *Lapland* was lying outside waiting for the tide and would not dock before Monday, and it was, indeed, late on Monday afternoon before the great bulk of the

steamship, enveloped in the mystery of its long voyage, loomed in the rain across the misty reaches of the Scheldt. The ship came up to her wharf and the happy passengers came ashore, ready to scatter over Europe on their summer holiday—and there were the mothers!

Brussels was calm at the beginning of that week and we were all more or less unconscious, or more or less insensible. We spoke of war, accustomed ourselves to the word, at least, but when we thought or spoke of it, it was in the sense of security—of that inveterate human egoism which leads one to think that an evil will not come, or if it does, that it will pass by and leave one untouched.

The newspapers of Tuesday published Austria's declaration of war against Servia. England and France and Russia were sounding the Cabinet at Vienna, seeking some means of satisfying her demands without hostilities. On Wednesday President Poincaré, overtaken by a wireless message on the sea, returned in haste to Paris from his visit to Scandinavia, and—a return that had for us a more personal interest—Aunt Sarah came back, arriving with the breathless air of one who has raced home just before a storm; she had motored in haste back from the Vosges. We had just received the news that the Austrian cannon had bombarded Belgrade.

But that was general, remote, like President Poincaré's return to the Elysée. Aunt Sarah had something personal to relate, far more moving tales to tell of her experiences at Nancy. No one would change her money for her; everywhere she had been jostled by moving troops. I think we were somewhat sceptical of that; there had been no mobilization, we insisted.

And she had a grievance, one of the most personal a woman can know, since it had to do with *douanes*. She had bought a quantity of the famous linen of the Vosges, and her rigid Puritan conscience had moved her to have the linen shipped to her, instead of packing it in her trunks. But at the frontier there was such commotion, such confusion, that the inspectors chalked her trunks hastily without so much as opening them. They vouchsafed only a cursory glance into the motor, and there their eyes lighted on two golden melons, hastily bought at Nancy, whose picturesque market was not to be resisted, and rolled into the car, and upon these the inspector seized and made her pay a heavy duty—that Belgian melons might be protected, I suppose, and that the ironic spirits might laugh at her conscientiousness in the matter of the linen, which might as well have been in those unopened trunks. Aunt Sarah insisted that universal war was imminent, but we were not yet convinced; at any rate, was not Belgium's neutrality guaranteed in solemn treaties?

All that she knew, as she admitted frankly, was that she was glad to get home; but we must start off soon again and motor down to Dinant, that gem that crowned the Meuse. And we began to plan the journey to Dinant, until I took up the papers to read Maître Labori's *plaidoirie* in defense of Madame Caillaux; the newspapers, indeed, gave more columns to that *cause célèbre* than to the discussions in the larger court. Sir Edward Grey was making another effort to do what he had done two years before—confine the war to the Balkan states by a conference at London. He had sent a dispatch to Sir Edward Goschen, the British Ambassador at Berlin, to propose to Germany that Austria be in-

fluenced to occupy Belgrade provisionally while the Powers sought the terms of an accord. The proposal was welcomed by France and Russia.

What would Germany do? The decision rested with her. We waited for news from Berlin.

It was now no longer a question of days but of hours; and then even of minutes, which throbbed by in an atmosphere that was charged with dreadful potentialities. One was sensible of it in all the faces, usually so preoccupied, that flitted by one in the street: almost in the hard glitter of the splendid sun that shone on those fateful days.

And yet there was a strange normality, a persistent, almost inappropriate, usualness in ordinary things; life went on quite the same. The Legation was quiet, deserted, dull. Gibson and I strolled down to the Caveau de Paris, the little restaurant in the Rue du Marché aux Herbes, where diplomats were always to be found at noon, and where one could always pick up the gossip of our world; but there, everything was as it had been. Count van der Straeten Ponthos, of the Belgian Foreign Office, was sitting in his place in the corner where the luncheon-hour always found him, with his coffee and his cigar, taking his little after-luncheon nap. I can see now the young Prince Georges de Ligne at one of the tables, turning about to greet us, a brilliant smile on his handsome face. . . . We talked, indeed, more of the acquittal of Madame Caillaux, just pronounced by the *Cour d'Assises,* than of war.

The socialists were to hold a monster meeting that night; numerous speeches were to be made, of course, invoking that article of their creed which provides the specific panacea for war. Jean Jaurès was to speak, and

I had the notion of going to hear him but I did not; it was rather a long way from Bois Fleuri. I regret now that I did not.

Still we waited for news from Berlin. One man could stop this thing; and there was stillness, an immense, preposterous, fateful stillness that seemed to fill the universe, as mankind waited for the word from William Hohenzollern.

Never had diplomatist written an appeal more beautiful in all that it implied for the peace of the world and for the happiness of mankind than that dispatch sent by Sir Edward Grey from Downing Street to the Wilhelmstrasse. And as millions waited, we waited; the best in one could not give up the hope that such an opportunity held out. But the word did not come, the one man did not speak. Instead there came the clash of arms; the stillness was broken by the rumble of mobilized cannon, and an ultimatum was flashed to St. Petersburg.

And yet, strange enough for us of the little household at Bois Fleuri, the whole problem, too stupendous to be grasped by one mind, had reduced itself, as things will in great crises, to one small personal question, namely: Would Omer be called to the colours?

Omer was a gentle soul, with a spirit far removed from the brutality of war. We were all fond of him. He had finished his military service years before; he had been in the *carabiniers.* He was in the eleventh class of reserves, and that figure eleven came to have for us a terrible significance. For days the mobilisation of the Belgian army had been in progress, already troops were on the frontier to protect the nation's neutrality. The King had returned from Ostend—or had never gone

back there after the *Te Deum*. There were lights in the ministries all night, and in the Palace, where councils of state were in progress. But to us Omer somehow symbolized the whole international situation. Would he have to go or not? He went about, calm, unperturbed, smiling. I used to stop at the Galeries du Roi with the crowds at a bulletin-board, to see what classes had been called; one afternoon I read that the ninth class of reserves had just been called. . . . Omer's was the eleventh. It was Friday, the thirty-first of July.

VIII

C'EST LA GUERRE

I WAS awakened suddenly out of a sound sleep by a light, apologetic and yet insistent knock at my door. It was six o'clock on Saturday, the first of August. I got up, opened the door, and there stood Omer, in uniform, the rough blue tunic, the linen pantaloons and the little *bonnet de police.* He stood at attention, his hand at the salute.

"C'est la guerre, Excellence!"

The words, of course, were superfluous. Omer standing there ready to depart was the living symbol of the thing we had feared for a week. He was in a hurry; he had to get to town, report, and go to Liége at once. I fumbled through my *porte-monnaie,* gave him all the money that I had, while he told me the latest news: the Germans had invaded the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg and were throwing down the bridges. I told him I might have him excused, but no.

"Je ferai mon devoir," he said.

I shook his hand, he smiled in the tender, gentle way he had, and went down stairs and was gone.

I dressed, had my tea, and gave the order to move back to town. All day the servants were packing up, and late in the afternoon we were ready to leave the lovely spot where we had spent two such happy months. I gathered together my papers, the manuscript of my novel, beginning to attain a respectable size. I put it in a dispatch-box and went across the hall to see if I had

left anything—to have that last look with which we will stab ourselves in moments of departure.

I found my wife in the great open window looking over the trees toward Tervueren, its little red roofs warm in the sun. She was in tears.

"My poor little Tervueren!" she said. . . .

We drove into town, the two mothers and I, the motor piled with bags; a little silk American flag that Eugène had fastened there fluttered from the car. We passed some mounted troops in the Avenue de Tervueren. Mobilisation was well under way then! At the Cinquantenaire there was much movement and bustle; the authorities were already requisitioning motors and parking them there. We made a detour into the Rue Belliard and so on to the Legation.

Among the things I had hurriedly swept off my writing-table into the dispatch-box—it is an insignificant incident, but there are those who will understand it—were two little books that I do not like ever to have far from the reach of my hand; they respond to two widely differing moods. One of them was a copy of "A Shropshire Lad;" the other a small volume, bound in red leather, of Marcus Aurelius. I opened it at hazard, and my eyes lighted on these words:

"Like a soldier and a Roman, having taken his post."

I speak of this, not to intimate that there was anything of the Roman then or ever in me, but because these words in that moment were a tonic for human weakness, facing a task of which the only thing I knew was that it would be hard, and that I was unprepared for it. I kept repeating them to myself as we drove through the noble forest that wore that summer afternoon the mysterious beauty of loved things beheld for

the last time—so it seemed to us in that moment. I looked at those two sweet old women in the motor with me; they had lived through one war in their youth and they faced this latest war with the serenity of those advanced years which gave them the exemption of a detachment that I could envy them. "Like a soldier and a Roman, having taken his post"—those words that came down to me out of the old Pagan world, were in my mind when I saw those cavalrymen trotting westward under the trees along the Avenue de Tervueren; they were associated, too, with the thought of Omer, who had refused the privilege that his attachment at a neutral Legation might have gained for him. Brave, gentle Omer! His example was not without its force and effect. . . .

At the Legation there were crowds of Americans in panic. What to do? Well, one thing at a time, and *doucement,* as the French say. And try to comfort, to reassure. . . . How many days, how many nights, it was to be my lot to do that when my own heart was sinking!

It was late before the others came in from the country, too late to dine at the Legation, and we went down to the Restaurant de la Monnaie. The dim familiar streets seemed strangely deserted, and yet almost palpably panic and fear stalked through them. There were not many in the restaurant. Near us at a little table sat a man with his bottle of Burgundy beside his plate, scowling at his newspaper, with dark looks of preoccupation and concern; beside him sat his wife, a buxom *Bruxelloise,* glancing about, waiting until her lord should finish reading the dispatches—one of those calm scenes of Brussels domesticity, somewhat reassuring by its mere normality. I remember too that we were grate-

fully surprised when our money was taken without question, for the restaurants were refusing all money except gold. On the way home I bought a copy of *Le Petit Bleu,* which men were hoarsely crying in the Rue d'Arenberg at the entrance to the Galerie du Roi. It had an article against Germany, and across its first page was a great headline in the American style: *"Honte à la Barbarie!"*

Germany had declared war on Russia, Luxembourg had been invaded, the whole world was mobilizing—France, England, and Belgium; declarations of war had become mere formalities. Jaurès had been assassinated at Paris; there was a rumour that Caillaux had been killed; the world was tumbling in ruins about us.

IX

THE SUMMONS

It was on the following day, Sunday, that Herr von Below delivered Germany's ultimatum to Belgium; he handed it to M. Davignon at seven o'clock in the evening. Until the last minute there had been the repeated assurance that his Government would respect the neutrality of Belgium, and to the Belgian ministers the summons to let the German troops pass over Belgian soil to attack France came as a blow that was not diminished in its force by the fact that it was not unexpected. It seemed, indeed, but a detail in the midst of those tremendous events that were tumbled each moment into the horrid chaos of the world, to be telegraphed to Washington, with others, out of that room where we laboured—that room which was so hot, so still, throbbing with the excitement that thrilled the nerves of the world. It was Sunday, but with no Sabbath calm; the only reminder, indeed, of the day was that some one said that prayers for peace had been said in all the churches. We began, too, to hear the first of those rumours in which war is so prolific, but we had little time to pay attention to them because all our time, all our strength, all our patience was absorbed by the crowds of Americans that filled the corridors of the Legation day and night. They were of all sorts and conditions, and they came pouring into Brussels, and for days continued to pour into Brussels, from all over the continent. Many of them were in fear, many in a panic, a few almost in frenzy.

There were those who wished to go home, and there were those who, still loath to relinquish their European tour—the long-cherished dream that had been so rudely broken—did not wish to go home. Many of them were without money, their travellers' checks suddenly worthless; they were at their wit's ends. I find a note in my journal to the effect that the women were often calmer, braver, more reasonable than the men. It was a strain listening to repeated tales of hardship. What they most needed was some one to think and, above all to decide for them, for they were too perturbed to think or to decide for themselves. We tried to get as many as would do so to go to Ostend and thence to England—the boats were still running across the Channel.

X

THE INVASION

On a peace footing the staff of the Legation consisted of a secretary, who at the time was Mr. Hugh S. Gibson, and a clerk, or, as they say in diplomatic circles in Europe, a *chancelier,* Mr. Alexander P. Cruger. That Monday morning, however, I secured the services of Maître Gaston de Leval, a distinguished international lawyer of Brussels, who for many years had been legal adviser to the American Ministers, and by a fortunate chance, Miss Caroline Larner, of the State Department at Washington, happened just then to be in Brussels on her holiday, and I had her assigned to duty at the Legation.

Crowded as they were with their imperative exactions, the hours were so heavy with tragedy that they moved slowly by; in each of them one lived a lifetime or an age.

Behind the *persiennes* of the ministries over in the Rue de la Loi the lights had burned all night, and after long conferences with the King at the Palace the Ministers, Baron de Broqueville at their head, had drawn up their calm and stately reply to Germany's ultimatum; it was delivered promptly to Herr von Below. But Germany had not even awaited Belgium's response to her ultimatum, and had invaded Belgian soil that morning at Visé.

I was routed out early by a telephone message from the French Legation asking if I would receive Mon-

sieur Klobukowski, the French Minister. I was down by eight, but M. Klobukowski sent M. Fontarce, the secretary of the French Legation, in his stead. Poor Fontarce! He was very haggard and pale, with heavy dark circles under his eyes; he had not been to bed at all. Indeed there had been no sleep over at the French Legation; it was crowded day and night by excited members of the French colony, as ours was by Americans, yet how much more crowded—there were 30,000 French in Brussels. It was, somehow, terrible to see the agitation, the tragic expression, in M. Fontarce's mobile face; even his beard seemed to have grown more gray —and his brow was moist with perspiration, matting down the locks of his banged hair.

He remains for me somehow, in the memory I have of him as he sat there, leaning anxiously forward over the edge of the desk, the incarnation of the demoralization and intensity of those terrible times; he was in agony, as was his country.

He nodded sadly in affirmation, even before I could put the question he must have read in my eyes—we were, somehow, still hoping selfishly that we might escape the horror—and:

"Oui," he said, *"c'est la guerre!"*

He presented his chief's compliments and excuses and wished to know if I would take over the French Legation. I was pleased, and told him so. To one to whom the word France meant what it did to me, since that youthful phase, common I suspect to most boys, when I had pored over every book I could find that relates to Napoleon—and then the French language, French literature, French art—it was like an accolade.

When he had gone I went upstairs and told my wife

that we were in for it, that war was certain, but I was too busy all that morning to notice how the family were affected—until at noon my wife told me that Aunt Sarah had decided to go home; she was sadly shaken. Great bustling about then, rushing up and downstairs, servants flying everywhere and clamouring Americans in the corridors below! We got Aunt Sarah off at one o'clock, bundling her and her bags into the motor, her steamer-trunks on top and Alice, her English maid, weeping, bidding the servants good-by, and clambering into the motor after her mistress, her black gown all unbuttoned down the back, revealing her white undergarments. . . .

Monsieur Klobukowski called during the afternoon to thank me for having agreed to take over his Legation in case of eventualities. He was smiling as he usually was, and showed none of the signs of the strain exhibited by M. Fontarce that morning.

XI

THE KING GOES TO PARLIAMENT

THE Belgian Government's reply to the German ultimatum—a dignified state paper, saying that Belgium refused to break her engagements and would resist German aggression—was delivered on Monday evening at seven o'clock. At ten o'clock the King addressed a telegram of appeal to the King of England. Tuesday morning at six o'clock Herr von Below delivered his Government's note saying that Germany could take what she wanted by force. Germany had already declared war on France. The Belgian Government had been notified by both France and England that they would come to her defence if Belgium soil were invaded; the formal declarations of war were all that remained.

And at ten o'clock that morning the King went to Parliament.

It was a day of lovely sunshine; the Belgian flags of black, yellow, and red floated from every house, and the people had gathered early about the Park and the Palace and the Parliament buildings to see the King and the royal family go by. The crowds were massed along the sidewalks, on the *terre-pleins* and the *carrefours;* people hung out of windows; even the roofs were black. The garde-civique, the Chasseurs and the infantry, the Gendarmes à Cheval and companies of boy-scouts formed a *haie* from the Royal Palace along the Rue Royale to the Parliament Houses at the other end of the Park. The Queen went by in a landau with the

three royal children, preceded by the *piqueurs de la Cour.* The King, booted and spurred, mounted on his big bay, came after with his staff and the *Escadron Marie-Henriette* in their green tunics and grey busbies as guard of honour. The crowds were wild with enthusiasm.

At ten o'clock Gibson and I drove to the National Palace. Sir Francis Villiers rolled up in his motor just as we arrived, and I entered with him, and we went slowly up the red-carpeted staircase together to the diplomatic gallery, Sir Francis heavy with care. The Salle des Séances presented a scene one would not soon forget. All around the galleries were crowded, the wives of the Ministers in seats opposite us, though none of the ladies of the diplomatic corps were there. Below were the senators and deputies, all in formal black—some seated, quietly waiting, others in excited groups, discussing the ultimatum of last night and the invasion of the land. The Duc d'Ursel was there in the uniform of the Guides. The Ministers, after their sleepless nights, were on their benches—the Baron de Broqueville, Messrs. Davignon, Carton de Wiart, Hymans, the new liberal *Ministre d'État,* and Vandervelde, the new Socialist *Ministre d'État,* receiving congratulations. The hall is a hemicycle with columns all around, not unlike the chamber of the Supreme Court, the old Senate at Washington, though larger. The time had not been sufficient to erect the red velvet throne; instead, a red-and-gold *fauteuil* was placed for the King on the president's dias; overhead under the white statue of Léopold I was the escutcheon of Belgium a trophy of flags of Belgium and the Congo. The diplomatic tribune was hung with Belgian flags too. Down there on the floor

before the president's desk a great green table was set, and at it were seated the doyen and the *greffiers.* Gold fauteuils were set for the Queen and the royal family.

The colleagues were gathering in these now changed conditions; the last time we were assembled was at Ste.-Gudule, scarcely a fortnight before, at the *Te Deum* to celebrate the founding of the Belgian dynasty, now so rudely shaken. Herr von Below, of course, was not there, nor the Count Clary, the Austrian Minister. We waited many minutes; then there came through the open windows the strains of a military band: and suddenly a voice cried:

"La Reine!"

The deputies sprang to their feet, and against the solid black of their frock-coats there fluttered the white of the handkerchiefs they waved as they shouted:

"Vive la Reine! Vive la Reine!"

And there was her charming Majesty, all in white, wearing a hat with great white plumes, lovely and gracious, just entered the chamber below to our left, acknowledging this loyal salute with sweeping courtesies right and left. She was escorted by a committee of deputies and had a modest suite—the Countess Hemricourt de Grunne, *la Grande Maîtresse,* in a violet gown, and the two little princes, Léopold the Duke of Brabant, the heir-apparent, and Charles Count of Flanders, in black satin suits that day instead of the costumes of grey they usually wore, and the elfish little Princess Marie José.

The Queen took the golden chair placed for her on the left of the tribune and the princes took their seats beside her, the little Count of Flanders wriggling up

onto his chair in such a boyish manner. The deputies resumed their seats, and the chamber for an instant was still. And then while we waited, suddenly there was the thunder and tumult of applause outside, a rumble, a roar, and then a *huissier* shouted:

"Le Roi!"

The word was caught up by many voices, swelling to a hoarse shout:

"Le Roi!"

The Queen, the Ministers, the deputies, everybody rose; we in the diplomatic gallery never once sat down. The King was just below us, entering the chamber from the right—the side opposite that from which the Queen had entered. The deputies were waving their hands—no handkerchiefs in them now—and shouting in an united voice, deep, rough, masculine, in a mighty crescendo:

"Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi!"

It was as though they could not shout it loudly enough. As they stood there some in tears, catholic, liberal, socialist, those distinctions faded; it was Belgium acclaiming her King. . . .

And there he is, in the fatigue uniform of a Lieutenant-General, booted and spurred, his sabre clanking at his side. He strides along firmly, swiftly, mounts the rostrum, takes off his *képi,* flings it on the table before him, clicks his heels together, makes a smart military bow, swiftly peels the white glove from his right hand, slaps the glove into the *képi* and, without waiting, begins at once, in his firm voice and his beautiful French, to read his speech from the notes that he holds in his white-gloved hand.

The Queen, the little princes, the deputies, resume

their seats; the applause that greets His Majesty is quickly hushed by the universal adjuration of silence: "Sh! Sh!"

The doyen's gavel falls on the green table. The stillness in the chamber is the stillness of poignant, nervous tension. The Ministers in the front benches with their portfolios know what is coming, no doubt; but the others strain forward—the old Count Woeste, for instance, with his hand behind his deaf ear—to hear the fateful words.

The King is somewhat short-sighted; he puts on his pince-nez, holds the narrow little strips of paper rather close to his eyes, and begins to read:

"Quand je vois cette assemblée frémissante dans laquelle il n'y a plus qu'un seul parti. . . ."

The emotions break, cries ring forth; then:

"Sh! Sh!" again, and silence.

And the King goes on:

" . . . celui de la Patrie, où tous les cœurs battent en ce moment à l'unisson, mes souvenirs se reportent au Congrès de 1830, et je vous demande, Messieurs: Êtes-vous décidés inébranlablement à maintenir intact le patrimoine sacré de nos ancêtres?"

The deputies spring to their feet, raise their hands as though swearing to an oath, and cry:

"Oui! Oui! Oui!"

The King continues; he strikes out emphatic gestures with his free hand. . . . Below him the little Duke of Brabant looks up intently into his father's face, never takes his eyes off him. What are the thoughts in that boy's mind? Will that scene come back to him in after years? And how? when? under what circumstances?

The silence is intense, too intense to be borne, and now

and then exclamations break forth, to be smothered immediately by that imperative "Sh! Sh!" The King heeds not but reads on, finishes with that moving phrase:

"J'ai foi dans nos destinées. Un pays qui se défend s'impose au respect de tous; ce pays ne périt pas. Dieu sera avec nous dans cette cause juste! Vive la Belgique independante!"

The mad, passionate applause breaks, all unrestrained now; handkerchiefs are waved, then pressed to weeping eyes. . . . The King seizes his *képi,* the Queen and the little princes rise, and the King stalks out, sword clanking; away on stern business now!

And I find myself leaning over the balcony rail, a catch in my throat, my eyes moist.

Then that stillness again in the chamber, intense, vibrant with emotion, the thrill of patriotism, the sense of tragedy the consciousness of assisting at an historic scene the deputies remain standing, and the Queen makes her sweeping courtesies again, right and left, then, with the royal children and her suite, retires.

Then there is an universal inhalation in the chamber, a long breath. Contrary to their custom, when the King reads a speech from the throne, the Senate and Chamber of Deputies do not separate but remain in joint session. Baron de Broqueville, the Minister of War and Premier, is opening his portfolio, taking out the notes of his speech, standing up.

"A la tribune! A la tribune!" the senators and deputies cry.

And he marches down, climbs up into the tribune, stands there, looks about him, bows. A handsome man, M. de Broqueville, a striking figure there in the tribune

in that moment—tall, svelte, distinguished, in black-frock coat, slightly waving hair, smart moustache, the ribbon of the Order of Léopold in his *boutonnière*. He speaks dramatically, reading the German ultimatum, the Belgian reply; asks almost peremptorily for a vote of supplies; and, at the end, smiting the tribune, his seal-ring striking sharply on the hard wood, he concludes with:

"La parole est aux armes!"

The session is over, though the senators and deputies are to hold formal sessions to ratify the Government's acts and to vote supplies. But the dramatic *tableau* is done and we turn to speak to one another—and then drift out of the gallery. And as we go the Prince Koudacheff comes up to me, takes me aside, and asks me to take over his Legation in case he had to go away. I tell him that I shall be honoured to do so, of course. . . .

On our way out the word went about that the Papal Nuncio wished us to remain and meet him a moment in an anteroom— Monseigneur Tacci, the Nuncio, as the only Ambassador at the Belgian Court, was the doyen of the corps, though the Count Clary, who had been at Brussels longer than any of us, usually acted in that capacity. We gathered about him, then, in one of the ante-chambers, and he stood there in the midst of us in his violet robes, very distinguished with his dark aristocratic features, as finely cut as a cameo, and his delicate hands that were so expressive, speaking to us in his soft Italian voice that lent its accent to his French. He hinted at the possibility of the Court and Government going to Antwerp, and said that in such an eventuality we should have to accompany them.

Then the sunshine once more, and the motors rolling up into the paved court before the Parliament buildings, and the colleagues lifting their tall hats to each other and then rolling away in the crowded, agitated, brilliant streets.

When I got back to the Legation I found a telegram from Washington authorizing me to take over the French interests, providing such action would not prevent my taking over any other legations, the chiefs of which might ask me to do so. And on the heels of this word came from Herr von Below that he was leaving in the afternoon and would ask me to accept the representation of German interests.

At two o'clock, then, Mr. von Strum, the secretary of the German Legation, came, very much excited, and formally delivered Herr von Below's request.

"But I've agreed to act for the French interests," I said.

Herr von Strum looked at me an instant, as though he could not believe me. I asked him to tell Herr von Below of that fact, supposing that in such a case Herr von Below would not wish me to act for German interests. Herr von Strum was nervous, agitated, and unstrung; I suppose that he, too, had been without sleep for nights on end. Tears were continually welling into his eyes, and suddenly he covered his face with his hands, leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, an attitude of despair. Presently he looked up.

"Oh, these poor, stupid Belgians!" he said. "Why don't they get out of the way! Why don't they get out of the way! I know what it will be. I know the German army. It will be like laying a baby on the track before a locomotive!"

He bent over, stretching his hands towards the floor as though to illustrate the cruel deed.

"I know the German army," he repeated. "It will go across Belgium like a steam-roller; like a steam-roller!"

He liked the phrase, which he must have picked up in America—he had an American wife—and kept on repeating it.

He went away and late in the afternoon came back, saying that Herr von Below asked me as a special favour to him to take over his Legation, and I consented. I sent word that I should go to the German Legation at five o'clock, and asked Maître de Leval meanwhile to draw very carefully a *procès-verbal.* The German Legation is across the street from the American, in the Rue Belliard, and at the hour appointed we went over there—Gibson, de Leval and I.

We found Herr von Below alone in his chancery, stretched out in a low chair, a cup of tea on the little *tabouret* at his side. He was smoking a cigarette—his short mission at Brussels ended. When I had seen him last, the night of his formal dinner, he had been so happily looking forward to a peaceful, idle summer. At sight of me he flung up his hands, shrugged his shoulders and made a little *moue,* as though he too remembered, as though words were unnecessary—or inadequate. Mr. von Below had had a *procès-verbal* already prepared, but I preferred mine, and we signed and sealed that. Then in that room of gloomy oak, the two white-haired German functionaries—the old Grabowsky, *conseiller aulique,* and another, bureaucratic and formal, bearing a tall white candle and a long stick of red sealing-wax, proceeded slowly and solemnly around the room, seal-

ing the oaken cupboards where the archives were. We stood about in silence while this was being done. Then the strained farewells; Herr von Below was leaving at seven o'clock for Berlin, via Holland.

Half an hour later Maître de Leval and I drove over to the Foreign Office. In the Rue de la Loi we met a line of automobiles, half a dozen of them, spinning at high speed toward the Cinquantenaire. They were filled with officers, in the *bonnets de police* that the Belgian soldiers wear in memory of the Revolution of 1830, and they gave a gala air to the scene.

"Le Roi!" said de Leval.

It was he and his staff, going to the front.

XII

THE NAÏVETÉS OF HISTORY

At the Foreign Office I talked with Count Léo d'Ursel a few moments, and as we came out and were crossing the courtyard, old Count van der Straaten-Ponthos, in shirt-sleeves, thrust his head out the window of the little bureau and asked me to come in. I went, and he shut the door, leaving Maître de Leval outside. Count van der Straaten-Ponthos had heard that I had taken over the German Legation, and asked me about the terms; while de Leval, outside, was talking with M. van den Heuvel, one of the Belgian Ministers of State and former Minister of Justice. M. van den Heuvel had asked him:

"Eh bien . . . et vos amis les Anglais?"

"Mais, ne marchent-ils pas avec nous?" said de Leval.

"Nous sommes sans nouvelles."

"La protection de l'Angleterre a toujours été mon évangile, et j'y croirai toujours."

Van den Heuvel went away saying:

"Espérons que votre évangile sera le vrai. . . ."

On our way back to the Legation we stopped at the British Legation. Sir Francis was at his big desk, rather depressed, I thought.

"I have no news," he said; "I know nothing."

Sir Francis asked me if I would take over his Legation, and I told him that I should consider it an honour.

It was the fourth invitation of the sort that I had received.

I went home, but dinner was no sooner over than I had to turn out again. The telegraph office had refused our cipher dispatches. I drove over to the Foreign Office, and on the sidewalk, coming out, were M. Blancas, my Argentine, and M. Barros Moreira, my Brazilian colleague.

"Vos dépêches ont été refusées?" they asked in unison.

"Oui . . . et les vôtres?"

"Oui. . . . Oui. . . ."

We went together and made protests, but poor Davignon was helpless. He spread his hands wide, shrugged his shoulders.

"Ce n'est pas de ma faute. Je le regrette beaucoup mais . . . c'est la guerre . . . vous savez."

"C'est la guerre!" How often was I to hear that phrase as an excuse for everything that went wrong in life!

I went over to the French Legation, ablaze with light and all excitement. Prince Koudacheff was there in dinner-jacket, pacing the floor, his grey pompadour bristling, his sharp eyes sparkling behind his steel rimmed, insecure pince-nez. He was scowling and winking nervously, and smoking Russian cigarettes incessantly. And intellectually he was very much alive, full of his Russian humour. I asked him if he too had had trouble with his ciphers and I was relieved when he said "Yes."

M. Klobukowski was called back to his desk by the jingle of the telephone, and we were still. M. Klobukowski began talking about a battle—called for a block of paper and pencil, took notes—and we listened. He

finished and told us that the French had won a victory but where, I did not know, nor do I know now. It was one of those little incidents so big at the moment, so insignificant afterwards—the little *naïvetés* of history. Prince Koudacheff talked about my taking over all the Legations. He was very droll.

"Why," he said, "you'll be the greatest Minister in the world; you'll be representing America and all Europe!"

Just then Count Léo d'Ursel, of the Foreign Office, happened in, and Koudacheff, Klobukowski, and I attacked him about the cipher messages. He promised that there should be no more trouble on that score.

And then I strolled home at midnight—after what a day!—in the wonderful moonlight. . . .

I stood for a moment, before going to bed, at the window that overlooks the courtyard and my neighbour's formal garden, peaceful, with deep purple shadows, and the moonlight. Is that moon also looking down on the faces of wounded soldiers?

> On such a night Troilus climbed the Trojan walls
> And looked away toward the Grecian tents.

How many ages that moon had looked down on tents and soldiers! And if, as Prince Koudacheff could jokingly say, I really represented America and all Europe, how soon and how simply I should see to it that it looked down on tents and soldiers and wars no more, as it was looking down that night on the upturned faces of the wounded in that battle off there of which Klobukowski had been hearing over the telephone!

XIII

HORUM OMNIUM FORTISSIMI SUNT BELGÆ

SCARCELY waiting for the reply to the ultimatum, German troops had invaded Belgium on Tuesday morning at eleven o'clock.[1] They crossed the frontier near Dol-

[1] The following was the first proclamation posted by the German troops. It was posted at Spa.

Au Peuple belge,

C'est à mon grand regret que les troupes allemandes se voient forcées de franchir la frontière de la Belgique. Elles agissent sous la contrainte d'une nécessité inévitable, la neutralité de la Belgique ayant été déjà violée par des officiers français qui, sous un déguisement, ont traversé le territoire belge en automobile pour pénétrer en Allemagne.

Belges! C'est notre plus grand désir qu'il y ait encore moyen d'éviter un combat entre deux peuples qui étaient amis jusqu'à présent, jadis même alliés. Souvenez-vous du glorieux jour de Waterloo où c'étaient les armes allemandes qui ont contribué à fonder et établir l'indépendence de votre patrie.

Mais il nous faut le chemin libre. Des destructions de ponts, de tunnels, de voies ferrées devront être regardées comme des actions hostiles.

Belges, vous avez à choisir.

J'espère donc que l'armée allemande ne sera pas contrainte de vous combattre. Un chemin libre pour attaquer celui qui voulait nous attaquer, c'est tout ce que nous désirons. Je donne des garanties formelles à la population belge qu'elle n'aura rien à souffrir des horreurs de la guerre, que nous paierons en or monnayé les vivres qu'il faudra prendre du pays, que nos soldats se montreront les meilleurs amis d'un peuple pour lequel nous éprouvons la plus haute estime, la plus grande sympathie.

hain, and in the afternoon, about four o'clock they had arrived in the region of the Fléron, one of the forts that encircle Liége. Wednesday morning we heard that the guns of the forts at Liége were already booming. The army was already concentrated there, and the Liége deputies had gone home to aid in the defense of the old city, whose heroic traditions the King, in a stirring proclamation to his troops, could recall that day in reminding them of the noble resistance of the six hundred Franchimonts, as he could inspire the Flemish by invoking the memory of the battle of the Golden Spurs. It was a noble and an eloquent appeal in which the King had the felicity to cite the phrase of Cæsar's, familiar to

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C'est de votre sagesse et d'un patriotisme bien compris qu'il dépend d'éviter à votre pays les horreurs de la guerre.

LE GÉNÉRAL COMMANDANT EN CHEF DE L'ARMÉE DE LA MEUSE.

AUX HABITANTS DE LA BELGIQUE:

Les événements des derniers jours ont prouvé que les habitants de la Belgique ne se rendent pas assez compte des tristes conséquences que les violations des lois de la guerre doivent entraîner pour eux-mêmes et pour tout le pays. Je leur recommande de lire attentivement la publication suivante:

1. *Seront punis de mort* tous les habitants qui tirent sur nos soldats sans appartenir à l'armée organisée et entreprennent de nuire à nos troupes ou d'aider les troupes belges ou alliées et qui se rendent coupables d'un acte quelconque apte à mettre en péril la vie ou la santé de nos soldats, enfin particulièrement qui commettent des actes d'espionnage.

Des perquisitions seront ordonnées dans les villages.

Qui sera attrapé ayant des armes dans sa maison subira une sévère punition, dans les cas graves *la punition de mort.*

Les villages où des actes d'hostilité seront commis par les habitants contre nos troupes *seront brûlés.*

every schoolboy the world over: *"Horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgæ."* [2]

The moving words of the young King, who on that Wednesday morning had established his headquarters

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2. Seront tenus responsables de toutes les destructions de routes, chemins de fer, ponts, etc., les villages dans la proximité des points de destruction.

Les mesures les plus rigoureuses seront prises pour garantir la prompte réparation et pour éviter de semblables méfaits.

3. Chaque personne qui s'approchera d'une place d'atterrissement d'aéroplanes ou de ballons jusqu'à 200 mètres sera

fusillée sur place

Pour la sauvegarde des intérêts supérieurs dont je suis chargé, je suis fermement résolu d'employer *chaque moyen possible* pour forcer le respect des lois de la guerre et pour protéger nos troupes contre les attaques d'une population hostile.

Les punitions annoncées ci-dessus seront exécutées sévèrement et sans grâce.

La totalité sera tenue responsable.

Les otages seront pris largement.

Les plus graves contributions de guerre seront infligées.

Par contre, si les lois de la guerre seront respectées et si tout acte d'hostilité sera évité, je garantis aux habitants de la Belgique la protection absolue de leur personne et de leur propriété.

LE COMMANDANT EN CHEF DE L'ARMÉE.

(Cette affiche concerne spécialement les villages.)

[2] This is the King's proclamation:

A L'ARMEE DE LA NATION

Soldats:—

Sans la moindre provocation de notre part, un voisin orgueilleux de sa force a déchiré les traités qui portent sa signature, et violé le territoire de nos pères.

Parce que nous avons été dignes de nous-mêmes, parce que nous avons refusé de forfaire à l'honneur, il nous a attaqués. Mais le monde entier est émerveillé de notre attitude loyale. Que son respect et son estime vous réconfortent en ces moments suprêmes!

eastward at Louvain, near the field where he was to prove himself so much a man, had stirred Brussels. The city, in the brilliant sun of that Wednesday, thrilled with the emotions of patriotic fervour; flags leaped to roofs and balconies all over town and lolled luxuriously on the warm air. There was an exhilaration in the atmosphere; every one was excited. Men met and shook hands ecstatically; tears came suddenly to the eyes; voices trembled. Every man that one met had a new rumour—the French Army had entered Belgium or the English were debarking at Ostend; there was exaltation and high hope in every heart.

All day the Legation was crowded with frightened Americans, who continued to pour into Brussels and remained there hesitant, undecided, bewildered, loath to brave the Channel-Crossing to England, hoping for some miracle that would arrest the war or spare them its discomforts.

"I suppose I am to come right here with my family in case of trouble?" said a great lusty fellow, speak-

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Voyant son indépendence menacée, la Nation a frémi, et ses enfants ont bondi à la frontière. Vaillants soldats d'une cause sacrée, j'ai confiance en votre bravoure tenace, et je vous salue au nom de la Belgique. Vos concitoyens sont fiers de vous. Vous triompherez, car vous êtes la force mise au service du droit.

César a dit de vos ancêtres: "De tous les peuples de la Gaule, les Belges sont les plus braves."

Gloire à vous, armée du peuple belge. Souvenez-vous devant l'ennemi que vous combattez pour la liberté et pour vos foyers menacés. Souvenez-vous, Flamands, de la bataille des Eperons d'Or, et vous, Wallons, qui êtes en ce moment à l'honneur, des 600 Franchimontois.

Soldats! je pars de Bruxelles pour me mettre à votre tête.

Fait au Palais de Bruxelles ce 5 août 1914. Albert.

ing in his strong German accent, who came one morning with a wife and five children and, planting himself there in the corridor that was crowded with Americans and Germans, plucked at me insistently as I went by. Perhaps I did not instantly respond with the spontaneous gesture of hospitality that one, especially if one is an American diplomatist, would like to have instantly ready in all his relations with his friends and fellow-citizens, for the man grew impatient and shouted:

"I demand protection as an American citizen!"

He used the word protection with that curious baffling superstition which characterizes the type of mind that confuses words with acts, that considers problems solved when the word that defines them has been discovered and pronounced. . . .

We could laugh at him, he was so badly scared; but I could have wept at the plight of a newly-married pair —a youth and his bride, who sat near, patiently awaiting their turn. They had been school teachers in Iowa. They were on their bridal trip and for the first time in their lives in Europe, doubtless for the first time in their lives away from home. All that the bridegroom had was a ticket which, as he unrolled it, revealed—yard on yard, in almost interminable convolutions, a series of coupons; coupons for everything, steamships, railways, trams, omnibuses, hotels; in short, one of those tourist tickets that provide for every need of a determined voyage, themselves the itinerary and the means of following it. And now, in the universal cataclysm, the young couple found their coupons suddenly worthless; no one would accept them—not a steamship, railway, bus or hotel, and the bridegroom had no money; all that he and his wife had was invested in that preternaturally

elongated ticket, which was to have supplied every possible human want and to have spared them every care and annoyance so long as they did not depart from the narrow, defined groove of travel it marked out for them. Held up there before me in the hand of the groom, and allowed to trail out its preposterous length in despairing impotence on the floor, it stood to me as the pathetic symbol of what long months of eager planning and consultation of guide-books, and histories, of what conversations with obliging and persuasive agents, of what painful economy, of what heroic and stoical self-denial, of what hopes and dreams! I can see the bridegroom and the bride sitting there, the girl looking into the young husband's face with such utter confidence; so far from that mid-western home, with its peace, its calm, its *naïveté*. The whole scene was vividly present—the little provincial town, the High School, the Sunday School, the Chautauqua, the faint apprehension of the thing called culture: my heart went out to them. It was another of "Life's Little Ironies" for Mr. Thomas Hardy or a story for Maupassant, though Maupassant with four thousand naked words would have treated it with his cynical mockery, his hard, pitiless wit. *Sunt lachrimæ rerum!* It was of a pathos beyond all tears, as is so much of life, alas!

There were all sorts and conditions of men in the throng that shifted in and out of the Legation. There were jockeys and clergymen, and actors and musicians, and physicians and tourists of all kinds. One man, a millionaire, whom I had known in Chicago, had once cornered the wheat market of the world; he stood in the office while the patient Cruger was making out passports, as calm and game as when he stood in the wheat-

pit, and he had not a cent in his pocket. He had a berth in the steerage on an outward-bound ship, he who had come over in a *cabine de luxe*. There was, indeed, in most of them something quite admirable, something of which one could be proud as pertaining to one's countrymen, even among the provincial and unsophisticated, for they had character, they were the bone and sinew of our nation. There was another type, more worldly-wise, with manner and sophistication; they had lived in Europe long years, and had not been reminded of their nationality until the income-tax summoned them; now they came in eager haste for passports to establish an identity that they had not always, perhaps, cared to own.

Among the Americans was a young doctor from Chicago, whom the war had overtaken in Germany, where he had been studying. He had come through from Verviers to Liége that night on a German military train which was labeled *"Schnellzug nach Paris."* The train, however, had been stopped, and at the frontier the passengers had got out and walked. Some of the women had ridden part way in a peasant's cart; trees felled across the road and barbed-wire entanglements had stopped their progress and they struggled along on foot, lugging their dressing-cases. The night was clear and warm, and they had seen the German cavalry at rest along the roadside; the horses were picketed and the troopers were lying on the ground smoking. One of the soldiers waved his hand at the party as it struggled along. They got to Liége, and thence came through to Brussels by train.

The young man was not only an American, but a German-American, and for that reason some of those at the Legation insisted that he was a German spy. Thus early even we were affected by that peculiar sug-

gestion which produced its phenomenon everywhere during those early days of the war. Perhaps it was not so strange: the Legation halls were already crowded with Germans; there were thousands of them in Brussels, and many of them were spies, of course. The system maintained in Belgium had been extensive—as extensive as the Russian third section. But they were there, and German, and, whether spies or not, badly frightened.

"Voilà un espion," some one would cry, and the human pack would instantly give chase. No one, however, was hurt. The Brussels police were tactful, kindly, and efficient. But suspicions were ripe even in the mildest breasts. There was, as it happened, that very morning, a Belgian priest who came to see me, an abbot from the country. He came accompanied by another priest, old, grey and withered, who, as I had the abbot shown in, was left sitting rather disconsolately in the hall. I spoke of this and asked the abbot if he did not wish his colleague to come in, but the abbot, leaning toward me, confidentially said, "No; I think he is a German spy."

The abbot had come to tell me that he had given refuge to four hundred Germans in his abbey and he wished me to take steps to have them repatriated.

"I don't like Germans," he said, "but," and he relented, "I feel sorry for these poor folk."

I entrusted the four hundred refugees to Gibson, who went at once to arrange for trains to take them out to Holland, whence they might regain the Fatherland. The Americans, who had so much farther to go to regain their motherland, had been increasing in such numbers that some organization beyond that which the inadequate resources of the Legation could provide was nec-

essary, and it was then that I had recourse to a rather remarkable American who happened to be resident in Brussels, an engineer, interested in several tramway enterprises in Europe and in South America—Mr. Daniel Heineman. I invited him with Mr. Millard K. Shaler and Mr. William Hulse—American citizens likewise, and resident in Brussels—to meet me at the Legation, and we organized a committee, with Mr. Heineman at its head, to undertake the relief of our fellow-citizens who had been overwhelmed by the war. Funds were raised, a house was rented where Americans might find shelter, and thus, by the admirable and efficient efforts of these gentlemen, all the Americans who wished to go home were enabled to go to England and eventually to find their way to their own land.

One evening at dinner-time came the confirmation of the news of the superb resistance of the Belgians at Liége. The hopes of the town were high; every one was expecting the French and the English to come to the support. The lower town was all excitement. A warm and gentle rain was falling, but the streets were brilliant and gay and the throngs drifted through them, singing the "Brabançonne" and the "Marsellaise," and everywhere were the Belgian and the French colours. The little tables on the sidewalks before the cafés were all surrounded, and passing slowly down the Boulevard Anspach, blazing with its electricity, one heard now and then the crash of broken glass; the crowds were breaking the *vitrines* of German shops or shops with German names. Over the door of *"Chez Fritz,"* the great café in the Boulevard Anspach, was the appealing placard:

"Fritz est bon Luxembourgeois, mais la maison est belge!"

The night was so warm, the fine misty rain so gentle and refreshing! There was a kind of gaiety abroad; even the showers of glass from those shattered German windows fell with a merry tinkle, and the crowd laughed joyously, expecting the French and the English to arrive any moment, expecting the "big battle" in which the combined Belgian, French, and English forces were to annihilate the Germans.

And then at midnight a new rumour shuddered through the town. Men were going along the streets ringing all the door bells and shouting:

"L'eau de la ville est empoisonnée! L'eau de la ville est empoisonnée!"

They said that the German Uhlans had poisoned the sources of the water of Brussels.

There was no truth in the tale, of course. We were destined to become rather well acquainted with the phenomenon of rumour. But no matter how stupid, nor how often disproved, there were always some to believe, and in this instance there were many poor folk who, in their credulity and fear, went thirsty for days.

XIV

RUMOUR

BISMARCK says somewhere that never were rumours so rife as in time of war, and he was an authority on most things pertaining to the art or the science of war, if it is an art or a science. We could seldom trace the rumours to their origin; I do not know that we ever tried, but on one occasion I was able to lay the ghost of one rumour that was constantly repeated and believed during those first tragic days when we were so new to the grim business. That rumour related to wireless telegraph installations; when people were not seeing spies they were hearing the click of wireless instruments. One morning, at half-past eight o'clock, Monsieur Carton de Wiart was announced on a matter of immediate importance, and I went down to find the tall, handsome Belgian Minister of Justice in my *cabinet,* haggard from sleepless nights, but well groomed as ever, and elegant in high hat and frock-coat. He came to inform me that the Belgian Government had reliable information that there was a wireless-telegraph instrument on the roof of the German Legation; the garde civique that had been detailed there at my request to protect the Legation had heard it working during the night. The Government, of course, wished to be correct, and as there were no precedents, he proposed that the Procureur du Roi and some of the Justices of the Cour de Cassation, institute an inquiry and in a regular, formal and legal manner ascertain the facts.

"Mais," I said, *"il y a un moyen beaucoup plus pratique!"*

"Lequel?"

"Aller voir. Vous m'accompagnerez, n'est-ce pas? Allons."

He was surprised but pleased. I asked him to procure a wireless-telegraph expert and said that I would go with him whenever he was ready. He went away, came back in half an hour with his expert—a lithe, agile young chap in rubber-soled shoes—and, with Gibson and de Leval, we all went over to the German Legation. The members of the garde civique on duty there crowded up to assure us that the instrument could still be heard spluttering away, and we routed out the startled old Grabowsky and, with him to guide us, ascended to the *grenier*. He opened a trap-door in the roof, and the lovely morning light came through from the patch of blue sky above; then he produced a frail little ladder and I invited Monsieur Carton de Wiart to ascend. But the Minister of Justice is a large and heavy man, and he did not venture to ascend such a ladder and clamber onto that steep roof.

And so I went up and the expert came after me, and then Gibson, and we clambered about over the tiles and among the chimney-pots. Monsieur l'Expert went everywhere, clipped a few wires—telephone, no doubt—but shook his head; no wireless to be found anywhere. And while we were looking about I saw, to my surprise, almost at my feet, a trap-door slowly open; then a head came forth, and presently there rose, like the morning sun before my eye, a dark handsome face, hair carefully combed down, monocle in left astonished eye, high tight collar, butterfly cravat, smart coat, ele-

gant hands, manicured nails, a cigarette—and there was Señor Felix Cavalcanti de Lacerda, the Secretary of the Brazilian Legation, the premises of which adjoined those of the German Legation. Cavalcanti was speechless with surprise, but I divined the situation, greeted him and said:

"If I'm violating Brazilian territory it's quite by mistake and unintentional, and I formally apologize."

He laughed and I explained and he told me that his chief, beholding men on the roof of his Legation, had sent him up to investigate.

And while we were talking, suddenly, a sound, a sharp rasping sound, broken into what might very well have been dots and dashes—"Zsszzt—Zsszzt—Zzt Zs—Zt—Zsssssttss——" It was precisely like the wireless I had heard on steamships in the Atlantic! Monsieur l'Expert cocked his head, pricked up his ears, and then we all fixed the place whence came the sound . . . and it was a rusty *girouette* squeaking in the wind! And so that sensation ended—to the regret of the gardes civiques when we went down and informed them.

It was from Monsieur Carton de Wiart that morning that we had our first news of the horrors of Visé; the Germans, after their check at Fléron, had burned the town and shot the inhabitants.

When we returned to the Legation the Germans, those frightened Germans who were then of Brussels, were crowding the halls, turning the Legation into a bedlam. The crowd inside increased as the day advanced and as the news spread that we were charged with the protection of German interests, groups of the idle and curious gathered outside in the Rue de Trèves. And suddenly, late in the afternoon, over the pande-

monium there was the horrid sound of strife and angry cries, and then blows at the outer doors; the crowd had rushed upon some German entering the Legation, and when the door was closed behind him in the face of the crowd the throng began kicking on it. But the admirable de Leval went out and spoke to the crowd while the German cowered behind a steel filing case back in the *chancellerie*. We telephoned to the authorities, and in a half an hour a detail of Gardes Civiques was posted at the Legation, patrolling the streets, and all was quiet —and our frightened Germans waiting for the train that had been provided. Gibson and Mr. Roy Nasmith, the American Vice-Consul, were rounding up the Germans; the original four hundred whom the Belgian priest had sheltered in the abbey had grown to four thousand, and to make doubly sure I went myself to see Monsieur Carton de Wiart. I found him in his office, where there was a great portrait of Tolstoi on an easel —Tolstoi and this madness! Monsieur Carton de Wiart was very kind and not the least bitter toward the Germans. All had been admirably organized, trains had been provided to carry 2500 Germans to the Dutch frontier that night and we had telegraphed Dr. van Dyke, our Minister at The Hague, who was to have them met there by other trains, and so sent back to their homes in Germany. The Germans were to be assembled at the Cirque Royal, guarded by the gendarmes and by them escorted to the station.

There was to be a meeting that evening of the diplomatic corps at the Papal Nunciature, and Señor Barros Moreira, the Brazilian Minister, came over after dinner that we might go together. As we went down stairs on our way out, there in the hall we saw a woman in

tears; her husband, a German, was with her, sitting in dumb Teutonic melancholy. They had with them a little boy with golden curls, one of the prettiest children I ever saw, with the face of one of Raphael's cherubs, who looked up inquiringly into his mother's sad countenance. I recognized the woman as an American who had been there the day before; she had married her German husband, she said, in Iowa, where they had lived for years, he engaged successfully in business. But he had neglected to become naturalized, and that summer, in Europe on a visit home, had been overtaken by the tide of war. Now he said he must go back to Germany and enter the army. Before such a prospect they were all in terror, he sitting dumbly by the while.

At sight of me the woman sprang forward and seized my hand, as though I were her last refuge in the world, and with such sobs and lamentations as might break a heart, fell on her knees, refusing to let go my hand and dragging tragically toward me on her knees. Barros Moreira was impressed by the scene, and by the figure of the little boy standing by, receiving his baptism in the misery of this world. I did not know what to do. I felt the embarrassment of one of our race in such a predicament, tore my hand away, picked up the pretty baby and kissed him, and left—we had to get to that meeting—the woman dragging after me all the way to the door. . . .

Barros Moreira and I drove over to the Nunciature where, after the usual greetings, our colleagues assembled in a great circle in a lofty room hung all in crimson. The Nuncio presided, sitting there on a divan leaning over a little table, his great gold pectoral cross clinking against the chain on the breast of his purple

soutane as he made graceful gestures with the white delicate hand that wore an Archbishop's ring. He was explaining that the Court would probably go to Antwerp in a day or two, and that in that event we should follow. It was a subject that had been discussed among the diplomatists for several days, ever since the *séance* of Tuesday. I was opposed to our going, that is, those of us who represented neutral nations—the belligerent of course, in the event of the Germans coming, would be compelled to leave; I felt, somehow, that there might be work for us to do at the capital. The Marquis of Villalobar was of the same opinion; we had talked it over and agreed to oppose the exodus. We both made speeches against the project, and several others spoke, M. Klobukowski among them, saying that it was of no great moment since he knew the Allies would soon be at Brussels. Sir Francis, much to my disappointment, was not there. The talk flowed on interminably, French in all the accents of this world, until footmen came bearing in wines and tea and cigars and cigarettes and then the great red *salon* was filled with the haze of tobacco-smoke and every one talked at once. It was decided finally by a vote, to go, though there were certain mental reservations, and Monsieur Djuvara, the Roumanian Minister, sat down at the Nuncio's table to write out the resolution, with Villalobar and Klobukowski and the Nuncio and Blancas, and I giving him advice, until my friend Ouang Yong Pao, the Chinese Minister, who honoured me often by coming to me for advice, drew me aside and asked me what it was all about. We finished the resolution, however, gossiped about the war, smoked, and came away. . . .

When I reached home I learned that my wife and

the mothers and Miss Larner had taken the little boy upstairs and played with him all evening until Gibson took the little family away in the motor to the Cirque Royal, where they assembled the Germans who were to go out on the refugee train that night. I had a vision of that bright, pretty, innocent little child and the little family whirled away in the great whirlpool into darkness—to what fate? We should never know, I said, never see any of them again. . . .

But we did. A few days after the Germans had established themselves in Brussels the father of the pretty little boy took a room near Gibson's apartment in the Rue St.-Boniface, and in his quality of German spy watched Gibson's every movement.

XV

REPATRIATING GERMANS

Gibson had driven away from the Legation that evening with the little German-American family to the Cirque Royal, the woman cowering all the way in terror in the bottom of the car, and he and Nasmith were up all that night sending off the Germans.

The woman's fears, of course, were groundless. When the motor drew up to the Cirque Royal and the crowds pressed around it, Gibson took the child and held it aloft and said:

"The Belgians don't eat babies!"

A big gendarme put forth his hands, took the boy, and said:

"No, nor their fathers or mothers either!"

And so he and the child led the way into the great Circus. There nearly five thousand Germans were gathered, twice the number expected. They were all in excitement and terror, and Gibson had to go about reassuring them. The officers of the Gendarmes and the garde civique with their own money bought chocolate to give to the children, and later Madame Carton de Wiart, wife of the Belgian Minister of Justice, came with hot milk and other comforts for the women and children.

The Belgian authorities promptly provided additional coaches and after midnight the transfer of the refugees to the station began. It was carried on without incident, and that morning at daylight the last of the four

long trains drew out of the Gare du Nord, bearing the Germans toward Esschen on the Dutch frontier.

But the Germans continued to gather; we had to procure other trains that night and for several nights thereafter. Mr. Ethelbert Watts, our Consul-General, had been in France on his vacation when the war came on, and only succeeded after many adventures by sea and land in returning to Brussels, coming around by way of the coast, Knocke and Ostend. He took the matter then in charge, and with the aid of Gibson, Nasmith and de Leval, finally sent off most of the Germans to Holland. There had been 5000 that first night and there were 2500 the next night, 1200 the night thereafter, 400 the next, and so on in a diminishing ratio until all of those who wished to go had left.

The action of the Belgian Government in this emergency was superb in spirit and in execution, and the population nobly generous, and I could not resist the temptation to write a note to M. Carton de Wiart expressing my appreciation and admiration. Not a German was injured during those days, and no more serious harm was done than that resulting from the breaking of windows in the first ebullition of excitement. The German proprietor of the great department store known as Tietz did indeed consider that an auspicious moment to adorn his place of business in the crowded Rue Neuve with German flags, and they were promptly torn down; but nothing more serious occurred; the Burgomaster of Brussels, M. Adolphe Max, issued a proclamation appealing to the population to remain calm,[1] while the Minister of the Interior

[1] Nous adressons un nouvel appel au calme et au sang-froid de la population.

published a statement explaining the laws and customs of war. And that day, Friday, a state of siege was proclaimed.

I had a call from Ouang Yong Pao, who with one of his secretaries, Shu-Tze, came to me to ask what the colleagues had decided to do at the meeting the night before. I explained, and told him that I should remain in Brussels. He said he would do as I did. Shu-Tze, the little secretary, spoke of the dangers one might incur at Antwerp, but I reminded him of his diplomatic extra-territoriality and privileges. He leaned forward, and his face wore a curious smile, as he said:

"Mais les canons n'ont pas les yeux!"

"Toute atteinte portée à la propriété de sujets allemands, toute violence contre ceux-ci, pourrait être le prétexte de graves représailles.

"Les citoyens belges qui commettraient de pareils actes, se rendraient donc coupables d'un véritable crime contre la patrie.

"Il convient de s'abstenir de tout sévice à l'égard des sujets allemands qui seraient soupçonnés ou convaincus d'espionnage et qui devraient être arrêtés de ce chef. Il est du plus haut intérêt de laisser à l'autorité militaire seule le pouvoir d'exercer les châtiments que comportent de semblables faits."

XVI

A BIT OF HISTORY

An incident occurred in those early days of August which I may as well relate here, though for its sequence I shall have to anticipate the chronology of events.

In the early evening of Saturday, the eighth of August, there came to me from Dr. van Dyke a message saying that he had been asked by his German colleague at The Hague to request me to present, on behalf of the Imperial German Government, a message to the Belgian Government. The message of the Imperial German Government was in German and *en clair:* de Leval translated it while we waited impatiently. It was this:

"The fortress of Liége has been taken by assault after a brave defense. The German Government most deeply regrets that bloody encounters should have resulted from the attitude of the Belgian Government; it is only through the force of circumstances that they had, owing to the military measures of France, to take the grave decision of entering Belgium and occupying Liége as a base for further military operations. Now that the Belgian Army has upheld the honour of its arms by its heroic resistance to a very superior force, the German Government beg the King of the Belgians and the Belgian Government to spare Belgium the further horrors of war. The German Government are ready for any compact with Belgium which can be reconciled with their arrangements with France. Germany once

more gives her solemn assurance that it is not her intention to appropriate Belgian territory to herself, and that such an intention is far from her thoughts. Germany is still ready to evacuate Belgium as soon as the state of war will allow her to do so."

De Leval finished his translation and handed me the text, standing there with an inquiry in his brown eyes while I read it. I was standing there by Gibson's desk in the room of the secretaries. I read the despatch over and over; looked at Gibson, looked at de Leval, looked at Miss Larner, amazed beyond any word. I stood there with the telegram in my hand, looked at the English and then at the German words. What hand had written them? What mentality had conceived them? Were there, after all, in this world, no such things as honour and faith? I let the despatch fall to the table, one thing at least decided—namely, that no such offer should soil my hands.

But how to manage it? After all, we were charged with the representation of German interests. And I began to think about a despatch to Washington. I would point out what the President and Mr. Bryan, of course, must already realise—that this war was but the old struggle between democracy and autocracy in the world, and that little Belgium was just then holding this Thermopylean pass for democracy. And I sat down at Miss Larner's desk and began to write a dispatch in these terms, trying to make the view accord with our declared neutrality—a somewhat difficult task, as I found.

Gibson was standing by, still studying the telegram. After a while he said:

"There are no cipher groups here."

"Then, perhaps," I thought, "it is not authentic."

I thought it over a long while; it was, after all, strange that diplomacy should send such an amazing proposal *en clair,* for all the world to read. Perhaps one would be justified in giving the Imperial German Government the benefit of the doubt that gentlemen would construe as generous. And so, not without a certain reluctance, I tore up the dispatch I was writing and wrote another telegram to Washington, pointing out that the remarkable message bore no cipher groups or other evidence of authenticity and asking for instructions. We were all night putting the messages into cipher.

Meanwhile the Belgians were holding on at Liége and perhaps the Allies were getting up. I told Gibson that he might tell Léo d'Ursel if he wished to do so—and he did. Count d'Ursel, he reported, was much impressed and had run at once to see Davignon and de Broqueville.

The beautiful dawn was breaking as I went to bed.

The following morning, Sunday the ninth, I had a telegram from Dr. van Dyke at The Hague, whose sympathy and prompt friendly comprehension did so much during that trying time to make my task less heavy. The telegram was brief; it said that the message from the Imperial German Government was authentic, which was about all that a neutral diplomatist could say of it, but he added one other consolatory word: "Congratulations."

On Monday I had a telegram from Mr. Bryan reserving instructions until the genuineness of the message should be established. On Tuesday, the eleventh, I learned that the message had been delivered by the German Minister at The Hague to M. Loudon, the

Dutch Minister for Foreign Affairs, who was requested to hand it to Baron Fallon, the Belgian Minister at The Hague, which he did, and Baron Fallon sent it to Brussels.

Count Léo d'Ursel came over from the Foreign Office with word from M. Davignon that the Belgian Government was preparing a reply that would be a refusal to entertain the proposal. This reply was sent to Baron Fallon to be delivered to the German Government through The Hague on Wednesday, and was as follows:

BRUSSELS, *August* 12, 1914.

Please communicate the following telegram to the Netherlands Minister for Foreign Affairs:

The proposal made to us by the German Government repeats the proposal which was formulated in the ultimatum of August 2. Faithful to her international obligations, Belgium can only reiterate her reply to that uiltimatum, the more so as since August 3 her neutrality has been violated, a distressing war has been waged on her territory, and the guarantors of her neutrality have responded loyally and without delay to her appeal.

DAVIGNON.

Several days later I had a telegram from Washington asking if I had any further information as to the authenticity of the German proposal, and I could reply that while the message was indubitably genuine, it had been delivered through The Hague, and that the question had no longer any but an academic interest.

All of the notes of the Belgian Government were conceived in this lofty spirit. I had transmitted to it a day or so before a note from the German Government complaining that the Belgians were condemning as spies men who were innocent. The Belgian Gov-

ernment's reply to this complaint was beautiful in its dignity and calm, and as it seems to lose in translation I give it in the language in which it was written:

La Belgique, terre classique du droit et de la liberté, traverse ces douloureux événements sans la moindre haine à l'endroit de ceux qui lui imposent les pires souffrances. Elle a trop le souci du droit et de la vie humaine pour condamner sans preuves et sans jugement régulier.

The two dispatches, the one that opens and the one that closes this chapter, may stand as symbolic of the two nations whose diplomacy conceived them.

XVII

LES FORTS TIENNENT TOUJOURS

WHO, having lived in Brussels through that terrible month of August, can think of those days, with their various emotions, their exaltations, their hopes and fears, their terror and despair, without the memory of that wonderful sunlight which filled them to the brim? Day after day went by, and with each new morning the miracle was renewed. It was a phenomenon unusual in Brussels and in Belgium, where it rains as often as it does in Scotland. It was of the irony implicit in life. There were moments when, looking at the wide cloudless sky, thinking perhaps of Bois Fleuri, where doubtless the rabbits still nibbled at the rose-leaves, and the two magpies fluttered about with the *bonne nouvelle* they never delivered, or of Ravenstein, where the larks were warbling in the sun high above the eleventh hole, one would say that all this madness and fury could not be! That a world so lovely, wherein life might have so much beauty and so much glory and meaning, should instead be given over to such an insane orgy of blood and lust and cruelty was to make one despair of the human race. It could not be! And yet—there were those miserable German refugees forever huddling in the corridors of the Legation, shaken by their fears; and there in the court yard, whiling away their time playing at cards, the lads of the garde civique, those young lawyers and doctors and clerks, that rudimentary organism of the Belgian commune, the old

Burgerwacht, with its traditions of Jacques van Artevelde.

The heroic resistance of the little Belgian army in the forts along the Meuse—the forts that General Leman, who then commanded them, had himself constructed—created an extraordinary enthusiasm that vibrated nervously in the sparkling sunlight, producing a kind of contagious exhilaration, a veritable intoxication. Men met each other in the streets and said ecstatically:

"Les forts tiennent toujours!"

The newspapers were full of the valour of the Belgians. The French Republic had conferred the Legion of Honour on the City of Liége and the French colours fluttered brightly on the statue of Liége at the Cinquantenaire. Complimentary letters were exchanged between President Poincaré and King Albert. All Belgium was proud. There was a new spirit of solidarity; the old feeling between Flemish and Walloons was forgotten; in those fierce fires a nation was being born anew.

The Grand' Place had never looked so beautiful. The flag of Belgium and the red and green of Brussels floated on the Hôtel de Ville; there were flags on the guild-houses too, and over by the Maison du Roi there were the great umbrellas and the masses of colour of the flower-market. But the Place was very still; looking at it, one might see the various protagonists who had struggled there for liberty in all ages, as Belgium was struggling then. In the excitement emotions were easily stirred; tears, for no reason, would start to the eyes of those with whom one talked. There was something wistful in all the faces; somehow, humanity

seemed no longer ugly, but dear, good to look upon. One spoke to persons one did not know—a kind of miracle that, in the general solemn *camaraderie*.

Lovely Brussels was lovelier than ever, but somehow with a wistful waning loveliness, infinitely pathetic. All over the Quartier Léopold the white façades of the houses bloomed in flags, their black and red and yellow colours transparent in the sunlight; in the *Forêt* the sunlight filtered through the leaves, irradiating the green boles of the trees, and through the hazy sunlight that lay on the fields the mount of Waterloo was outlined against the sky.

In the Bois, in the midst of woodland peace, the children were playing and lovers whispered still their marvelous discoveries. The expected battle was not yet—but the Uhlans were drawing nearer; one could almost fancy them there behind the trees. But no, not yet;—it was only a troop of Gardes Civiques à Cheval, in their uniforms of green and their grey fur busbies, young Davignon among them, waving his hand at me.

At night the town was strangely still, every one seemed to be waiting. The outposts of the German army were only thirty miles away; the German cavalry was said to be at Tirlemont. But the movements of the French and the English were surrounded with impenetrable mystery. There was nothing to do but to wait.

"De quoi demain sera-t-il fait?" de Leval would say before going home for the night.

And yet nothing happened. The days went by. The city grew quieter, was filled indeed with a kind of silent glory; with its countless flags, like mammoth tu-

lips full of light, the shimmer of the sun—and the waiting.

Our information was all so fragmentary, so unrelated, so disproportionate. We were like the man who tried to write a history of the Civil War while a battle was going on—a battle which, in the light of subsequent developments, proved to be only a skirmish. We knew, in fact, nothing save bits of gossip or small items of personal interest. The young Princes, Léopold and Charles, had appeared on the boulevard with their governess, quite simply; the crowds swarmed around them enthusiastically; and, returning to the Legation one afternoon, I could tell how, near the Hôpital St.-Jean, there at the Rue Pacheco, the military guard had suddenly called *"Garde à vous!"* and there was the Queen in her motor, with General Jungbluth in uniform by her side; and we uncovered while Her Majesty, who seemed to bear the sorrows of her country on her heart, went in to visit the wounded who had already been brought in from Liége.

In the universal and naïve ignorance, every one was expecting a great battle, somewhere there on that historic battle-ground of Europe which it had ever been Belgium's fate to be; every one spoke of it, waited for it! Dr. E. J. Dillon, the war correspondent, sitting there in grey tweeds in my office, smoking a cigarette, a great inlaid walking-stick between his knees; M. Klobukowski, who came to tell me that he was turning over his interests to the Marquis of Villalobar; and my Roumanian colleague, M. Djuvara, and his wife; Madame Djuvara had just returned through moving accidents and hairbreadth escapes by field and flood from Germany via Rotterdam.

It was always that, a great battle on the morrow—as soon as the French and English could come up. And we awaited the great event; some thought it might take place there at Waterloo, just as before! Meanwhile, in our lives, only the smallest incidents.

A colleague comes to ask my advice on a point of taste. Should his wife keep her German maid? Why not, if she wished to do so? Ah! but the other servants refused to associate with her, called her "a nasty pig." This is different! No diplomatic tact, however exquisite, could deal with that! The old Duchesse Douairière d'Arenberg sends to me to ask protection for some of her German relatives in Belgium. The feeling against the whole family is high, and the dark and stately palace there in the Petit Sablon is avoided, the glory and prestige of its ancient noble name no more able than I to save the family it had sheltered from the universal suspicion that blighted any one in Belgium who had German relations. . . .

It is afternoon and de Leval and I are alone at the Legation, where it is quiet, save for the furious ticking of his agitated little clock. I am reading Roland de Mare's column in the *Indépendance Belge,* when suddenly a shot rings out in the Rue de Trèves. I pay no attention at first, then, when a fusillade follows, I look out of the window and see the garde civique firing in the air. In the Rue Belliard people are gazing upward and the whole squad is firing at the wide blue sky. The servants rush upstairs in fright, gather in panic in the hall. Going into the court yard we see a monoplane *hors d'atteinte,* with the wide fan-like tail of the German Taube, sailing leisurely and unconcernedly away in the direction of Liége.

Then one evening a note came from Count Clary, asking if our Consul at Ghent would take over the Austrian Consulate there—their man, a Belgian honorary Consul—having resigned in indignation. Also, would I take over the Austrian Legation . . . the fifth invitation of this kind I had received in a week.

Villalobar and I had a long serious discussion of the situation. I told him of my intention to remain in Brussels, no matter what befall; without laying claim to remarkable prevision, I had a feeling that there would be work to do there. I had already accepted the responsibility of protecting British interests, and with American interests I felt that, anomalous as the situation would be were the Government to leave, that work would be more important just then than any other. He was wholly of my opinion. He had promised to take over French interests, and we agreed to act in concert. We had nothing, then, to do but wait. . . .

"Les forts tiennent toujours." . . . But we had seen no soldiers save Belgians, though a few German prisoners were brought in; they thought that they were in France, and expressed surprise that Paris was not larger.

Then one morning de Leval came in with the news that the French had arrived; cavalry had entered the city the night before. He had seen them from his balcony going down the Avenue de la Toison d'Or—a squadron of weary troopers, nodding over their horses' necks; and Gibson had seen them at the Porte de Namur; they were hailed by shouts of *"Vive la France!"* and the cavalrymen roused themselves to reply *"Vive la Belgique!"* Girls had come out from the cafés at the

Porte de Namur with trays of beer, which the soldiers drank thirstily.

The city of Liége had been occupied by the Germans, but this, the *communiqués* assured us, was unimportant so long as the forts held, and *"ils tiennent toujours."* The population there was said to be calm, even if hostages had been taken, the Bishop and the Burgomaster among them. Then one evening it was told in town that the Uhlans had been seen in the Forêt de Soignes.

We went for a drive in the Bois with the feeling that perhaps it would be for the last time. There suddenly, around a turn in the road, into the peaceful scene, swept a train of motor-cars filled with British officers; the seats of the cars were piled high with baggage, and after them there came two cars of English nurses. They all rushed madly by, and our hearts rose at our first sight of the khaki uniforms. *Les Anglais* were there at last.

XVIII

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN

We saw no English, however, other than those in the swift motors that dashed eastward through the Bois; no other French than those tired cavalrymen de Leval had seen going along the boulevard, drooping with fatigue over their horses' necks. The newspapers might announce that no official acknowledgment of the surrender of the forts of Liége had been made, that the *"situation reste favorable," "les forts tiennent toujours";* the rumours that flew from mouth to mouth were otherwise, and people knew; the slow, persistent truth percolated silently.

Then one day for the first time there were symptoms in the press of the seriousness of the situation; the three o'clock edition of *Le Soir* had an allusion to grave events, and, instantly, all over town, there were rumours of a German advance—the invaders were drawing near, the Uhlans were seen at this place and that!

The hours wore away. One got somehow through the day, the spirits declining toward evening with the sun, for then the rumors began to pour into the Legation, brought by the fugitives who came for consolation, or by the timorous who came for encouragement or information. They whispered more and more of awful atrocities, hideous deeds, committed near Tirlemont; the Germans were said to have sacked the peasants' houses, killed the men, thrust bayonets through the

breasts of girls, hung a Belgian soldier up by the thumbs. I went to bed that night feeling like the sad Pestalozzi.

At the English church that last Sunday morning the organ was not in commission. The organist played on a little harmonium and the choir broke down every few minutes, but services were never held under circumstances more impressive. The atmosphere was heavy with the emotions of the hour. "Give peace in our time, O Lord!" read the little curate, and there was an unisonant sigh. At the prayer for King George V there was a pregnant silence; when the curate added, "and for Albert, King of the Belgians," he paused, the silence deepened; and then, as he went on, "and for Thy servant, the President of the United States of America," one felt—why not avow it even if one is Anglo-Saxon?—one felt close to tears. The curate, instead of a sermon of his own read, rather wisely, I thought—a published sermon by the Bishop. It may have suffered an attenuating process in the transmission, but there was one good sentence in it, not by the curate, nor even by the Bishop, but by Lord Kitchener, who had said to his men after the South African campaign: "You have tasted the salt of life, and you will not forget its flavour."

There are times, there are certain moments in life, when the old prayers, the old hymns, suddenly acquire a new meaning and afford a consolation that no other words can give. What floods of memory out of far-off youth, out of that far-off land! The mentality of our race is formed, our very being is saturated, with the literature of the King James version of the English Bible, of the prayer book, and of Shakespeare. The intellectual processes and the mode of instinctive

thought and impressions of thousands who could not cite you a line out of any one of them, are all due to those three collections out of the golden age of English literature. It is that which singles out our race from all others and makes us different; the French have Molière and Racine in place of Shakespeare, but in its effect on their mentality they have, instead of a King James version, the fables of La Fontaine. And that morning when the world was falling asunder all about them, it was this great common heritage that drew the English and the Americans in that congregation somehow together, so that as we came out of the church into the narrow little Rue de Stassart, and Sir Francis's motor rolled up, flying a little British flag, and Sir Francis entered his limousine, the men of the congregation uncovered as he drove away, and as the car came up flying the American flag, the Englishmen uncovered again.

XIX

HER MAJESTY

I HAD asked an audience of the Queen for Miss Boyle O'Reilly, who had a message of sympathy from America, and that Sunday afternoon word came that the Queen would grant the audience at 4:30. We drove to the Palace, not that day to the *grille d'honneur,* but to the entrance in the quiet, shady little Rue Brialmont, there where the high wall shuts in the palace grounds. The military guard was on the qui vive and, once admitted, we were met by an old major-domo with black mutton-chop whiskers and shown up to a little waiting-room, where we were received by one of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting, the Countess d'Oultrémont. We had to wait, and we talked for a long time—about the war, of course, the Countess very much moved, her eyes filling with tears every few minutes. But after awhile, accompanied by the good Doctor Le Boeuf who had done so much for the Red Cross, we were conducted down the long red-carpeted corridor to the Queen's private apartments, and shown into the little blue drawing-room. And presently the Queen entered. She wore a simple blue gown with transparent sleeves, and a white, low, girlish collar; not a jewel, only her wedding-ring on her hand, and her hair dressed in delicate simplicity. She was calm with a certain gravity, and her blue eyes were wistful in the little smile that hovered about her lips. There was no ceremony at this rather unusual presentation. . . .

We were walking down the long state apartments with their glittering chandeliers, all vastly different then from their aspect when last I had seen them, thronged with men in brilliant uniforms at a court ball. They were filled that day with long lines of hospital cots, the white coverlets already laid back—waiting for the wounded. At the foot of each cot a little Belgian flag was fastened.

"The children put them there," said the Queen.

Up and down through these long apartments we paced, in that model hospital into which, all within eight days, the Queen had transformed her palace. Gone the old stateliness and luxury; nothing now but those white cots, operating-rooms, tables with glass tops, white porcelain utensils, even an X-ray apparatus—with all its sinister implications. Now and then a nurse would appear, dropping a curtsy as the Queen passed.

In our tour we found ourselves in one of the entrances facing the park.

"The diplomatic entrance," said the Queen with a sad smile, "all closed now!"

Back up the grand staircase then, and at the door of the Queen's apartments she withdrew, pausing as the door closed behind her to turn and make a little gesture of farewell. It was to be nearly three years before I saw Her Majesty again.

It must have been that same day that I had the telegram from London announcing that two hundred American newspaper correspondents were about to descend upon us in force! I went at once to the Foreign Office to deliver the ultimatum announcing this latest invasion, and to ask the Count d'Ursel to prepare a *douche chaude,* and not a *douche froide,* for them. The cor-

respondents arrived on Monday morning, not two hundred, but two—Richard Harding Davis and Gerald Morgan. I went with them to the Foreign Office and presented them to the Baron van der Elst, and then we drove to the old Gendarmerie Nationale in the Boulevard de Waterloo, for their *laisser-passers* and brassards. The scene was one that might have marked the French Revolution. The Gendarmerie is a great white block of a building, simple and severe, and French in aspect. The great court yard was crowded with wagons and horses and anxious people, and around a deal table sat soldiers, wearing the little *bonnete de police,* with its gay tassel dangling down on the forehead. There were bottles of ink and bottles of paste—and there should have been bottles of wine to make the scene wholly and satisfyingly revolutionary. We sat there for a long time in the sunlight while Davis and Morgan were given their passports and brassards, and then, in a great yellow motor car, they went away out past the Porte de Hal on the road to Louvain. Gibson had gone on a similar expedition with Frederick Palmer, already on the ground, to see the sights of war.

I was very tired, and after luncheon I went up to my chamber and stretched myself out on a *chaise-longue* to rest, but no sooner had I settled myself than Joseph knocked and, coming in, handed me a message. It was from the Foreign Office, informing me that the Government was going to Antwerp that night and that trains had been provided for the diplomatic corps. No more *chaise-longue* after that! I went down stairs and telephoned to Villalobar; he came over and again we discussed the situation, deciding to stay at all events, and to act in harmony and concert.

Davis came back to town that night, having gone as far as Wavre, there to be turned back by the Belgians. He had seen no Germans but had his first sight of the smart Belgian cavalry; it was only a glimpse—the curtains had parted for an instant and then were drawn again across the stage that was being set for the mighty tragedy. And that night came John McCutcheon, Irvin Cobb, and Arno Dorch. We could talk of other days and for awhile forget the stealthy approach of the Germans and the departure for Antwerp, until a note came from Count Clary asking me to take over the Austrian Legation immediately.

Thus, one by one events moved in their fatal procession there in Brussels, and we waited; and just as I was going to bed, at 11:30, Villalobar called up on the telephone to say that the Queen and Government had left for Antwerp.

XX

THE GOVERNMENT LEAVES

THE retirement of the Government within the fortified place of Antwerp, while understood and calmly accepted by the population of Brussels, nevertheless had that depressing effect which such an event can not fail to produce. The event was almost casually announced in the newspapers of Tuesday, the eighteenth, and its importance minimized. The impression that the fortified place of Antwerp was impregnable was encouraged and strengthened by an official announcement communicated to the press by the General Staff.[1]

[1] L'Etat major de la position fortifiée d'Anvers communique à la presse la note suivante:

"Nous sommes autorisés à déclarer que, grâce à l'activité déployée, grâce au dévouement de nos admirables troupes, formées pour la plupart, de soldats appartenant aux anciennes classes rappelées, ANVERS ATTAQUE SERAIT IMPRENABLE.

The Government issued the following note:

"Le Gouvernement part pour Anvers. Ce n'est pas que les évènements soient plus graves qu'ils ne l'ont été jusqu'ici. Nous enregistrons au contraire un nouveau succès de nos troupes secondées par la cavalerie française. Mais comme il est nécessaire que le transfert se fasse normalement et qu'il n'y ait pas la moindre interruption dans l'exercice de la souveraineté, le gouvernement a estimé qu'il était préférable de commencer le transfert des services des différents ministères. Alors que leurs familles resteront dans la capitale, certains ministres vont donc résider à Anvers où les services de la guerre seront mieux à leur place pendant que l'armée est en campagne."

All that morning, in the lovely miracle of that persistent sunlight, I drove about town with my old friends among the correspondents, going to the Grand' Place the charm of which could recall to John McCutcheon those days so long before when he and George Ade made their first trip to Europe, and Ade wrote those bright studies illustrated by McCutcheon's sketches, and published in the old *Chicago News* as "Stories of the Streets and of the Town." We went around to see the Manneken and so on through the narrow, charming streets, invested with a greater charm perhaps because of the premonition of change.

We drove out the Avenue Louise, that those who did not know it might see the lovely Bois de la Cambre. And there, at the head of the broad avenue, where it widens to from the entrance to the noble park, we saw a scene that was to preoccupy my thoughts for long anxious hours. A strip of paving extending across the avenue was torn up and a trench had been dug, hardly wide enough or deep enough for a gas-main—the earth and the paving stones that had been removed were heaped along the edge, and before this slightest of barricades barbed wire was loosely strung. And, standing knee-deep in the trench, was a company of the Garde Civique, insouciant, smiling—waiting for the advance of the German Army.

They stood there, those untrained boys and young men—clerks, students, *petits bourgeois*—in their improvised uniforms, bowler hats decorated with cords and nodding tassels; armed, to be sure, with rifles, but with no more training than that they had received on Sunday afternoon marches through the pleasant *Forêt,* or a parade on some fête day—that rudimentary organiza-

tion, that city guard, all that was left of the *Burgerwacht* of olden time, the stock butt of Brussels wit, the standing joke of music halls and *revues;* sternly courageous, no doubt, fired with the best patriotic impulses and filled with the spirit of the stout burger of the old free cities, but only a welcome incentive and excuse to the grey oncoming hordes. It required no very lively imagination to picture the scene that would ensue if a column of German soldiers should debouch out of the shades of the stately Bois—one whiff of *mitraille,* one volley, and lovely Brussels doomed!

That afternoon Villalobar and I agreed that as a diplomatic courtesy we should call on Burgomaster Max, the highest authority then left in Brussels. We went to the Hôtel de Ville, where all was confusion, and were asked if the Burgomaster might receive us in *la Salle de Garde* that is, Police Headquarters, an office that wore the air and had the atmosphere of all police stations the world over. M. Max, smiling, calm, and master of himself, carefully dressed as usual, with the alert air to which his stiff upstanding hair, great moustaches *en croc,* and pointed beard somehow contributed, came down and received our visit.

But we came away somewhat depressed, not by anything that the Burgomaster had said, but by our prescience of what was impending; for those barricades at the entrance of the Bois, those Gardes Civiques so ridiculously inadequate, were ever in my mind. I asked the Marquis to go with me to the Bois; I wished to show them to him; we drove out the avenue—and there were the Gardes Civiques in their little trench. They halted us at the entrance to the Bois with as much martial importance as though they had been Life Guards guard-

ing the person of an Emperor, but after scrutinizing our passes they let us go on, and we made the circuit of the lovely park.

There is always something to laugh at in life, even if it is only to keep from weeping, as Figaro said, and, depressed as we were by the not wholly reassuring spectacle of that pitiable defense, as we came away and drove down the avenue in the early evening there was a sardonic smile on the handsome Spanish countenance of the Marquis of Villalobar.

XXI

THE TRENCHES AT THE BOIS

And now it is Wednesday, the nineteenth of August, a day of terrible tension, of extreme anxiety. Over the city a dreadful menace hangs, the atmosphere is charged with portent, and every one is depressed. It is preternaturally still. The sun glitters on the white façades of the houses, one by one the Belgian flags are taken in, and the shutters put up at the windows.

The Belgian General Staff has fallen back from Louvain to Malines. All day long crowds of peasants, in carts and on foot, pour into town from the east—a continuous stream with stolid, patient, sad faces, fleeing before the German advance.

A refugee lawyer who had escaped with his family from Francorchamps, near Malmeny, came into the Legation to see de Leval, and told of the horrors that were being committed in Luxembourg—villages burned, peasants shot down, massacres and unspeakable outrages. A troop of Belgian cavalry passed down the Rue de Trèves, weary, haggard men, unkempt, with grimy faces, their uniforms grey with dust; a picture by Detaille there in the old Quartier Léopold.

And yet there was that strange phenomenon always to be observed in times of crises, the persistence with which life goes on in its normal and usual sequences; for that morning my wife and I went with Madame Carton de Wiart, the wife of the Minister of Justice, to see the soup kitchens that are maintained by the

school system of Brussels for the children of the poor.

Madame Carton de Wiart had not gone with her husband to Antwerp but had remained behind with her children, living on in the ministry in the Rue de la Loi, and was devoting herself, as ever, to charity. We went to a *soupe* in the poor quarter near the Quai au Bois-à-Brûler, the little ones marching in while we were there, bowing to us as they passed, to seat themselves at the long low tables to eat their soup and their *petits pains,* in the infinite pathos that attaches to childhood, especially to the childhood of the poor. Two little girls had been fighting as we entered and the defeated one stood leaning against a wall, hiding her face in her arms as she sobbed bitterly—her companions, with the savage stoicism of children, taking no notice of her pain.

When I got back to the Legation I found Villalobar there, and very grave, with news that the Germans were at hand. He had no sooner gone than Sir Francis Villiers came, formally to turn over his Legation. He wore the British calm—this distinguished gentleman, whose hair was grown white in his King's service.

"A most frightful bore!" was his only comment on the impending *déménagement.*

There was little to do since his archives were already in my possession. We discussed the last details, deciding that between us no *procès-verbal* was necessary. He had made all his arrangements for departure.

"I shall lunch quietly," he said, "and motor over to Antwerp this afternoon."

There was no more to say. I disliked to see him go. We had been good friends. . . . When I was new at the post Sir Francis showed me many delicate atten-

tions, rendered me many kindly services. I had grown to be fond of him and of his whole family. Sir Francis arose and held out his hand.

"I trust that it is only au revoir," he said.

We shook hands, bowed, and he went away.

After him came McCutcheon and Cobb, and with them Will Irwin, the latest correspondent to arrive. They were eager to get to the front.

"You have only to wait a few hours," I said, "and the front will come to you."

But they were impatient; they started for Louvain, promising to be back to dine with me that night.

We were all rather grave at luncheon, but we tried not to let the mothers see. I could not get those Gardes Civiques and their little trenches on the Avenue Louise and in the Avenue de Tervueren out of my mind.

Villalobar came at three o'clock and I talked it over with him; something must be done. And so we drove over to the Ministère de la Guerre, deserted now by Baron de Broqueville and occupied by Lieutenant-General Clootens, commanding the Gardes Civiques, a kind of Military Governor, or I know not what—at any rate, the ranking military authority left in the city.

We were admitted at once into his presence; he was in M. de Broqueville's *cabinet,* at M. de Broqueville's desk and had an *aide* with him. He received us standing, and we remained standing throughout the interview. The General was a big man, with dark bronze skin and heavy mustaches. His *capote, képi,* and sword lay on a divan near by, all ready. His *aide* hovered solicitously near him.

We told him that we had come to pay our respects, and he bowed like a soldier and thanked us in his heavy

voice. Then, as delicately as we could, we approached the question of the defense of the city, feeling our way to a footing that would permit us to give our counsel to attempt nothing with the means at his command.

"J'ai bien peu d'hommes pour la défense de la ville," he said finally.

We rushed into the opening, recalling to him that as an open city Brussels could not, under the laws of war, be bombarded, unless a defense were attempted.

But the General drew himself up and said:

"Je ferai mon devoir! Je défendrai la ville jusqu'au bout!"

After leaving the General we sat there in the motor in the Rue de la Loi, talked over the situation, and determined to go to M. Max, the Burgomaster; he was a highly intelligent and reasonable man; there lay the last and only hope. The old *huissier* showed us gravely to the chambers of the Burgomaster; the last time I had been in that stately apartment was when the Chinese Ambassador and his suite were signing the Golden Book of the City. Other guests expected now!

M. Max, smiling as ever and, as always, very alert, smart in attire and elegant in manner, arose from his imposing desk, where he had been studying some paper.

"La situation est extrêmement grave!" he said, in a tone that accorded well with the facts.

We sat down in the two chairs that had been placed for us. He told us that the Germans were moving on the city, and that he had made a resolution to defend it. We asked him what he intended to defend it with, and he said, of course, with the Garde Civique. I permitted myself the liberty of pointing out to him the futility of such a course, saying that as an open city Brus-

sels was protected from assault or bombardment by the conventions and rules of war, but that the firing of a single shot in defense would take it out of this category, and that, wholly insufficient as the Garde Civique was, that would mean not only the sacrifice of their lives but the lives of citizens as well, and the destruction of the beautiful monuments of the city. The Marquis added his representations to mine and we made them as strongly as we could, Villalobar and I speaking alternately—sometimes—I fear, in concert. M. Max listened sympathetically, acquiescing in all that we said; he knew it all, indeed, as well as we, but he sighed, shrugged his shoulders, and raised both hands in a gesture of despair.

"C'est une question d'honneur," he said.

My hopes fell, but we repeated our arguments.

I asked him to consider another interest that seemed to be involved. Brussels, like all beautiful and historical cities, is in essence one of the assets of civilization and I spoke of its works of art, and of how the whole world was interested in them and of those who, in Europe, in America, everywhere, either had seen them or hoped to see them. Thus in a certain sense we seemed to speak for the interests of humanity. I felt that the words impressed him. The Marquis gave his assent, and the Burgomaster listened sympathetically, but still held to his resolve and said:

"Que voulez-vous que je fasse?"

We pressed the point but received no formal assurance that he would do what we suggested. He said it had been decided to defend the city as far as the inner boulevards, and I smiled, thinking of those Gardes Civiques; their defense could not last as far as the ring of

inner boulevards which enclose the old city. Both Villalobar's and my Legation would be outside that charmed circle. I thought of that, and M. Max evidently thought of it at the same moment, for he said he would place at our disposal houses within these boulevards. Small comfort in that!

"Non, merci," I answered at once, *"je resterai dans ma Légation."*

"Et moi aussi," said Villalobar.

There was nothing more to say but we could not leave without repeating what we had said, without renewing again our earnest entreaties.

While we were talking, Monsieur Jacquemain, one of the *échevins,* came into the room, very dark and grave and worried, and asked M. Max solicitously if there was anything more he could do for him, and M. Max said, "No," and told him to go. They were intimate friends, those two, and M. Jacquemain's devotion and loyalty to his chief were good to see in a world where that kind of loyalty is rare.

The Burgomaster thanked us again and said that he would consider our words. We asked him if he was going home.

"Non," he said, *"je dormirai ici. Je ne quitterai pas mon Hôtel de Ville."*

He spoke the *"mon"* affectionately, in the spirit of the old free cities, and we came away very sober, not much reassured by the result of our mission but drawing what hopes we could from Max's promise to consider our words. We came away, too, with the admiration for a man who found himself suddenly in an excessively difficult position.

We read in the evening newspapers:

"La grande bataille semble commencée en Belgique. Rien n'est venu déranger les plans de l'état-major général, au point de vue stratégique. On nous certifie qu'aujourd'hui chacun est à sa place. Il faut faire confiance au Grand Etat major que dirige le roi Albert. D'après les renseignements recueillis auprès d'officiers, l'opinion dans les hautes sphères est excellente et la confiance absolue."

I sent a cablegram to Washington reporting my refusal to remove the Legation and announcing that the Germans were just east of the city. And then we sat down to await their coming.

XXII

THE GREY HORDES

VERY early on Thursday morning, the twentieth of August, a date that I am not likely to forget, I was awakened by loud knocks and, slipping into my dressing-gown, I opened the door, and there stood poor Gustave, weary, haggard, frightened, intensely *négligé,* looking as though he had not been to bed at all—as, indeed, he had not; he had brought his whole family and had given them Omer's room in the garage, sitting up all night, unknown to me, faithful soul that he was, with the *agent de police,* to keep watch. The *gardes civiques* had vanished from the court yard.

Gustave came to announce the Count Bottaro-Costa, the Italian Minister, whom I found waiting in my *cabinet,* himself wearing a haggard air. He came at that early hour for consultation, and to bring the news that it had been decided by the authorities, on orders from the King at Antwerp and as a result of the advice that Villalobar and I had ventured to give Burgomaster Max, not, after all, to offer any resistance. The Gardes Civiques had accordingly been withdrawn and disbanded, and the German army was to enter the city during that day.

The news was a relief, of course, for which we could thank the King, who has a very level head on those broad shoulders.

Bottaro-Costa, however, was uncertain of our diplomatic-status and thought that we were merely distinguished residents of the capital. I was not so much concerned about that technical point and advised him to go over and take counsel of Villalobar, who is expert in all such delicate matters, but Bottaro-Costa would not; Villalobar's Legation was in the Rue Archimède and Bottaro-Costa said that if he went there he might never get back to his own Legation on the Boulevard Bischoffsheim.

When he had gone I went upstairs, and when Colette brought my tea, I told her not to be frightened, that the entry of the Germans would be peaceful. The poor soul was relieved but shook her head and said, in the French she translated out of her Flemish mentality:

"Mais c'est tout de même triste."

I told the honest Gustave too, and he shook another hard Flemish head and summed up, I think, in a phrase the common thought of all Brussels that morning when he said ruefully:

"Je pensais que les Anglais et les Français allaient venir nous aider."

All morning in ever-increasing crowds the poor peasants tramped into the city, bearing their pitiable possessions in bags, bundles, some of them in Belgian carts drawn by dogs. And from my window I saw one lone, dispirited, footsore Belgian soldier trudging in the hot sun that beat down into the Rue Belliard, sweltering in his heavy overcoat, his knapsack on his back, a tin cup and an extra pair of boots dangling from it, trailing his gun and powdered grey with dust, trudging wearily along, the symbol of defeat and despair.

M. Max, wearing the red *écharpe* of the *Bourgmestre,* with M. Jacquemain the *échevin,* his faithful friend, had gone outside the city toward Tervueren the night before and there, with the German general, had arranged the details of the entry of the troops, and for their unmolested passage through the city. And now they were to enter at eleven o'clock. All morning long we waited. Villalobar was restlessly in and out with such news as he had.

We had been told that the troops would come in under the arch of the Cinquantenaire—from the window of my chamber I could just see the quadriga that Léopold had placed there—and march down the Rue de la Loi, the long avenue that stretched away from the triumphal arch, in the crude glare of the sun, stark, empty, unreal.

At luncheon we discussed the propriety of my going out to see the army pass through; I did not like to miss the spectacle, but, on the other hand, I had a feeling that it might be indelicate in me to witness the humiliation of the proud city. I asked the ladies not to leave the Legation; one could never know what might happen. After luncheon we went out on the balcony; one by one the bright Belgian flags were coming down from the white façades along the Rue Belliard, where they had flamed in the sun for the last fortnight, and only on the Brazilian, the Chilian and the American Legations were flags left flying. The *persiennes* were drawn at all the windows; the old Quartier Léopold looked like a city of the dead.

Then of a sudden I saw Villalobar's car coming down the Rue de Trèves, his chauffeur in his red-and-green

livery, his red and yellow flag flying, and I ran down to meet him, seizing my hat and stick as I went. The Marquis was as excited as a boy.

"Come on!" he cried, and I went, Gibson and de Leval following in our car. We drove over to the Italian Legation, in the Boulevard Bischoffsheim. The boulevard was lined with crowds, waiting under the elm trees, out of the sun. The *police bourgeoise,* composed of citizens who had been sworn in to aid in keeping order, were sauntering about, wearing their white brassards.

Bottaro-Costa, a day or so before, much to our regret, had been superseded at that post by another Minister who had not yet arrived, and was about to leave Brussels. His Legation was dismantled and the halls filled with packing-cases, but the Countess had retained one *salon,* and she received us there.

There, then, in the bow windows overlooking the boulevard, chatting the while, we waited until Villalobar and Bottaro-Costa grew weary and impatient and went out with Carton de Wiart, the Spanish Consul, a cousin of the Belgian Minister of Justice; I remained with the Countess.

And then standing by the window, suddenly we had our first view of the German troops. Without music or fife, or drums or flag, a company of infantry came down the boulevard; they were all in grey—a sinister, lurid-greenish grey—even to the helmet-covers they wore, and they were in heavy marching order. They swung along somewhat wearily close to the *allée des piétons* at the corner where they were to turn down into the Boulevard du Jardin Botanique. Two of the

men fell out of line, took their post at the corner, and lowered their rifles. One of them rested his foot in the sling of his rifle; the other drew a box of cigarettes from his tunic, proffered it to his comrade, fumbled for a match, then asked a light from a Belgian standing near. The Belgian gave it to him with Belgian kindness. A little knot of men stared at them. And that was all. It did not seem so bad.

"Poor fellows!" sighed the Countess.

I assumed that the poor fellows had fallen out to mark the way for those who were to follow, though the route was already marked by arrows painted on boards that had been fixed to the trees. We waited, but no more came.

Then Bottaro-Costa came running up and said they were going by another route. We bade the Countess good-bye—she refused to accompany us—rushed down, and Bottaro-Costa, Villalobar, and I entered Villalobar's car and whirled away to the Rue Royale, where the chauffeur said the troops were passing. But no troops were there, and finding ourselves in the Rue de Ligne, we heard the steady drumming of horses' hoofs, excited crowds were swaying this way and that, rushing uncertainly hither and there; finally they took a more stable course, in the direction of the hoof-beats. We drove then to Ste.-Gudule and, at Villalobar's insistence, out onto the terrace of the old church itself, overlooking the little Place du Parvis. And there, between the hedges of the silent crowds packed along the sidewalks, slowly descending the Rue Ste.-Gudule from the Treurenberg and turning into the Rue de la Montagne, which twisted away to our left, riding in column of twos, in the same grey uniforms, their black-and-white pen-

nants fluttering from their lances, was a squadron of German hussars. And as they rode they chanted in rude chorus: *"Heil Dir im Siegeskranz."*

It was very still; the crowds sullen and silent, there in the glitter of the sunlight—the horses' hoofs clattering on the stones of the uneven pavement, the lances swaying, the pennants fluttering and that deep-throated chant, to the tune that we know as "America" and the British as "God Save the King"—and over us the grey façades of the stately old church. The scene had the aspect of medievalism; something terrible too, that almost savage chant and those grey horsemen pouring down out of the Middle Ages into modern civilization.

Villalobar turned and looked at me.

"We'll remember this scene," he said.

"And think where we are!" said Bottaro-Costa, glancing up at the two lofty towers of Ste.-Gudule behind us, looking down, as calmly as they had looked for seven centuries, on a scene that was not, after all new to them. They had seen Frenchmen and Austrians and Spaniards riding thus, singing their song of conquest.

The columns halted, the chanting ceased; the last two troopers promptly turned their horses around. No rear attacks! Then after a moment they moved again, taking up their savage hymn, and, still singing in those hoarse gutturals, wound down and away and out of sight behind the walls, the tiles and the chimney-pots, where the Rue Ste.-Gudule turns into the Rue de la Montagne, and so to the Grand' Place. We thought we had seen it all, and turned away and drove back to the Italian Legation.

And as we turned into the Boulevard Bischoffsheim there was the German army. All that we had seen

was but an advance guard, mere videttes, for there up and down the boulevard under the spreading branches of the trees, as far as we could see, were undulating, glinting fields of bayonets and a mighty grey, grim horde, a thing of steel, that came thundering on with shrill fifes and throbbing drums and clanging cymbals, nervous horses and lumbering guns and wild songs.

And this was Germany! Not the stolid, good-natured, smiling German of the glass of beer and tasseled pipe, whiling away a Sunday afternoon in his peaceful beer-garden, while a band played Strauss waltzes, not the sentimentality of the blue flowers and moonlight on the castled Rhine, not the poetry of Goethe and Schiller, not the insipid sweet strains of Mendelssohn nor the profound harmonies of Wagner, nor the philosophy of Immanuel Kant; but this dread thing, this monstrous anachronism, modern science yoked to the chariot of autocracy and driven by the cruel will of the pagan world.

We sat there in the motor and stared at it. No one spoke for a long time. Then, as under scrutiny masses disintegrate into their component elements, we began to note individual details: the heavy guns that lurched by, their vicious mouths of steel lowered toward the ground; officers erect on their superb horses, some of them thin, of the Prussian type with cruel faces, scarred by duelling, wearing monocles and carrying English riding crops; some of the heavier type, with rolls of fat, the mark of the beast, as Emerson says, at the back of the neck, and red, heavy, brutal faces, smoking cigarettes, looking about over the heads of the silent, awed, saddened crowd with arrogant, insolent, contemptuous glances. Their equipment, of course, was

perfect; sabres, revolvers in holsters, field-glasses, maps in a leather case, with isinglass to protect them, small electric lamps slung about their necks—not a detail had been overlooked in those provisions of forty-four years.

The infantry marched in column of fours with heavy methodical German precision—squat Germans for the most part, their trousers untidily thrust in their heavy boots, that drummed with iron-shod heels heavily on the pavement; an extra pair of boots dangled from each knapsack.

There were Germans of all the familiar German types: thick necks and flattened occiputs, low foreheads and yellow hair shaved closely, like convicts; stolid, indifferent faces, with no ray of mirth or humour, but now and then eyes of the pale blue of porcelain gazing through spectacles—the familiar student type. Their low spiked helmets were covered with cloth of that same greenish-grey of the uniform; every bit of metal on the uniform, indeed, was covered, and in most instances the numbers on their shoulders were similarly concealed. They were all young men, strong, with long backs and short stout legs, hard thews and sinews, and all individuality, all initiative, had been drilled out of them; they plodded on with the dumb docility of fatalism, and their officers, across the vast gulf that militarism places between officers and men, were as contemptuous of them as they were of the awed crowds along the sidewalks.

Cavalry, infantry, and artillery went by; each regiment of infantry was supported by a troop of cavalry and followed by a battery, forming integrally a unit. The infantry, trudging along, suddenly whistled to a tune that brought back instantly the memory of happy summers at home—"Every Little Movement Has a

Meaning of its Own"—though to them, of course, it was "Madame Sherry," heard in Germany; others sang the Austrian national hymn and there was one company that sang something from *Lohengrin*. And how they sang! Efficiency, drill, discipline here but too apparent, for they sang all the parts like a *Männerchor* as though they had been trained—as no doubt they had.

The field-pieces rumbled by until we were weary of it all; then a long line of inverted steel pontoons, the mud of the Meuse still clinging to their bottoms; then the commissariat, cookstoves with fires burning and smoke coming from the short stacks, and soup simmering in the great kettles; then regiments of hussars with black-and-white pennants, and ammunition-wagons innumerable.

And now and then, suddenly, far down the Boulevard, we would hear the crash of the music of a military band, high, shrill, with fierce screaming notes, the horrid clang of mammoth brass cymbals—not music, but noise of a calculated savagery, to strike terror.

It became terrible, oppressive, unendurable, monstrous—those black guns on grey carriages and grey caissons; those field grey uniforms; the insolent faces of those supercilious young officers, scarred in their silly duels, wearing monocles; those dull plodding soldiers, those backs, those thews and sinews, the heels of those clumsy boots drumming on the pavement. It was impressive as a spectacle, but with none of the inspiring effect of martial array; it was grim without any sublimity, business-like but without the agreeable effect of harmony; a very parade of savagery, in every one of its implications, horrible, appalling, dreadful. That organization of steel, however disciplined and efficient, was

heavy and sodden, it was perhaps the chief victim of its own remorseless cruelty; seeking to gain the whole world it had lost its own soul.

Bottaro-Costa grew weary and went into his Legation. The Countess had been looking at the spectacle from the window of her *salon.*

Then Villalobar went away and I thought of my wife and the mothers and Miss Larner, and said to myself that if I were to hurry they might yet have a glimpse of this colossal and evil thing. Luckily, I found my own motor down the Boulevard, abandoned by Gibson and de Leval, and in it I whirled to the Legation and got the excited ladies.

"Hurry," I said, "there may yet be time!"

We returned to the boulevard. It was perhaps five o'clock. The German hosts were still filing by, and we sat in the motor and watched, spellbound, for two hours, while the grey-green hordes rolled by in undiminished, seemingly infinite numbers.

There was a commotion in the lines; a horse harnessed to a gun had fallen with the sickening effect of that spectacle. An artillery man leaped from the caisson; an officer shouted a sharp order; the grey line debouched and went on. The dust beaten up by those thousands of heavy feet rose and obscured the sunlight, sifted into the trees, turning the green leaves into grey; it settled into the grey uniforms, gave a grey aspect to the atmosphere, and as evening fell the grey hordes were filing by like grey ghosts in a grey twilight.

I had agreed to go with Villalobar at half-past six to the Hôtel de Ville; it was then nearly seven. I found him waiting for me at my Legation, and we rolled away around by the Park and the Palace, through the Place

Royale. As we turned to descend by the Rue de la Madeleine into the lower town, our progress was stayed by the crowds. The chauffeur kept his horn honking, and then suddenly there was a scream, the crowd swayed right and left and scattered; and, looking up, I saw an aeroplane hovering directly overhead, and from it there fell a stream of fire that broke out now and then in sparks. We said nothing, but each knew, of course, what the other was thinking—bombs! And then suddenly the long thin shaft of fire broke out into a pretty burst of coloured balls, like a sky-rocket on the Fourth of July, and there was a long, deep sigh of relief from the crowd. What was it? I never knew. Some said that it was a signal to the army in the field.

We drove on to the Grand' Place, that square of golden beauty, and there already the artillery were parked and cookstoves were steaming in preparation for supper; the soldiers were comfortably settling themselves, the horses munching their provender. The mounted sentinels at the entrances saluted as we entered.

We drove into the court yard of the old Hôtel de Ville and then mounted the grand staircase and went down the familiar halls to the Burgomaster's rooms. Tables were already set out covered with papers, and at them German officers in those pale-bluish grey coats one used to see all over Germany, were busily writing. Four officers clicked their spurs together and made the stiff, punctilious German military bow, and thus received us. We explained our mission, and were shown into another room, with more clicking of spurs and more of those stiff bows. Here two men seated at tables spread with documents turned to receive us, but a short, stout and very dusty, rather bristling little man, giving

orders right and left, turned and spoke. He wore riding breeches, but had taken off his leather puttees and wore only his tan shoes. He spoke French with a German accent, and when I told him who I was he immediately said:

"Oh yes, I know, you were in charge of the German interests."

With this he made another stiff little bow, his heels clicking again and again; he kept whirling about, indeed, clicking his heels as though bowing to everybody.

We were shown then into the Burgomaster's room. M. Max was sitting there at his great table, where we had seen him only the evening before; how long ago it seemed!

He received us with a weary smile. Poor man, what he had gone through!

"Jamais," he said, *"je ne l'oublierai . . . jusqu'à la fin de ma vie."*

We expressed our sympathy and then our appreciation of his good sense in withdrawing resistance; after seeing the army we had beheld that afternoon—in sheer efficiency the most remarkable, I suppose, the world has ever known—we shuddered to think of what would have happened if the poor little Gardes Civiques had stood against it.

M. Max sent a *huissier* to inform the General of our presence, and the messenger came back to say that the General was taking a bath. We sat down to wait, and while we waited M. Max told us of what he had gone through; and first that his relations with the General were difficult and embarrassing:

"J'ai refusé de lui serrer la main," he explained.

He would stay, he said, in his Hôtel de Ville until the

end. He told us then what he had not told us the evening before—that all the preceding day he had been in communication with the German army to the east of the city and with the King in Antwerp. The Germans had demanded hostages, the Burgomaster, the members of the Conseil Municipal, twenty notables and a war contribution of fifty million francs, to say nothing of enormous quantities of food and forage. M. Max refused the hostages—the word had such a medieval sound that my hair almost stood on end!—held out, and gained his point. But the levy must be paid. We renewed our compliments.

"J'ai fait mon devoir," he said simply.

Then he told us the news. The General Staff had fallen back from Malines on Antwerp, and there the remnants of the Belgian army were to be gathered, for "we must save a remnant of our army, there is no way to get another." And for three days the Germans were to pass through Brussels.

M. Max had just finished these statements when there was announced General Thaddeus von Jarotsky, General Major und Kommandant der 16th Infantry Brigade.

He proved to be the same important little man who received me outside, now transformed by a bath and toilet, bald head shining, short grey moustache bristling, blue eyes alert, wearing the same blue grey coat, on the breast of which was the bar of the coloured ribbons of his many decorations. Instead of the riding-breeches he wore now long dark blue trousers with wide red stripes, held by straps under his military boots. Refreshed by his bath, he was very hearty and well satisfied with himself; there was more crisp bowing and clicking of spurs

and exchange of amenities, *Mon Général* rubbing his hands briskly.

"Call him Excellency," Villalobar whispered to me hurriedly; "the Germans like that." And then he went on, speaking to the General:

"Excellency, we ask the right to communicate with our Governments; as to cipher the right is, of course, disputable, but not in clear."

Seiner Excellenz, in his French, said:

"Yes, of course, and in cipher too, if you desire."

"The telephone communication will be restored?"

Seiner Excellenz reflected for a moment and asked about telephone communication with towns outside, not wishing us to have that.

"In Berlin," he said, "there is a special interior telephone service."

"But not here," said M. Max, "or at least very little."

The point was amiably conceded by *Seiner Excellenz.*

Then Villalobar asked that his secretary, the Marquis de Faura, be granted a safe conduct from Antwerp; his son was dying in Brussels. And this too was conceded.

In fact, *Seiner Excellenz* promised everything, and then arose, saying that his dinner was awaiting and that he was very hungry. There were more compliments, and more bowing and more clicking of spurred heels, and we left.

The twilight seemed to have gathered earlier that evening. In the Grand' Place the field kitchens steamed, and at each entrance there were the dark silhouettes of the Uhlans on guard. Under the spreading trees along the boulevards the dust hung like fog, and each of the

street lamps glowed at the centre of a luminous ball. In the shadows were small groups of men in spiritless discussion; their faces, when one could see them, were sad, and there were those who went weeping through the gloom. The houses were all closed and dark. And the grey hordes continued to shuffle down the Chaussée de Louvain and along the boulevards. Only in the Palace Hotel was there light and brilliancy, for there the officers of the German army were dining.

The city was strangely still, overwhelmed in its sorrow; and weary to the very bones, and sick at heart, I went home with the sensations of one who has been compelled to witness a shameful deed in the humiliation of the proud, beautiful, sensitive living creature that had been Brussels.

We had expected McCutcheon, Cobb, Irwin, and Arno Dorch to dine with us that night. Eight o'clock came and they did not appear, nor had we any news of them. In their stead, and in their places at the table there was another guest, always punctual, come to stay a long time—old haggard Care. I felt the load of a great responsibility that settled down familiarly on shoulders that had borne through so many years the burdens of another city, and I worried now about these old, these somewhat too reckless and adventurous friends.

Then in the evening came Monseigneur Sarzana, the Auditor of the Papal Nonciature, to inform me that the Pope had died that afternoon at half-past one o'clock. He sat there in his long black soutane, distress in his Italian countenance, as though the world had come to an end and the heavens were about to be rolled to-

gether like a scroll. And it might well have seemed, indeed that they were!

There was, of course, the note of irony inevitable in all human catastrophe. The latest edition of *Le Soir* was lying on my table, with whole columns staring blank and white—the mark of the censor. But its leading article said that the situation was excellent, that the French and English armies were on the way, and that the future could be viewed with confidence! [2]

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[2] Le Soir, *August* 20, 1914.

Après Quinze Jours De Guerre

Nous avons résumé dernièrement la situation après huit jours de guerre. Huit jours de plus se sont passés. Nous sommes au quinzième jour.

Quinze jours après le premier combat, les Allemands sont à peine plus avancés qu'au premier jour. Ils restent accrochés à Liége dont les forts résistent magnifiquement. Leur mouvement sur le centre du pays est arrêté. Ni en Belgique, ni en France, ils n'ont remporté aucun succès. Ils devraient être à mi-chemin de Paris. Ils ont à peine dépassé Liége et n'ont pas encore atteint la barrière de la Meuse où les attendent les Français.

Sur le front lorrain aucun résultat. Au contraire, ils reculent et l'offensive française avance avec une sûreté remarquable. Bref, ce n'est pas huit jours qui sont perdus pour leur fameuse marche en avant, c'est quinze jours. Ce retard équivaut à la perte d'une grande bataille. Cette bataille c'est notre honneur de pouvoir dire qu'ils l'ont perdue en Belgique et par nos armes. Vingt jours maintenant se sont passés depuis le début de la mobilisation russe. C'est dire que la concentration de l'armée s'achève. Deux millions de soldats russes marchent sur la Vistule, défendue seulement par six corps d'armée, par quelques forts et par le landsturm. Les clairons de l'armée russe sonnent le glas de l'Empire allemand.

Pour nous enfin quelle amélioration nous a apportée ce retard de huit jours! Mais nous ne sommes plus seuls au centre du pays. Nos alliés français nous ont rejoint et une armée française égale à la nôtre, complètement équipée, prête à combattre, s'avance en

colonnes de route vers nous. En vérité c'est un beau et grand spectacle. Anglais et Belges intimement unis vont combattre à côté des grandes armées françaises. Pour notre petit pays si fier devant l'invasion, une grande oeuvre de secours et de protection a été réalisée. Cette oeuvre est la contre-partie de l'héroïque résistance de notre armée et de nos forts, qui étaient comme le disait le roi Albert, à l'avant-garde des armées alliées et qui sont maintenant au milieu d'elles.

Désormais pour nous, la période la plus critique semble passée. Et avec une confiance renouvelée et une inébranlable fermeté, nous pouvons considérer l'avenir.

Le Soir also published a proclamation from Burgomaster Max, dated the twelfth, calling on the civil population to turn in their arms.

AFFICHE DE M. MAX, BOURGMESTRE DE BRUXELLES

Armes à Feu

Les lois de la guerre interdisant à la population civile de prendre part aux hostilités et toutes les dérogations à cette règle pouvant entraîner des représailles, beaucoup de mes concitoyens m'ont exprimé le désir de se débarrasser des armes à feu qu'ils possèdent.

Ces armes peuvent être déposées dans les commissariats de police, où il en sera délivré récépissé.

Elles seront mises en sûreté à l'arsenal central d'Anvers et seront restitués à leurs propriétaires après la fin des hostilités.

Bruxelles, le 12 août, 1914.

Translation:

PLACARD OF M. MAX, BURGOMASTER OF BRUSSELS

Firearms

The laws of war forbidding the civil population to take part in hostilities, and all infringements of this rule being considered cause for reprisals, many of my fellow citizens have expressed the desire to relieve themselves of the firearms that they have in their possession.

These firearms may be deposited in the central police stations, where receipts will be given for them.

They will be placed in safety in the central arsenal of Antwerp and will be returned to their owners at the end of hostilities.

Brussels, August 12, 1914.

The following proclamation was placarded on the walls of Brussels on August 20:

Aux habitants des provinces occupées,

Les pouvoirs exécutif et administratif dans les provinces occupées passent aujourd'hui entre les mains des chefs supérieurs des troupes allemandes.

J'avertis la population de se tenir tranquille et de continuer à ses occupations civiles. Nous ne faisons pas la guerre aux habitants paisibles, mais seulement à l'armée. Si la population obéit, on ne lui fera pas de mal.

La propriété des communes et des particuliers sera respectée et les vivres et matériaux nécessaires à l'armée d'occupation seront exigés avec égard et seront payés.

D'autre part, la résistance et la désobéissance seront punies avec extrême sévérité.

Toutes les armes, toutes les munitions, tous les explosifs doivent être remis aux troupes allemandes au moment de leur arrivée.

Les habitants des maisons où l'on trouverait des armes, des munitions, des explosifs, auront à craindre *d'être fusillés et de voir leurs maisons brûlées.*

Quiconque résistera à main armée *sera fusillé.*

Quiconque s'opposera aux troupes allemandes,

Quiconque attentera à leurs blessés,

Quiconque sera trouvé l'arme à la main,

sera fusillé de même.

Le général commandant le III^{e} corps d'armée,

VON LOCHOW,

Général d'infanterie.

Bruxelles, le 20 août 1914.

PROCLAMATION

Des troupes allemandes traverseront Bruxelles aujourd'hui et les jours suivants, et sont forcées par les circonstances de réclamer

à la ville la prestation de logements, de nourriture et de fournitures. Toutes ces prestations seront réglées régulièrement par l'intermédiaire de autorités communales.

Je m'attends à ce que la population se conforme sans résistance à ces nécessités de guerre et, spécialement, a ce qu'aucune agression n'ait lieu contre la sûreté des troupes, et à ce que les prestations exigées soient promptement fournies.

En pareil cas, je donne toute garantie pour la conservation de la ville et pour la sécurité des habitants.

Si cependant, ainsi qu'il est malheureusement arrivé ailleurs, il se produisait des agressions contre les troupes, des tirs genre, je me verrais contraint de prendre les mesures les plus sévères.

Le Général Commandant le corps d'armée,

SIXT VON ARMIN.

XXIII

UNO PANO DE LAGRIMAS

All through the night the field-grey hosts wound through the city, an undulating stream of bayonets and grey helmets, and Brussels awoke to find on its walls great white *affiches* in French and German, signed by General Sixt von Armin, threatening reprisals if any overt act of hostility occurred. There was a demand, too, for a contribution of 50,000,000 francs, as well as immense quantities of supplies, and summoning the province of Brabant to deliver up 450,000,000 francs by the first of September. For three days and three nights the grey stream flowed by, and Brussels was crushed by the sorrow and humiliation of an alien occupation. There was the same phenomenon of the brilliant sun, though there were no longer any Belgian flags to catch its wonderful light in their folds. Those cookstoves were burning in the Grand' Place, and the Uhlans were at their sentinel-posts. There were no trains; trams, it was said, were to stop; there were no horses; suddenly no *fiacres,* no taxis, no automobiles except those in which German officers raced about town, a soldier on the box with a rifle across his knees. There were no telegraphs and no telephones, and—strangest phenomenon of all—there were no newspapers. It was as though we had suddenly been plunged into darkness; however inaccurate, newspapers would have served as a clearing-house for the wild and fearful rumours that set in on such a tide as might overwhelm one. Staid persons had heard

firing, and had seen the flash of cannons and searchlights sweeping the eastern skies at night; or the Germans were fortifying the cemetery at Molenbeek St.-Jean, just outside the town, or they had mounted cannons at Jette St.-Pierre in order to bombard Brussels if the tribute money was not raised by Sunday morning! The Emperor of Austria was dead; England had declared war on Holland and the United States on Germany. And everybody came to the Legation to learn if the rumours were true. The flood of them, mounting all the day, seemed to be at full tide in the sombre hour of twilight.

Of a piece with them were those silly, romanticistic tales of my activities—tales that by their currency were to plague me for so many weeks. The first of those melodramatic stories, assigning to me a rôle for which I was never in any wise designed, was to the effect that I had gone out to the east of town to meet the German army and had told the commanding officer, with I know not what theatrical flourish, that if one stone of Brussels was touched America would declare war on Germany. The ridiculous tale was spread about in Brussels and in Belgium and over the seas, to be published and wafted abroad to no purpose other than to afford one more superfluous proof of the place the cinema has in the affections of mankind and of that inveterate vice of reporters, who foolishly think that they can imagine something that is more interesting than the truth.

At the Legation there were numerous callers, American, English, Belgian, each with his peculiar personal problem, his little worry, his desire for comfort and reassurance; and we were bedeviled all day with the

difficulties of getting off despatches. The Germans had been most amiable—had bowed, smiled, saluted, and assured us that the despatches could go; but they never did go, and when we went to inquire the reason why, we were sent from pillar to post and from Peter to Paul, with protestations, explanations, and apologies. But the despatches remained undespatched.

On Saturday morning at half-past seven o'clock I was awakened out of a deep sleep, and there was Gustave, very white and shaken, saying in a breathless voice:

"Les Allemands sont là! Deux généraux!"

I put on a dressing-gown and went down, and there in my office were General von Jarotsky and a nice-looking aide-de-camp, politely come to return my call.

"Je ne suis pas encore en uniforme," I said, offering my excuses for my attire, and the General laughed heartily, slapping his yellow puttees with a little silver-headed riding-crop. He expressed his regret that the telegrams had not been sent, but he had arranged all with the Director of Telegraphs and I could now send them to the bureau.

When, the long day having slowly declined toward 10:30 a. m., Villalobar came and I could give him the good news about our despatches, we drove to the Bureau of Telegraphs, where the non-commissioned officer was patient, stolid, and unmoved—and the despatches were not sent. It was useless, and we gave up and drove away to the Hôtel de Ville. We found M. Max in his *cabinet,* acquainted him with the situation, and he sent for General von Jarotsky, who appeared, bowing, smiling, clicking his spurs. It was very strange, he said; let them bring the Directeur des Télégraphes immedi-

ately before him, and he would issue instructions that should be final. One could not help feeling sorry for the Directeur des Télégraphes, in view of what was about to happen to him.

Then the General and the Burgomaster discussed the conditions in the city, growing hourly more desperate. M. Max announced that there was no food, no forage for the horses, and finally, reserving the worst for the last, that there was no money in the banks—so that he could not pay the levy. At this revelation the General started from his seat and demanded explanations, and M. Max went on to tell him that the treasure in the Banque Nationale, upon which the whole of the financial system of Belgium is based, had all been transferred to Antwerp.

"Ils ont eu tort! Ce n'est pas correct, cà!" said the General, growing red.

M. Max shrugged his shoulders and the General reflected. Finally he said that he would accept checks, notes or some written evidence of indebtedness and then he went away and left us. And when he had gone M. Max explained that he had taken advantage of our presence to mention to the General the difficult point about the 50,000,000 francs; he was glad of our company and countenance as he broke the news to the peppery little man.

The Burgomaster, expecting some one, asked us to wait in the Salle du Collège, where the *Échevins* meet—the room with the great oak table and the high-backed chairs and the tapestries of the time of Charles V, their various coats-of-arms all open books to Villalobar. M. Max made many apologies, for the apartment had been turned into a chamber for him; and it was given a some-

what more modern and contemporary note by the little iron cot where the brave Burgomaster slept those troubled nights, and by the valise and toilet-case with a little mirror on a table and the change of clothes hung over a chair.

Finally the Directeur des Télégraphes came—a miserable little man with the dismal air of one in Sunday blacks, a typical *rond de cuir,* who could accumulate difficulties and be prodigal of excuses, like functionaries the world over, whether at Nashapur or Babylon, whether at Brussels or Toledo, much more fertile in reasons why a given thing cannot be done than in expedients to get it accomplished. When the Burgomaster came in he wrote out an order, designed to overcome the official reluctance of the *Directeur,* went out, and returned presently flourishing the order triumphantly, for it had the General's signature.

As Count Bottaro-Costa had said the morning the Germans entered Brussels, our position was delicate. Diplomatic representatives accredited to the King of the Belgians, our place was near the Court and the Government, which had retired to Antwerp. I realised this fact, of course, and had discussed and settled the point of etiquette with Davignon, the Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs.

The situation was unprecedented. Never before, save when the Germans entered Paris in 1870, had diplomats remained when a Court and Government had gone, and the cases were not precisely on all fours, as the lawyers say. The Germans had shown us personally every courtesy and yet we were not in communication with our Governments; between us and the telegraph wires in Antwerp were hostile armies, and it was not difficult to

imagine that there might be uneasiness in those far capitals where the Governments were waiting for word from us. And then on that Sunday—a day of dull and rainy skies, as if the fine weather were weary at last—a man somehow got through the lines from Ghent, riding as though he had been in Browning's poem, with a letter from our Consul, Mr. Johnson, bearing two telegrams for me from Washington, one approving my course and the other raising the question of whether the Legation should not be removed to Antwerp to keep in communication with the Belgian Government. I still had a feeling, hourly growing stronger, that my place was in Brussels.

Indeed, on Sunday morning, after the entry of the Germans, an official of the Foreign Office had come to the Legation formally to express, "on behalf of the King and his people," gratitude and appreciation of my attitude toward Belgium in having advised the Burgomaster not to offer futile resistance to the German army; he was generous enough to say that this action had saved the city.

I had no vision of what the future held in store, of course, but I had a strong impression that for the moment there was work to be done. There were people in trouble; they were coming to the Legation at all hours of the day and night; and while in most cases sympathy was all that I could give them, it seemed in many of those cases to be what they most needed and desired.

There were Americans and American interests to be looked after, and I had assumed, as well, the protection of British interests in the land. And then the mere presence of diplomatic representatives of neutral Pow-

ers was itself a kind of restraint, and especially the presence of representatives of America, whose public opinion almost immediately became the jury before which the world tried its great cause.

But we must get into communication with Washington and with civilization again, and since our despatches would not be forwarded from Brussels—the Directeur never sent one of them—and since the nearest telegraph station was Antwerp, it was necessary to go to Antwerp. For this service Gibson volunteered, and Mr. Blount, an American, offered to drive him in his car.

I found my General, with an *aide* and an orderly, just dismounted from sweating steeds, on the steps of the Escalier d'Honneur in the court of the Hôtel de Ville, brandishing his riding-crop, very red, shouting to a group of Brussels trades people, come to present their *bons* for commandeered goods and to implore payment. One after the other the General snatched the little papers from the uplifted suppliant hands, and one by one returned them with a gruff *"Nicht gut!"* and then, seeing me, rushed forward smiling, with outstretched hands and a welcoming, *"Ah, mon Ministre!"* We went up through the noble halls, already transformed by signs that had been put up for the convenience of Brussels folk having dealings here—although with some lack of imagination they were all in German—and with a smile he gave me a *laisser-passer* permitting Gibson and Blount to pass through the lines to Antwerp and to return; and after luncheon they started on their dangerous mission with the cipher telegrams that I had prepared for Washington.

There was nothing to do then but to wait, and I could not resist the temptation to remain out of doors all the

afternoon, in the sweet air's anodyne, to drive in the Bois once more—though, somewhat to my dismay, I found that our motor, with its little flag, attracted an attention that was apt to prove embarrassing; the assembled crowds uncovered as the tiny flag went fluttering by and cried *"Vive l'Amérique!"*

Brussels showed after all few outward signs of change save an occasional body of tired German soldiers marching along, now and then a motor filled with officers whizzing by, and the folded vans of the Kermesse-making *tziganes,* going to I know not what retreat. There were few vehicles in the street and much sadness and humiliation. The Red Cross flag, however, still floated from the tower of the Hôtel de Ville, and high on Ste.-Gudule the Belgian flag remained. The Rue de Namur looked more like old times; the shops were peeping out one by one, beginning to resume business. I had gone there to my barber, and even there one could not escape tragedy, for one of the barbers, a German, was weeping because he had to leave his Belgian wife and return to Germany to enter the army. Le Jeune, the *coiffeur,* expatiated with tonsorial volubility on the state of the modern world.

"Je suis un penseur profond," he said, analysing his thoughts with such a flourish of scissors that I feared for my ears, *"je pense toujours au fond de tous les problèmes de la vie,"* and the ultimate result of this profound thinking was the not wholly original opinion that a republic is the safest form of government in the world.

When I could no longer postpone my return to the Legation, trouble, ever punctual, was waiting on the door-sill, where there was a throng of frightened women. The first of them to accost me was a charming Russian,

very pretty, who might have stepped out of one of Turgenev's novels. When I asked why she had not gone to the American Committee, so near her house in the Rue de Naples, she replied:

"Parce qu'il vaut mieux s'adresser à Dieu qu'à ses saints!"

She had heard that all the inhabitants of Brussels had been ordered to leave the city within fifteen minutes.

It was like that every evening, when the day's rumours and alarms reached high tide and overflowed into the Legation. One said that the Germans had been routed and were falling back, intending to bombard Brussels; another had heard of soldiers at Nivelles killed in such numbers that they had not room to fall, but remained standing dead before the French trenches in mass formation; and then there was that wild story to the effect that Belgians were to leave Brussels in fifteen minutes. And when I told them there was no truth in the rumour, and that they might go safely home, they said:

"On vous brûlera une grande chandelle!"

It was, perhaps, some consolation for being what Bulle called *"uno paño de lagrimas."*

We had news, however, of our correspondents. McCutcheon and Cobb and Irwin and Dorch had come back from Louvain, but had left immediately for the front, going toward the south. The news was brought by Will Irwin, who had turned back from his advance, overcome by illness, but McCutcheon, Cobb and the others had gone on, hoping to get to Nivelles. As for Davis, he had disappeared, no one knew where. Admirable men, nothing daunted, always cool, gay and debonair! But one worried about them.

XXIV

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

It was as quiet as a Sunday morning in an Ohio village; there were few vehicles in the streets—unless a cannon may be called a vehicle—for motors and horses had been commandeered, and those that had escaped this fate were hidden away lest it overtake them. The breweries, always scrupulously respected by the Germans, continued in operation and their long wagons rumbled by, still drawn by their superb Brabançon horses.

There remained one other institution—the old *cocher* who sat just outside my window in the Rue Belliard. I had watched him all the spring, a red-faced old man with a stern and really fine Roman profile, who at a certain hour every morning drove up on his *fiacre,* took a place in the shade and then followed the sun in its course, like the martial airs of England, though at a discreeter distance, keeping always in the shade. Perhaps he preceded the sun, but whichever of the two it was, astronomically, he was always there when his fares would permit him to be; if he went away he returned at noon, put the nose bag on his horse, and while the horse at *cocher* he took out from under the seat his own lunch wrapped in a piece of paper, seated himself in his *fiacre* and ate too; then he would light his pipe and smoke peacefully. His old horse was evidently too poor to be commandeered either by Belgian or German troops and so it was left to him, and he came every morning at the same hour and sat there unmoved and undisturbed,

while war and tumult raged about him—a kind of rock in the midst of the universal chaos and welter of worlds, and a sight comforting to behold.

I was standing in my window that Tuesday morning, looking at him and ruminating on the hopelessness of the human race and the vanity of things in general, when I heard cries as of glad welcome in the next room. I went in, and there sat Richard Harding Davis. He was extended in one of the Government's big leather chairs, with an air of having collapsed in it. He was sunburned and unshaven, powdered grey from head to foot with dust, and beside him on the floor lay his bundle, a khaki bag, part of his correspondent's kit. Despite his good looks, his indubitable distinction in any emergency, he looked like a weary tramp, and he lifted his tired eyes drolly, humourously, to me.

He had had an adventure, a perilous experience, in his attempt to get through the German lines to the south. On Sunday he had got down as far as Enghien, where he was arrested by German soldiers as a spy, and taken on to Ligne, on the way tearing up and eating an autograph-letter from Colonel Roosevelt presenting him to President Poincaré of the French Republic—he had shown me the letter in pride a few days before. At Ligne he was locked up in an outhouse with a guard over him while his fate was under discussion. At intervals all night he was visited by German officers, and by a major, who gave him a realistic demonstration of how he was to be shot "through the stummick," as Davis told it. He kept his courage up, however, and persuaded the officers that he was both a "damn fool" and a "gentleman," in spite of the uniform in the photograph on the passport. It was his passport, or the photograph

on it, that was the cause of the trouble. The photograph represented Davis in his war correspondent's costume and as this was of khaki, with a Sam Browne belt and decorations, he did look enough like an English officer to create suspicions in German company.

He gave us a humourous account of his experience and he wrote it afterwards in the book he dedicated to King Albert. He could laugh then, tired though he was. They had tried in a thousand ways to trap him; asked him if he did not wish to see some English prisoners.

"No," he said, "I wish to see the Palace Hotel in Brussels."

Finally the officer said he feared the prisoner would have to be shot at sunrise. Perhaps he would have been, but he proposed to send a note to me, and agreed that if I did not come for him within the time therein specified they might shoot him. He addressed a little note to me and that gave them pause; and, after much discussion he was released and given definite instructions to proceed, along a specified route indicated on his pass, back to Brussels, to report to the military commander there within forty-eight hours, and to establish satisfactorily his identity. He set out on foot for Enghien; walked half the night and then induced a German officer to let him ride with him in his motor. And so he came to Brussels. I proposed that we go at once to the Hôtel de Ville to report, and we drove down there. But my good General von Jarotsky was not to be seen; to my infinite regret, I was told that he was even then turning over his command to another general; the two generals were then at luncheon. I declined to wait, and had an officer endorse on Davis's pass a statement to the effect

that he was well known to me, that he was no spy, and that, having complied with the order to report, he was to be released.

When Davis, restored by a bath and luncheon, came back at four o'clock, we went again to the Hôtel de Ville and waited, there in the escalier d'honneur, where on the landing, are ranged the busts of former Burgomasters, on the lovely white marble pedestals of which German sentinels were sticking the ends of their finished cigarettes. Finally we were shown into a room, passing great trays with the remnants of the luncheon of the two generals—the débris of a feast of giants. M. Max and M. Jacquemain were at a long table, and Villalobar was there too, but no General von Jarotsky. Instead, General the Baron Arthur von Lüttwitz, his successor—a broad-shouldered, grey-haired, remarkably handsome man, very big and impressive, with blue eyes, pink, healthy skin, and a strong jaw—was present, presiding, dominating, at that table. He was in a bluish-grey uniform, with black-and-white ribbon of the Iron Cross and the white Maltese Cross of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem on his left breast. When we asked him for news he laid his hand on the white cross and said:

"Notre Dieu nous a été très gracieux."

Then he told us of German victories everywhere.

I presented Davis, easily arranged his release, and we came away.

XXV

"WE HAVE TO DESTROY THE CITY"

On Wednesday morning, August twenty-sixth, when Villalobar and I drove over to see General the Baron Arthur von Lüttwitz, we found him at the Foreign Office. The Germans had established themselves in the Belgian *ministères* and shut off the Park and the Rue de la Loi; there were sentries everywhere and much explaining about *der Spanischer Gesandter* and *der Gesandter der Vereinigten Staaten,* and we sat a long while in the anteroom where we had sat so often before waiting to see M. Davignon. German officers were coming and going, very much at home. Finally we were shown into the presence of General von Lüttwitz, who was most affable and courteous, and evidently a man of strength and will. We began, Villalobar and I, to talk about the question of communication and to make suggestions about Brussels—the question of food, for instance, but the General said:

"Please grant me a truce for two days until I can install a civil administration. After that has been done all will go beautifully."

As we were about to go General von Lüttwitz said:

"A dreadful thing has occurred at Louvain. The general in command there was talking with the Burgomaster when the son of the Burgomaster shot the general, and the population began firing on the German troops."

We did not at once grasp the whole significance of the remark.

"And now, of course," he went on, "we have to destroy the city. The orders are given and not one stone will be left on another. I'm afraid that that beautiful Hôtel de Ville, which we saw as we came through there the other day, is now no more."

When he said this he lifted up his hands in a gesture of regret.

That evening Gibson and Blount returned from Antwerp, full of news; first, and best of all, a despatch from Washington approving my course and leaving the question of the removal of the Legation entirely to my judgment. Only those who have been at the end of a telegraph-wire, three thousand miles away from home, and in the midst of difficulties, can know the consolation that such words would afford.

XXVI

LOUVAIN

It had been raining during the night but it cleared partly. Davis expected to leave at one o'clock with Gerald Morgan and Miss Boyle O'Reilly on a troop train for Aix-la-Chapelle.

"I told them," Davis said, at parting, "that in four days the American Minister would begin to inquire about me; that is the way they always do it on the stage." He said this with his humourous mouth twitching, fumbling with the broad black ribbon of his eye-glass. I bade him good-bye and watched him drive away in a *fiacre*. It was drawn by the sorriest pair of nags I ever saw, and yet he sat there as calm and distinguished as if he were driving up Fifth Avenue. And I thought of Van Bibber, and of how the Avenue looks in the late afternoon when the throngs are going up Murray Hill. Ah me! Did that gay insouciance still exist anywhere in the world? I stood and watched him out of sight, regretting his departure. And I never saw him again.

The horror of Louvain was on us like a nightmare, all the more terrible because it was vague, undefined, a kind of nameless, formless thing, that sent a shudder—as perhaps it was intended to do—through Brussels, where the like might happen at any hour. The city was filled with foreboding and vague apprehension; miserable refugees, with dumb expressions and eyes that had

looked on terrible things, came plodding wearily into town.

Late in the afternoon it was reported at the Legation that at Louvain the Germans at that moment were massacring the people, that the town was burning, and the tragedy complete: hundreds had been shot down; the cathedral, the Library, the Hôtel de Ville were in flames. Forty priests, some of them from the American College, had been seized as hostages, and were even then being driven in carts along the road to Brussels.

What was to be done? As I was thinking, Villalobar came, he too with that face of horror; there were Spanish priests in that band of hostages as well. We decided to go at once to General von Lüttwitz. Villalobar's car was at the door and we drove away. It was seven o'clock. There was a heavy guard at the Ministries and the sentinels were ugly; one of them impudently mounted on the footboard of the car. At the Foreign Office we were told that we could not see the General. We insisted on sending in our cards, and sat there waiting—sensible, in the movements of the officers who were constantly passing through, of an evil atmosphere. The windows were open and the Marquis and I stood there looking out into the little Place before the Palais de la Nation. There were groups of grey soldiers on the steps of the Palace, their arms stacked on the pavement. Two ugly machine-guns were mounted to sweep the Park.

"They vomit death!" said Villalobar, as though speaking to himself. We turned away from the window.

Finally Major Hans von Herwaerts, who had once been Military Attaché at the German Embassy at Washington, and was then on the staff of General

von Lüttwitz, wearing a great pair of tortoise-shell reading glasses, came out to receive us. To him I made my protests about the treatment of the priests and the professors of the American College, and indeed such treatment of priests in general, and Villalobar made similar representations on behalf of the Spanish priests. Major von Herwaerts understood, rushed into the room, where behind the closed door was General von Lüttwitz. He came out and assured us that the release of the priests would be immediately ordered, and while he was telling us this two tall dark figures, priests, swept out in their long black soutanes. Then we all went with the General into his—or into Davignon's—room. He was serious, and instantly instructed Major von Herwaerts to give orders liberating the priests; told him to give them by telegraph, by telephone, and in addition to send out mounted orderlies to meet the columns on the road and to liberate the priests at once.

There was no more that we could do, but we sat and talked awhile, with the General. He told us that the Germans everywhere were victorious and that they would soon be in Paris; and he said that Burgomaster Max had received an official telegram from the French Government saying that it could give Belgium no further aid on the battle-field. He spoke of M. Max with admiration.

"A brave man," he said, "and patriotic. I admire him; he stands up and doesn't crawl when he comes into my presence."

I did not know why anybody should crawl. . . .

When I returned to the Legation I found Madame Poullet, the wife of the Belgian Minister of Arts and Sciences, with two of her children—little girls with

golden curls, their upturned faces filled with that distress and wonder and despair which children know when their parents weep, for then their little world tumbled in ruins about them, and there is nowhere to go. . . .

The world seemed very much like that that evening to all of us, who were as helpless as children. Madame Poullet's home was in Louvain, and that afternoon her mother, a woman eighty years old, had walked all the way from the doomed city, a distance of twenty-four kilometres. Madame Poullet told me something of the awful tale as she knew it—but it seemed better, ultimately, to talk of the two little girls standing by, and as she did so she gathered them into her arms, folding them in an embrace like that of countless other mothers in Belgium that night, and finally led them away, their curls bobbing down the long corridor, somewhat comforted, I could hope, for there was—strange miracle in those days!—a smile.

XXVII

MONSEIGNEUR AND THE LIBRARY

All that next day the panic-stricken people continued to pour into the city from Louvain, with their tales of horror. The mind was stunned; the event was too enormous to be grasped. It seemed to have the inevitable and fatalistic quality of some great catastrophe in nature; it had happened, that was all. It was not to be escaped; it was there before one, in the world, like an earthquake, or a conflagration or a tornado, all of which in its effect it so much resembled. Those who came told their stories calmly, sitting there with blank, impassive faces; though in the eyes that had looked on those horrors the terror of it all was still reflected. One was struck by their lack of rancour; they seemed to have suffered too deeply for that.

Indeed, all through that experience, then and afterwards, I was impressed by the lack of passion displayed by all those who had so terribly suffered. I seldom heard any of them express hatred of the Germans or any desire for revenge; they never even spoke of them as *"Boche"* and were by no means in such a fury of rage and hate for revenge as I have observed in persons safe in luxurious drawing-rooms thousands of miles away. None of them, so far as I could observe or learn, ever acted in the tragic manner; there were no heroics and no histrionics; they did not demean themselves as do people in the cinema or in the romanticistic novels. I have read somewhere a psychological explanation of this phenome-

non by the late Professor William James, who observed it and made interesting notes of it at the time of the San Francisco earthquake. In moments of great danger, of great strain and tragedy, people are simple and natural; they do not *act,* in the theatrical sense of the word.

It was thus with the young woman who on that Tuesday, about eight o'clock in the evening, when German soldiers suddenly beat on the door of her home in Louvain and her father and brother ran to open it, heard shots and had not seen her father or brother since. She took her eight-weeks'-old baby in her arms and, climbing the garden-wall, found refuge in the home of a friend for a night and a day, while on all sides the houses were in flames, and finally, carrying her child, she dodged from street to street, holding up one arm and waving a white handkerchief, and so reached the village of Leefdael and from there, Tervueren and at last, Brussels.

It was so with the widow of sixty: German soldiers at five o'clock on Wednesday morning, turned her and her niece, a young woman about to become a mother, out of her house half-clad, and drove them from place to place—the guard-house at St. Martin's barracks, the Place du Peuple, the Hôtel de Ville, and finally to the Infantry Barracks in the Rue de Tirlemont. They were forced every now and then to kneel on the ground and to raise their arms above their heads, while the Germans pressed the muzzles of guns against their breasts or kicked them or struck them; then, holding them as prisoners in the barracks until Thursday, the Germans allowed them to return home, to find their house burned to the ground and all that the widow had in the world

—shares of the value of 135,000 francs contained in an iron box in a valise, her jewelry and diamonds in a little hand satchel which she had buried in the garden—gone.

It was so with a young Louvain abbot I knew, one of the group in that tragic scene there in the Square before the railway station—but I shall tell his story later on.

I might go on indefinitely recounting experiences such as these; they would fill a volume. But of all those I heard, of all those that were written out for me, there is one that remains more vivid in my memory than all the rest. There was another priest, Monseigneur de Becker, Rector of the American College, a scholar and an educator. He was one of those priests whose liberation I had secured on Thursday night, and in the morning he came with two others to thank me. He had left Louvain when the exodus was ordered on Thursday; he had gone to Tervueren with other priests; there he was arrested. He had witnessed the murder of Father Dupierreux; he had been put into a filthy cart as a hostage, and sent into Brussels; and seen thus, the story had been brought to our Legation—*"et vous m'avez sauvé la vie!"*

He sat there at my table, a striking figure—the delicate face, dignified and sad, the silver hair, the long black soutane and the scarlet sash, in his white hands a well-worn breviary. There were two other figures, dark, grave, and solemn—two Jesuit fathers who had come with him, sitting by in silent sympathy. They had come to express their gratitude. *Monseigneur* described the experience. He told it calmly, logically, connectedly, his trained mind unfolding the events in or-

derly sequence: the sound of firing from Hérent, the sudden uprising of the German soldiers, the murder, the lust, the loot, the fires, the pillage, the evacuation and the destruction of the city, and all that.

The home of his father had been burned, and the home of his brother; his friends and his colleagues had been murdered before his eyes, and their bodies thrown into a cistern; long lines of his townspeople, confined in the railway-station, had been taken out and shot down; the church of St. Peter's was destroyed, the Hôtel de Ville—the finest example of late Gothic extant—was doomed, and the Halles of the University had been consumed. And he had told it all calmly. But there in the Halles of the University was the library; its hundreds of thousands of volumes, its rare and ancient manuscripts, its unique collection of incunabula—all had been burned deliberately, to the last scrap. *Monseigneur* had reached this point in his recital; he had begun to pronounce the word *"bibliothèque"*—he had said, *"la biblio . . . ,"* and he stopped suddenly, and bit his quivering lip. *"La bib. . . ."* he went on—and then, spreading his arms on the table before him, he bowed his head upon them and wept aloud.

We sat there silent, the two priests and I—*le cœur gros,* as the French say—and our own eyes something more than moist.

They did not remain long after that, and when they went away *Monseigneur* forgot his breviary and left it lying on my table. And I let it lie there.

XXVIII

THE STORY OF LOUVAIN

THE story of Louvain will not be fully written in all its details of individual suffering until liberty comes to the earth again; those who know it best are still "inside"—as the Belgians call their prison. And people "inside" do not lightly give testimony or write their experiences and impressions, even in private diaries. Father Dupierreux learned that. . . . But from time to time a corner of the dark veil was lifted, and we had glimpses of the vast and appalling tragedy that was being enacted by those sinister figures in lurid grey, with torch and axe and gun, there amid the rolling smoke and the infernal glare.

The world already knows the story in its essentials; the truth, with its divine persistence, is never deterred by prisons or bayonets, or even by electrified barbed wire at a frontier. Strange that autocracy never learns! So the story that I could construct out of all those impressions, those glimpses and those conversations with all sorts of people—the rich and the poor, the high and the lowly, the *haute bourgeoisie,* men of note in the community, educators, lawyers, priests, officials, men of serious and orderly minds, accustomed to weighing evidence—will not be new; it will resume what already in the main has been told.

The Belgians were in retreat, falling back on Antwerp but fighting as they went—contesting, with Belgian stubbornness, every step of the way. The German

army had entered Louvain in force on the afternoon of Wednesday, the fifteenth of August. Hostages were seized among the notables of the city, the Bourgmestre, the Rector of the University, the Provincial Councillor, Judges, Aldermen, etc. An *affiche* was at once placarded announcing that "in case a single arm be found, no matter in what house, or any act of hostility be committed against our troops, our transports, our telegraph lines, our railways, or if any one harbours *francs-tireurs,* the culpable and the hostages who are arrested in each village will be shot without pity. Besides, all the inhabitants of the villages in question will be driven out; the villages, and even cities will be demolished and burned. If this happens on the route of communication between two villages the same methods will be applied to the inhabitants of both."[1]

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[1] PROCLAMATION!

HABITANTS!

Nous ne faisons pas la guerre contre les citoyens mais seulement contre l'armée ennemie. Malgré cela les troupes allemandes ont été attaqué en grand nombre par des personnes qui n'appartiennent pas à l'armée. On a commis des *actes de la plus lugubre cruanté* non seulement contres le combattants mais aussi contre nos blessés et nos médecins qui se trouvent sous l'abri de la croix rouge.

Pour empêcher ces brutalités à l'avenir j'ordonne ce qui suit:

1. Toute personne qui n'appartienne pas à l'armée et qui soit trouvée le sarmes entre les mains sera fusillée à l'instant; elle sera considérée hors du droit des gens.

2. Tous les armes, fusils, pistolets, brownings, sabres, poignards, etc., et toute matière explosible doivent être délivrés par le maire de tout village ou ville au commandant des troupes allemandes.

En cas qu'une seule arme soit trouvée dans n'importe quelle maison ou que quelqu'acte d'histilité soit commis contre nos troupes, nos transports, nos lignes télégraphiques, nos chemins de fer ou

This sinister poster bore no date, no signature, no writer's name; it had evidently been printed in Germany, in advance and formed part of the equipment of the army, as bills and bill-posters are carried by a travelling circus. It seemed like a gratuitous menace, since all the revolvers and fowling-pieces had been turned in at the Hôtel de Ville in response to the Burgomaster's appeal.

The troops, of course, were quartered on the inhabitants, with the usual incidents. Three soldiers raped a girl of fifteen, and what happened generally all over Belgium whenever German soldiers were quartered in houses of delicacy or refinement, wardrobes were broken, drawers emptied out on the floor, the dainty *lingerie* soiled with filth in an unspeakable manner. The cash-boxes of at least two banks were rifled, though, it is said, this money was later restored by the German authorities. Some stray shots seem to have been fired by German soldiers, who went into shops and "requisitioned" for their personal needs, giving in return *"bons de réquisition,"* "To be paid for by the City of Louvain" or "To be paid for by the Belgian Government." Some with

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qu'on donne l'asile aux fractireurs, les coupables et les otages qui sont arrêtés dans chaque village seront fusillés sans pitié.

Or cela tous les habitants des villages, etc, en question seront chassés, les villages et les villes mêmes seront démolis et brûlés. Si cela arrive sur la route de communication entre deux villages on agira de la même manière contre les habitants des deux villages.

J'attends que les maires ainsi que la population voudront assurer par leur prudente surveillance et conduite la sûreté de nos troupes ainsi que la leur.

Dans le cas contraire les mesures indiquées ci-dessus entreront en viguer.—On ne donnera aucun pardon!

Le Général Commandant en Chef.

lugubrious humour read: "Good to be shot"—in German, which the Louvainist shopkeepers could not read.

All the felons of German nationality had been released from the prisons; there were already bands of half-savage vagrants following the army. On Monday, the twenty-fourth, the German wounded had been evacuated from Louvain, and that evening there were a few desultory shots in the Chaussée de Tirlemont and the Rue de la Station, the route along which von Kluck's army day after day was pushing on toward the west.

However, things went well enough for the time, and the Louvainist could make a little *moue,* shrug his shoulders, and observe, *"C'est la guerre!"*

Then came Tuesday, the twenty-fifth, a sinister date in the annals of Louvain. An order was issued commanding all the inhabitants to be indoors at eight o'clock in the evening, and that all cafés and public places be closed; doors were to be left unlocked and lights were to burn in the windows. All that afternoon heavy detachments of troops were arriving at the railway-station; by evening it had been estimated that ten thousand soldiers were in town. They were quartered on the inhabitants; the hotels about the Place de la Station were filled with officers. Late in the afternoon the sound of cannonading was heard from the west, in the direction of the village of Hérent.

That afternoon the Belgian army had made a *sortie* from the defenses of Antwerp. There had been a sharp fight at Malines, and the Belgians had had the better of it, driving the Germans out of Malines and back along the road toward Louvain; it was the noise of this battle that Louvain heard that afternoon from the direction of Hérent. At seven o'clock that evening

Hérent was in flames. The Germans, retiring on Louvain, had reached the Porte de Malines; night was falling, and German reinforcements, just then leaving Louvain, met them, and there in the twilight the two parties, each mistaking the other for Belgians, opened fire. There was instant panic, the usual cry *"Man hat geschossen!"*, riderless horses and terror-stricken soldiers streamed into the town, and then, and in that manner, the awful tragedy began. The officers of the staff were dining, and those who know something of the Belgian *cuisine*—before the war—and of the place their famous old Burgundy holds in the estimation of the people, can imagine what a *festin de géants* there would be when such trenchermen as those German officers sat themselves down at table in those restaurants. They were digesting their dinner when the alarm came to them, and Louvain was doomed.

There was a woman whose husband was away in the Belgian army. For a week the German officers had been quartered in her house. She had just given them, as she said, "a very good dinner" to one of the officers. He had got up from the table; it was about seven o'clock. Suddenly a bugle blew—the alert, the officer said, and he must go. As he went out of the house he said:

"Madame, you are here alone with your two daughters. I must go immediately, and I should say nothing to you but you have shown me a great deal of humanity, and so, confidentially, I warn you that if this night you hear in the city a rifle or a gun-shot, take refuge at once in the cellars, for it is going to be terrible."

The officer went, and the woman ran out, warned her

neighbours, hurried home again, to be indoors by eight o'clock. The town was still, the streets deserted, the doors closed; no one was abroad. The order had been well obeyed.

At five minutes after eight the woman heard shots fired in the Rue de Tirlemont. Others heard shots at about the same time, at other parts of the city. The first thought of the inhabitants was one that ran through the town with a thrill of joy; they thought it meant deliverance, that the English and the French had come. And then, all over the city, the soldiers began firing wildly at the façades of the closed houses. The people ran to their cellars in terror; the soldiers beat in the doors, turned the people into the street, shot them down, set fire to the houses. There were riderless horses galloping about. A mad, blind, demoniac rage seemed to have laid hold on the Germans, and they went through the streets killing, slaying, burning, looting, torturing and massacring, and for three terrible days the awful tragedy was enacted, with such scenes as appal the imagination.

It was not only in the Rue de Tirlemont, as the woman said, that the fusillade began, but, by a significant coincidence, other fusillades broke out simultaneously at various points in the city—at the Porte de Bruxelles, in the Rue Léopold, in the Rue Marie-Thérèse, and in the Rue des Joyeuses Entrées. In the Palace de la Station, filled with troops just detrained and crowded with army wagons, there was a panic; the soldiers began shooting right and left, doubtless wounding many of their own.

The Place de la Station is the square before the railway station and around it on three sides are hotels and cafés. These hotels from the day of the entry of the

Germans into Louvain had been occupied by officers and soldiers; they had been ransacked time and again from cellar to garret, to see that no one was in hiding and that there were no arms. The German officers spent their money freely. The *échauffourée* in the Place de la Station was the most intense of all those that suddenly broke out that evening; there was another in the Place du Peuple—the quietest, most aristocratic square in the city, where German troops were waiting under the thick foliage of the chestnut trees. The madness spread to the Rue de Diest, and finally to the Grand' Place. The grey soldiers were running everywhere, firing right and left at random, through the streets that were so strangely illuminated for their own destruction. On the order of their chiefs the Germans set fire to the houses, spraying *salons* with inflammable liquid, (using the apparatus they had for that purpose, lighting and flinging in their incendiary pastels—breaking in windows with the buts of their rifles, that a draught might be provided for the flames. The inmates of the houses thus doomed ran out only to be shot down at their own door, or took refuge in their cellars, to be burned to death and buried beneath the ruins of their homes. Men trying to escape over the roofs were fired at by the soldiers in the streets; women, their babies in their arms, hugging the walls, tried to reach some place of safety.

The Halles of the University, erected in 1317, by the Clothworkers as the Cloth Hall *(Halle aux Draps)*, which in 1431 became the principal seat of the University, had come to be devoted almost exclusively to the libraries of the University. Therein were stored incomparable riches—more than 230,000 volumes, besides 750 manuscripts dating from the Middle Ages, and

perhaps the finest collection of incunabula extant, more than a thousand of them. The whole library, with all its riches was deliberately and systematically burned; only the naked walls of the old Hall could resist the fury of the flames. No wonder the old scholar broke down and wept!

The ancient church of St. Peter was set on fire. The flames of the holocaust lighted up the sky; the glare could be seen at Tervueren, fifteen kilometers away.

Early in the evening the Rev. Father Parys, a Dominican, Dr. Meulemans and the druggist De Coninck, had gone to the Hôtel de Ville to ask for permits to go about the city during the night for the service of the Dominican ambulance in the Rue Juste-Lipse. Major von Manteuffel, who was in command, was about to make out the passports when the firing began. Von Manteuffel at once ordered their arrest as hostages, as well as that of Alderman Schmidt. Out of the score or more hostages held by the Germans, two or more were selected each day, and the others, provisionally, for that day, relieved, so that they took turns in serving. The two official hostages for that day were Monseigneur Coenraets, Vice-Rector of the University, and M. Maes; they were, of course, already in the Hôtel de Ville. These six hostages, then, were made to stand in the open windows with their backs to the street, so that they would be the first to be shot if any balls were fired into the room.

Later General von Boehn arrived from the front, and through an interpreter harangued the hostages, telling them that if the shooting continued they would all be hanged, the city bombarded and forced to pay a levy of twenty million francs. Finally Monseigneur Coenraets

and Father Parys were ordered to proclaim this menace to the people, to exhort them to be calm and to cease firing on the German troops. They went, accompanied by von Manteuffel and a platoon of soldiers, on their ungrateful and impossible mission.

Monseigneur Coenraets was a man over sixty and already aged by toil and constant study. Broken by emotion and by the horrors that were going on about him, he was forced by the score of soldiers who surrounded him, and by the two officers who cocked their revolvers always at his head, to march through those streets, followed by women and children who had known and revered him all their lives, lifting their hands, weeping, praying, swearing to him that they would do all they could to save him and the town. His voice was choked with smoke and dust, he was ready to faint, yet hour after hour he must march about, the dignified Vice-Rector of the old University, with the Dominican friar, halt at every street-corner and recite the Proclamation, in French and in Flemish—as though he had already judged his fellow-citizens! as though he were imploring his own to desist from crimes of which they were only the victims!

Near the statue of Juste-Lipse, there in the Rue de la Station, there appeared a figure that flits across the scene of the Louvain tragedy like some actor in the cinema—Dr. Georg Berghausen, a young surgeon in the Landsturm. He came running in wild excitement, and as he met the company of hostages, cried out that a German soldier had just been killed by a shot fired from the residence of David Fishback, and he shouted to the soldiers:

"The blood of the entire population of Louvain is

not worth a drop of the blood of one German soldier."

They went on. One man says that one of the German soldiers threw an inflammable pastel into the house of David Fishback, and that it flared into flames; I do not know. But a moment later, there at the foot of the statue of Juste-Lipse, lay the body of David Fishback, an old man of eighty-two, beside that of his son. The old coachman, Joseph Vandermosten, had entered the house to try to save the life of his master, but he did not return; his body was found the next day amidst the ruins.

Nearly three hundred persons were gathered in the Place de la Station; "most were weeping." In the midst of this inferno, amid the roar and glare of flames, with the crackling of rifle-shots, the steady cluck-cluck-cluck of machine-guns, making a noise like a riveter, and that most hideous of all sounds, the ululations of a mob, dominating all the rest, the massacre and the incendiarism went on.

It continued all through the night; toward morning the great tower of St. Peter's Church burst into flames, but the soldiers would not allow the people to enter the church to save it. The great bell fell with a crash. And dawn came, and another day, but the horror went on.

It was the morning of Wednesday, the twenty-sixth; German soldiers, drunk, black with the soot of their incendiarism, were going through the streets and bursting into houses, crying *"Heraus!"*, turning the cowering inmates into the streets, with such blows and brutalities as made the experience of each person a calvary. Often in these irruptions, obsessed by the idea of *francs-tireurs,* they would shout, *"Man hat geschossen!"*

The people were thus assembled in tragic groups between the tottering walls of burning houses; marched through choking, suffocating streets that were strewn with the dead bodies of men and horses—the women and children weeping, screaming, imploring, and the soldiers compelling them to walk with their hands up, or making them kneel or run, or kicking them or striking them with their fists or with the butts of their guns, herding them through the streets, in the midst of the smoking ruins; while other soldiers, with wine-bottles under their arms, went reeling past crying out at the captives: *"Hund! Schwein! Schweinhund!"*

Now and then the soldiers would tell the people that the place of execution had been reached; then they would change their minds and seek another place—a species of torture that was practiced all over Belgium. And now and then German soldiers fired at them from the upper windows of the houses which they were sacking.

Finally, however, after having been marched all over town—one group was marched to Hérent and back—they were assembled in the Place de la Station; old men and old women and young women and little children; they were bound hand and foot, then tied up in a great human packet by a long rope, so that they could not move. There were by evening more than a thousand persons huddled there in the Square. A drizzling rain was falling soaking them to the skin. They had nothing to eat or to drink. Now and then a man would be shot; oftener the soldiers would lead some one off, a volley would be fired, and those in the Square would be told that the man had been killed and that a like fate awaited them. One man, bound round and round by cords, was struck by an officer several times, knocked

down, made to stand up, then knocked down again; he was hung by the waist to a lamp post; finally, after all this torture, he was hung by the neck.

The young abbot whom I mentioned had been given a safe conduct to leave the city, and, on Thursday morning, had gone along the Chaussée d'Aerschot as far as Rotselaer; there he encountered a group of soldiers, who refused to look at his papers but arrested him and took him back to Louvain with other prisoners, and finally, toward evening, to the Place de la Station. He had been kicked, cuffed, spat upon, struck with the butts of guns; his hands were tied behind him with barbed wire, and there at the Place de la Station he was forced to remain standing all night, not even allowed to lean against the wall—and this for hours, with repeated insults and personal outrage, while his townsmen one by one were led out and shot, there at the side of the Square, "near the house of Mr. Hemaide."

They witnessed many executions and heard those volleys which, as they assumed, meant many more. Toward morning they saw a priest shot, and were then told that their time had come. The young abbot pronounced a collective absolution for all those about him—*ego vos absolvo a peccatis vestris. Ire nomine. . . .*

But no; soon after his hands were loosened he was allowed to go into the waiting-room of the station, where he was held until Saturday, and then a German sergeant took pity on him and told him he could go.

And so for another day and another night the madness went on—the murder, the looting, the sacking, the riot, the burning, and the lust; with soldiers pillaging the houses, bearing the wine in great baskets out of the cellars, to be guzzled in the street, while men and

women and children were shot down and their bodies left to lie in gutters or on the smoking ruins, or thrown into foul cesspools.

Then on Thursday morning the twenty-seventh of August, at nine o'clock, the Germans announced that it was necessary to bombard the city and they issued an order to all the inhabitants to leave at once. It was but another *comédie,* for there was no bombardment, and probably no intention of any; a gun was fired two or three times, that was all. But again the soldiers went from house to house ordering the inhabitants to leave, giving them no time to prepare, refusing them permission to take anything with them. And then began that awful exodus. On all the roads leading from Louvain the people went—old men, women, children, nuns, priests, the sick, even women just arisen from childbirth—driven like cattle. Ten thousand of them in one body were forced to march to Tirlemont, eighteen kilometres from Louvain; perhaps as many found their way to Brussels. It was a tragic hegira. Many fell by the roadside; some went mad; some wandered for days in the fields and woods around; some drowned themselves in streams. The members of the Garde Civique, and hundreds of women and children were sent to a prison camp at Münster, in Germany, and kept there for months, exhibited as specimens of the Belgian *francs-tireurs.* No one was spared, unless it were the occupants of the houses in the demesne of the Duc d'Arenberg of the old German family of that name, at Héverlé-ter-Bank, where the Duke has a château. Many of these houses were marked in chalk: *"Nicht Plunderen"*—"Don't pillage."

The priests whom Villalobar and I succeeded in liber-

ating that same night were in the throng that had been driven out along the road to the west of Louvain toward Tervueren. They were nearly ninety, among them the Rector, the Vice-Rector and the professors of the University, and the Rector of the American College, and there were about seventy members of a Jesuit community at Louvain, which for days had given food and lodging to German officers, had nursed the wounded—German and Belgian—and buried the dead. Some of them wore the brassard of the Red Cross bearing the German seal. They set out, on foot of course, for Brussels; they had reached Tervueren. There the soldiers halted them, searched them, taking away everything they had, (including their papers of identity) and tore the Red Cross brassards from their arms. The soldiers, who were in masses, mocked, insulted, and menaced them—with empty bottles, with guns, and with bayonets; one soldier tried to slip a cartridge into the pocket of the cassock of one of the priests, and two of the priests were pushed into a ditch by an angry Oberleutnant and ordered to remain there.

"From that moment," said the Jesuit father who, calmly and in his stately French, told me of his experiences—I translate his words almost literally—"we had the impression, which was not denied by the events, that it was the rule of the arbitrary and that the officers were abandoning the clerics to the invective and hatred of the soldiers. The latter indulged themselves in such acts, attitudes and conduct as, from the point of discipline alone, seemed very strange on the part of subordinates in the presence of their chiefs. The officers did not make a gesture or a sign that would put an end to it, and their attitude was equal to an approval or an

encouragement; several of them even joined their invectives to those of their subordinates."

The priests were assembled in a field and made to sit back to back on the grass, while the passing soldiers constantly menaced them with death. An hour passed and an officer came, counted the prisoners, divided them into groups, and ordered the first group to stand in line.

"All the members of this group are hostages," said the officer, "and will accompany a column of supplies. If a single shot is fired against the column all will be shot."

While they were waiting for the column to arrive, the Oberleutnant suddenly remembered the two priests whom he had thrown into the ditch. One of them was Father Dupierreux, a young ecclesiastic student. The soldiers, in searching him, found a private diary. He still had his Red Cross brassard, and this was violently torn from his arm, and the Oberleutnant, gesticulating wildly and shouting insults, cried out in German:

"A Red Cross! A Red Cross! We will give him a Red Cross!"

And he ordered that a large cross be traced in red chalk on Father Dupierreux's back, and when it was done he said:

"His case is settled!" *"Son affaire est réglée'.'*

And so it was. Two soldiers led Father Dupierreux forward. He was pale but he was calm; he held a crucifix in his hands. An officer and a non-commissioned officer followed. A priest with a knowledge of German was called upon to translate from Father Dupierreux's diary.

"If you omit or change the sense of a single word you

will be shot too;" said the Oberleutnant. The priest read a few lines referring to the burning of the University of Louvain and the Library as acts worthy of the Vandals, and then the Oberleutnant stopped the reading.

Father Dupierreux was ordered to step a few paces in advance; a firing squad was detailed; the priests were ordered to fix their eyes upon the young priest as he stood there, crucifix in hand; the order was given to fire; the volley flashed; and Father Dupierreux fell to the ground, dead.

It was about two o'clock. The priests were loaded into great filthy carts, used ordinarily for transporting swine, or onto transport wagons. There were five groups of them. . . . The procession started, and for six hours, from two to eight, from Tervueren to Hal, passing through the suburbs of Brussels, the carts rumbled—the priests, as one of them said, shown "like criminals to the population." They were given nothing to eat; not allowed even a drink of water. As they passed through Brussels they were seen and recognized; and two men, their faces blanched with horror, came to the Legation to report it. Near Hal they were overtaken by General von Lüttwitz's orders and released. . . .

Back in Louvain however, the rage was abating. Friday the twenty-eighth there was, if not calm, such a diminution of the storm that it seemed, after all the horror, like calm. It was then that Gibson and Bulle, Sven Pousette, the Swedish Chargé des Affaires, and Blount drove out to Louvain in Blount's little car. They found evidences of the fury of the destruction, houses still blazing and soldiers pillaging them. While they were

standing in the Rue de la Station, talking to a German officer, shots were suddenly fired and the German officer led them to the railway-station, where for half an hour they took refuge in the freight depot. During all that time they could hear firing outside. The Germans claimed that they were being fired upon by Belgian civilians from the upper windows of houses in the Rue de la Station, but the Belgians of Louvain always insisted that the firing from the upper windows was done by German soldiers placed there for the purpose of impressing the diplomatic representatives of neutral Powers.

I do not know who it was that fired. German soldiers for three days had been firing from the upper windows of houses they were looting, and they did it afterwards. If after three days of such horrors, of such murderous destruction, any Belgians could have been found in the upper stories of houses and were still armed and firing, of that the Germans have never produced any evidence, and they made no arrests, did not even shoot any one, at that time, on such a charge.

The town, indeed, was almost deserted, though the shooting and the burning and the pillage continued until the thirtieth of August, when Professor Neerinckx, of the University of Louvain, entered into negotiations with Major von Manteuffel, organized a temporary communal administration, and succeeded in re-establishing some sort of authority. Instruction were issued to the troops by Major von Manteuffel to cease firing, and order was restored. It was forbidden to burn homes any more; placards were posted on them, or on certain of them, bearing these words:

"Dieses Haus ist zu schützen. Es ist streng verboten, ohne Genehmigung der Kommandantur, Haüser zu betreten oder in Brand zu setzen.—Die Etappen-Kommandantur."

"This house must be protected. It is strictly forbidden to enter the houses or to burn them without the consent of the Kommandantur." [1]

[1] The number of citizens of Louvain slain was 210, of both sexes and all ages, from infants of three months to persons of eighty years. Several thousand were taken prisoner; over 600, of which 100 were women and children, were deported to Germany. The Germans report that 5 officers, 23 men and 95 horses were killed or wounded. Two thousand houses were burned, together with the buildings of the University, the Library with its precious manuscripts, and the Church of St. Peter.

XXIX

SOME GERMAN TESTIMONY

General von Lüttwitz had heard that the son of the Burgomaster of Louvain had killed a German general. But the Burgomaster of Louvain had no son, and no German general or other officer was killed at Louvain.

The story of a general shot by the son of a burgomaster was a variant of the account of a tragedy that had occurred in Aerschot on the nineteenth, where the fifteen-year-old son of the Burgomaster had been killed by a firing squad, not because he had shot a general, but because a colonel had been shot, probably by Belgian soldiers retreating through the town. This story flew all over Belgium, with embellishments and improvements; the colonel became a general, thereby increasing the gravity of the offense, and the boy became a man, increasing the responsibility, and finally, by the time the story got down into the Province of Namur, the son of the Burgomaster became the daughter of the Burgomaster, thus intensifying the horror of the deed. The tale was only a week old when General von Lüttwitz heard it. But the story has been best told by the one who knew it best, Madame Tielemans, wife of the Burgomaster of Aerschot, whose boy—telling her to be brave—was torn from her and shot, as was her husband.[1]

[1] I have made the following translation of the declaration of Mme. Tielmans, widow of the Burgomaster of Aerschot:

"Here are the facts as I saw them, when the Germans seized Aer-

The story of the son of the Burgomaster and the shooting of the General did not serve long as the reason

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schot. About eight o'clock in the morning of August 19th, I was unable to go to church with my children because bullets were falling in the streets: we installed ourselves in a drawing-room facing the Grand' Place (City Hall Square). Toward nine o'clock Belgian soldiers appeared from one of the side streets, their faces covered with blood, supporting one another. I opened the window and inquired what was happening. 'We are retreating, the Germans are pursuing us,' they cried. A few minutes later, the Grand' Place was covered with German troops; seeing which, my son lowered the shade; they immediately fired into the window; a bullet ricochetted and wounded him in the leg.

"About ten o'clock, the German commander ordered my husband to the City Hall; when he arrived, they called him a *'Schweinhund'* and, with the greatest brutality, exacted the lowering of the national flag; he was then obliged to translate into German the posters that had been placarded in town, requiring the surrender of firearms and advising the population to keep quiet.

"Meanwhile, officers visited me, asking for hospitality: there were three of them: a General (Stenger, commanding 8th infantry brigade) and two aides; they were conducted to apartments; their rooms faced the Grand' Place; they could watch the troops resting there. Shortly after they went out; the chambermaid called me to see the condition in which they had left their rooms; the worst burglar would not have upset the furniture as the Germans had done; not a single drawer had escaped inspection, not a paper had remained intact. The explanation of this conduct was given to me later on. The General asked me the name of the Belgian colonel that I had received the evening before, insisted on learning to which branch of the service he belonged, etc. I replied: 'I don't know his name any more than I do yours; I don't know whence he came or where he was going, any more than I know your destination.'

"The German army continued to pass by. They were arresting all men. About four o'clock my husband came in. 'So far, so good, but I am uneasy,' he said to me. He took some cigars to give to the sentinels guarding the house. The position of the door-

for destroying Louvain; the alleged cause took on larger proportions as the effects grew. The Germans

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way to the street through the garden enabled us to catch sight of the general on the balcony. I remarked to my husband that what he was doing might displease the authorities. As I re-entered the house, I glanced into the Grand' Place and I saw distinctly two columns of smoke followed by a number of rifle shots. My courtyard was immediately invaded by horses and soldiers, who were firing in the air like lunatics. My husband, my children, the servants and myself, had only time to rush into a cellar, hustled by soldiers who took refuge in our house, firing the while. After a few moments of indescribable anguish, one of the aides-de-camp came downstairs shouting: 'The general is dead, I want the mayor.' The general had been struck by a German bullet as he stood on the balcony. My husband said to me: 'This will be serious for me,' I grasped his hand, and said: 'Courage!' The captain turned my husband over to the soldiers, who shoved him about and dragged him away. I threw myself before the captain, saying:

" 'Sir, you can see that neither my husband nor my son has fired, since they are here unarmed.'

" 'That makes no difference, Madame; he is responsible.'

"My son induced us to move to another cellar; a half-hour later he said to me: 'Mother, I hear them looking for us.' 'Well, then, let us go up; let us bravely meet our fate.'

"The same captain was there. . . . 'Madame, I must take your son.' He took my son, fifteen years old! And as my son walked with difficulty owing to his wound, he kicked him along; I closed my eyes in order not to see, I felt myself dying from pain. . . . It was atrocious. . . . I believe he has had my son taken to his father in the City Hall.

"The captain's rage was not yet appeased; he returned for me and forced me to accompany him from the cellars to the attics, claiming that the soldiers had been fired on. He was able to see that the rooms were empty and the windows shut. During this inspection he continued to threaten me with his Browning. My daughter placed herself between us. But this was not sufficient to make him realise his cowardice. When we reached the vesti-

claimed that the civilians of Louvain fired on the soldiers from windows along the Rue de la Station, the

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bule I said to him: 'What is to become of us?' He answered coldly: 'You will be shot together with your daughter and your servants.' Meanwhile the soldiers were bending their bayonets and showing the frightened servants how well they could prick one. As the captain was leaving us, a soldier approached me, and said: 'Go into the Grand' Place, no harm will befall the women.' I went back to get a coat, a hat; everything had already been stolen. We left our home without anything. On reaching the Square, we found all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood; they were all weeping. Beside me, a young girl was on the verge of collapse from suffering: her father and her two brothers had been shot, and she had been torn from the bedside of her dying mother; nine hours later, she found her mother dead.

"We had been in the square for an hour, surrounded by soldiers. All the houses on the right side of the square were in flames. What one could observe was the perfect order and method with which those bandits worked; there was an absence of that savagery in pillaging of men left to themselves. I can declare that they acted by and with order. While the houses were burning, one could see soldiers enter the houses; carrying electric pocket lamps, they searched the buildings, opening windows and throwing down mattresses and blankets, which were given to the poor. From time to time the soldiers shouted to us: 'You're going to be shot, you're going to be shot.' Meanwhile, soldiers were coming out of our house, their arms laden with bottles of wine; they were opening the windows of our rooms and taking everything they could find there. I turned away from this scene of pillage. By the light of the fires, my eyes encountered my husband, my son, and my brother-in-law, accompanied by other gentlemen, who were being led to execution. I shall never forget that scene, nor the gaze of my husband looking for a last time at his house, and asking himself where were his wife and daughter; and I, so that he should not lose courage, could not call to him: 'Here I am!'

"About 2 P. M. they said to us. 'The women can go home.' As my house was still filled with soldiers, I accepted a neighbour's hospi-

most consequential street of the old university city, a long quiet avenue lined with the handsome resi-

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tality. We had barely reached her home when Germans came to inform us that we must leave the city immediately; it was about to be bombarded. We were forced to flee in the direction of Rillaer. With some fifty women and children, we were obliged to walk along a road strewn with the bodies of poor Belgian soldiers, civilians, horses, in the midst of burned houses; on the way, we passed hundreds of automobiles filled with German officers whose bravery consisted in leveling their revolvers at women who lacked even enough money to buy a loaf of bread. Finally, after an hour's walk, we were able to find a farmhouse still standing. We had scarcely reached it, when we were forbidden to enter by a German patrol that forced us to remain huddled together in a nearby field. It was not until late at night that we were allowed to enter the house, but only to be unable to leave it. We were obliged to stay there until eight o'clock. During this time the Germans were rounding up the men, witnessing farewells between husbands and wives, then forcing their victims to advance; 300 meters further on they were all released. Before leaving us, the soldiers inquired whether the wife of the burgomaster of Aerschot was in the crowd. They were told: No, while friends destroyed my pass. After their departure, I gained the next village, where, at the peril of their lives, friends hid me and later were able to help me into Holland.

"I learned that the Germans had been searching for me for weeks, and that they even offered a reward of 10,000 francs to the person who would disclose my whereabouts. I never knew why the Germans wished to capture me.

"When my husband and his companions left the City Hall it was eleven P. M. They were taken outside the city. A political adversary of my husband, Mr. Claes Van Nuffel, spoke up and begged the officer in command of the firing squad to spare the life of the burgomaster, saying that he did not belong to the same political party as my husband, but that Aerschot needed him and that he offered his life in exchange for my husband's. The German officer was immovable. My husband thanked Mr. Claes, saying that he would die in peace, that his life had been spent in trying to accom-

dences of the local quality—university professors, lawyers, doctors, and the *haute bourgeoisie*. But even this was not enough; it was not sufficiently *kolossal:* the thing must be deeper, more profound, more in accord with the current legend of the *francs-tireurs*—and so it grew and expanded until in the final and official version it blossomed forth as a *Volkskrieg*. In the very houses where German soldiers were quartered, so it was asserted by Germans, Belgian soldiers, who had changed their uniforms for civilian attire, had been concealed armed to the teeth, provided even with *mitrailleuses*, and, in secret communication with the Belgian Government at Antwerp, at the moment when Belgian troops were making a sortie from the Antwerp forts, suddenly, at a preconcerted signal, had sprung forth, firing from windows and even from loop-holes in the houses,—placed there, it is intimated, with a view to this very exigency when the houses were built, and had treacherously fired on innocent German soldiers who were going to the support of their sorely tried comrades at the front. Such is the German version, given in the White Book of May tenth, 1915.

The signal for this uprising is said to have been skyrockets falling like stars in the evening sky. It is not at all unlikely that Germans did see stars that evening. Never in history were soldiers more badly frightened

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plish as much good as possible, that he did not ask for his own life, but for that of his son, a child of fifteen, who would console his mother. They did not answer him. My brother-in-law besought them to spare the lives of his brother and nephew. They would not listen to him. Toward five o'clock on the 20th of August they forced the victims to kneel and an instant later the best that life held for me had ceased to exist."

than they were when those riderless horses came galloping into town through the Porte de Malines, and disturbed the officers at their food and wine. For forty years they had been reading about those French *francs-tireurs* with the ferocious names, those dark villains that had skulked through German popular fiction for two-score years.

There are many accounts of it, but the account that I like best is the one written by Carl Moenckeberg and published in the *Düsseldorfer General Anzeiger* for the tenth of September, 1914, under the title "Our Baptism of Fire at Louvain." I like this account because it falls in with my notion of the essential romanticism of German fiction.

"I had just eaten a bit at the Hôtel Metropole," says Moenckeberg. "Numerous detachments of infantry that did not belong to our regiment were passing in the street. It was said that they were going to sound the alarm, and that perhaps at night we would have to take part in a combat. I ran as far as the Place. There were our horses, saddled, that had just come from the station, and there was installed a camp of our field-wagons. We mounted and, on horseback, rode in the streets where the soldiers were swarming. The excitement was great and swelled even more as darkness fell. No one knew what was going on, and the officers were forced to hold back their men by crying at the top of their voices in order to dominate the noise of the shuffling of the soldiers and the pawing of the horses. After a certain time a counter order arrived. We returned to the rear and again occupied the Place, whose space was filled to the last little corner with the wagons hitched up. Now they must once more dis-

tribute forage in order that before night men and horses may take their quarters. My neighbour, impatient, was citing to me the following phrase: 'The soldier passes the greatest part of his life in waiting in vain.' When the last word was hardly out of his mouth a formidable detonation had just come from the corner of the Place. We turned about with the rapidity of a flash of lightning. I saw at the height of a man a brilliant light. My first thought was that the Belgian artillery had just arrived and was shooting at the troops parked in the Place—at the same moment all the saddle horses rush to the side opposite from that whence came the detonation, jostle one another, and enter the street that is just in front. The harnessed horses also, seized by panic, shy and drag the wagons in every direction—many break their straps and start to gallop across all that crowd. Impossible to control them. The panic of the horses threatens to extend itself to the men. No one knows what is going on. All, without understanding anything, look fixedly in the direction of the first explosion awaiting the second. Then from the four sides of the Place a rain of bullets, coming from the windows of the principal houses, falls crackling on us. All precaution is useless. From whatever side one turns the bullets whistle and crackle at our ears in a bewildering way. Whoever has an arm—and every one has either an infantry gun, or a musket, or a revolver—shoots mechanically toward the first point where he thinks there is an enemy. They shoot a second time, then a third. They shoot without ceasing, and every one finds himself in the double danger, equally great—either to be brought down by the Belgians or by his own comrades. My revolver misses fire; the ball is choked in the barrel.

I throw myself down on my stomach under a tree, at the same time with several soldiers who were shooting. I realise in a manner very clear, but also very hopeless, that only a highly impossible miracle can save me, for this infernal chaos must endure for some minutes yet. I ask only to be struck by a blow that will finish me and not leave me half dead in the hands of these aggressors. There! Listen! What signify these appeals or orders shouted with insistence? First we understand nothing because explosion follows explosion. 'The English come!' says a neighbour in my ear. 'The German troops come to our aid!' cries another. At last the shots became rarer, the voices more distinct. We hear, 'Don't shoot any more, thunder and lightning, keep still!' And indeed the storm quiets down a little. German discipline triumphs, the enemy is vanquished!"

Could any psychologist give a better description of the state of mind of those soldiers? One almost has sympathy for poor Moenckeberg; not bad as to heart at all, but young, sentimental, imaginative, far from home—and writing for the papers.

One is not quite sure whether it is the Place de la Station or the Place du Peuple that Moenckeberg is writing about; perhaps he is not quite sure himself. But one concludes that it must have been the Place de la Station.

Oberleutnant Telemann, in his deposition, is more matter-of-fact, less literary: "Out in the Place, meanwhile," he says, "there was a terrible excitement—(*ein tolles Durcheinander*); the horses were frightened and ran away in all directions, and the soldiers were crying, '*Die Franzosen sind da! Die Englaender sind da!*'"

At any rate, Moenckeberg's story is now a classic, since it has received official recognition and is published by the Government as evidence of what occurred at Louvain, and of why the army had to do what it did there. For the Germans had an investigation—a commission was appointed to examine into the matter, to take evidence; and this commission reported that it was all the fault of Belgian *francs-tireurs*. The witnesses were all German soldiers, and a few officers. No Belgians and no neutrals were allowed to follow the progress of the hearing. Certain Belgians, among the notables of the city of Louvain, volunteered to appear and testify, but their testimony was for the most part refused, and that which was given does not appear in the German White Book, which is the official document on the subject. The inquiry was conducted, or in part conducted, by a German Feldkriegsgerichtsrat, Dr. Ivers. He seems to have been a kind of judge-advocate. His conclusions, of course, were that the Germans were in no wise to blame for what occurred at Louvain and that they were wholly justified in doing what they did.

The Germans had been eager to have Gibson, Bulle, Poussette and Blount testify to the effect that while at Louvain they had seen Belgian civilians shooting from the windows. I would not consent to Gibson's testifying unless the American Government desired it, and the American Government did not desire it. Thereupon Poussette and Bulle declined to testify. Their testimony in any event, according to our rules of evidence, could have established no other fact than that three days after the tragedy began there was still shooting in the streets at Louvain. They had no means of

knowing who it was that was firing, and even if civilians had fired it would not be surprising. That which had been going on for three days was enough to make any civilian fire, if he had anything to fire with, and his firing three days after the horror had begun could not throw the least light on the question of initial responsibility. Indeed, for all that the secretaries knew the Belgian theory that German soldiers had been placed in empty houses to shoot from upper windows in order to impress the representatives of neutral powers with the viciousness of the Belgians, was just as valid as the German claim.

One morning, during the progress of the hearing, a German officer appeared at the Legation. He was large, portly, dressed in the grey-green uniform, wore a heavy sword and thick professorial spectacles. Under his arm he bore an enormous portfolio that might have contained, could he have found it, enough evidence to convict seven million Belgians. He entered, clicked his heels, placed his hand at his helmet, bowed stiffly, and without more ado seated himself at my desk, opened his portfolio, spread it out before him, and, in short, told us to begin testifying. I looked at the man in amazement. I do not know just what confused notions of his power and authority were ebullient in his skull. But I finally convinced him that he was labouring under some misapprehension; and ultimately he went away, pausing only for a rather petulant salute. I do not know whether this man was Dr. Ivers or not. It would be too bold a confession of the weakness of my own character to say that I wish it were so, for reading the other day of Dr. Ivers, this man's physiognomy came to my mind—the thick neck, the heavy jowls,

the upstanding stiff, cropped hair, the myopic spectacles, and the manner. I know that the *ad hominem* argument is a fallacy, and a repugnant weapon besides, but it is not wholly uninteresting in this connection to note that Feldkriegsgerichtsrat Ivers has since been tried and convicted before the Criminal Courts of Berlin on a charge of having used his legal functions for the purpose of extorting money from the mother of a man then serving in the army, whose wife was suing him for a divorce, that for this he has been sent to prison, and that in sentencing him the judge who presided at the trial said that from the evidence it had been shown that the accused Ivers was without moral sense or judgment.

The investigation, however, seems not to have been a hearing in the ordinary sense of the word. The Feldkriegsgerichtsrat evidently had a rogatory commission, for he went about from one place to another, much as he came into the Legation that morning, holding court wherever he found a witness whose testimony was desired. There was no cross-examination. The depositions were taken in many different places; I am not quite sure that they were sworn to—not that it makes any difference, for I could never quite see myself why so much to-do was made about oaths, since a man who would lie would probably be willing to swear to it. But the depositions were made, many of them, weeks and even months afterwards, and it is a curious coincidence that they were devised so as to refute in advance the points that were afterwards raised.

The *échauffourée* in the Place de la Station was the most intense. Pay-officer Rudolph testified that from the night of the twenty-fourth to the twenty-fifth all of

the chambers were still held by German officers. He tried to get a room at the Hôtel Marie-Thérèse, but it was full. On the evening of the twenty-fifth the cafés were closed at eight o'clock, in accordance with the order of the *Kommandantur,* and no civilian was allowed in the street. The Place de la Station was at the moment filled with wagons and with soldiers. A few moments after eight o'clock a whistle blew somewhere, and immediately the soldiers in the Place began shooting in all directions. The occupants of the houses, naturally frightened, took refuge in the rear rooms and in the cellars. The officers and soldiers themselves, stricken with panic, joined the people in the cellars. Every one in Louvain knows and smiles grimly about it except when they speak of those Germans who had the very persons with whom they had taken refuge dragged out afterwards and shot.

One other deposition is of interest, that of Oberleutnant von Sandt, the comrade of Berghausen, a captain of the Neuss Landsturm. Von Sandt's company was at the railway-station early in the evening when the shooting began.

"In about an hour," he says, "an adjutant came who cried my name, von Sandt. He told me that he was the adjutant of Excellency von Boehn, and he put the following question to me: 'Can you affirm on oath that Belgians shot at your company from the houses situated in front and at the side?' I replied: 'Yes, I can swear it.' Thereupon the adjutant conducted me to Excellency von Boehn, who was nearby. His Excellency desired an exact report; I gave it to him exactly as I have made it here before the member of the Council of War, Dr. Ivers. When I had finished my report His Excel-

lency said to me: 'Can you affirm, on oath, that which you have just told me, in particular that it was the inhabitants who began to shoot from the houses?' I replied to him: 'Certainly, I can.' "

All through von Sandt's deposition are such phrases as "I was told so" and "Soldiers told me that," and all of the soldiers' depositions are full of hearsay and of conclusions—which must be believed in Germany because they are made by German soldiers.

But the account would not be complete—no history of those times, by whomever written, would be complete —without a word or two concerning Dr. Georg Berghausen.

Dr. Georg Berghausen, surgeon-in-chief of the second battalion of the Landsturm of Neuss, is a young man who appears at several points in this narrative, and in his own deposition, almost in the first line, he gives us an accurate description of himself; for there is this terrible and fatal quality in all writing, which should no doubt adjure us all to silence—namely, that, no matter how imperfect a picture the writer gives of everything else, he always draws a perfect portrait of himself.

"I arrived at Louvain," says our doctor, "the twenty-fourth of August, in the afternoon, and went to the hotel. In order favourably to impress the landlord and his waiters I turned out of my pocket the sum of fifty francs, destined to the purchase of food."

There you have him, at his entrance on the stage. Arriving at the hotel with a flourish, striking an attitude, twirling his moustache, impressing the natives.

No sooner arrived in Louvain than he goes to the penitentiary in order to set at liberty all prisoners of

German nationality—not prisoners of war, but Germans condemned long before the war for felonies.

Again, on the twenty-first of September, we find him in the heat of the fray. He went out to battle, and at the head of several Hussars captures a *mitrailleuse* from the Belgians, and was given the Iron Cross—of the second class.

Next we see him bending to kiss the hands of Belgian nurses at the hospital, expatiating to them on the solidarity that binds all workers of the Red Cross together. Later on in September, according to a newspaper of Cologne, he is at a religious ceremony in Louvain, mounting to the pulpit beside the Dominican father and translating into German, for the benefit of German soldiers present, the sermon which the monk had just delivered in French to his own people. Thus it is not surprising to find him in the midst of the affray there in the Place de la Station that night. He had gone on foot, he says, to the Place de la Station, and on the way Belgians had fired at him from upper windows ten or twelve times. However, he was not touched by the shots of the *francs-tireurs,* and he arrived at the Statue Juste-Lipse. He arrived tardily on the scene—it was then half-past ten o'clock—and he saw the body of a German soldier lying in the street, and, as he says in his deposition, asking some German soldiers nearby who it was that killed the man, "they pointed to the house of David Fishback."

But it is better that he tell it himself.

"I myself broke in the door, with the aid of my orderly, and I found the occupant of the house, Mr. David Fishback, the elder. I asked him the reason for the murder of the soldier, because, I said to him, his

comrades had told me 'it was from the windows of your house that the shot was fired which brought down the soldier extended there on the square.' The old man assured me that he knew nothing of it. Upon this his son, the young Fishback, came downstairs from the first story, and the old servant came out of the porter's lodge. I led outside at once the father, the son, and the servant. At this moment a panic took place in the street because from several houses situated a little farther on, on the same side, they were firing in a terrible fashion on the soldiers who were near the statue and on me. In the darkness I lost sight of the father Fishback, the son, and the servant."

Again Berghausen is almost miraculously spared, and goes down the street, encountering von Manteuffel, "accompanied by the President of the Croix Rouge, the Dominican friar and the old Curé," as he refers to Monseigneur Coenraets. "We four, or rather we five"—Berghausen is always meticulous in minute details—"we all saw the dead soldier." Berghausen's star had been constant, for, like all the other soldiers on whom, as he says, they were shooting in such terrible fashion from the windows, once more he passed through the fire unscathed. "We all saw the dead soldier and a few steps further on Mr. David Fishback, the elder, dead also. He was stretched before the statue. I suppose that the comrades of the soldier, having seen that it was indeed from the house of Fishback that the shot was fired that killed him, had immediately inflicted punishment on the possessor of the house."

Nothing here from Berghausen of his own responsibility as an officer. He had dragged an old gentleman from his own house, after breaking in his door, and

had turned him over to the wrath of frenzied soldiers, and then lost sight of him in the darkness. And he *supposes* that they had killed him because he was the possessor of the house from which shots had been fired!

Later on in his deposition there is this statement: "I can declare in the most formal manner that the officers and the soldiers who were following the Rue de la Station, at the moment when I was going to the station, did not shoot. From which it is established that"—Berghausen never leaves any doubt in his evidence, but himself always draws the desired conclusions for one—"from which it is established," he says, "that on the night of the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth of August, some time between ten and eleven o'clock, the inhabitants of the Rue de la Station, without the German soldiers having furnished them any pretext, shot from their windows on officers and men, and, in particular, when we were passing before the house No. 120 Rue de la Station they were aiming from the windows of the second story of that house, as I saw myself the murderous fire on officers and soldiers. That all or at least that some of us were not killed I can explain only by the fact that the officers and soldiers were on the sidewalk on the side of the street from which they were shooting, and that, besides, profound darkness was reigning.

"In my deposition, which I am ready to confirm by oath, made in all conscience, it is established in a manner absolutely undeniable that on the night from the twenty-fifth to the twenty-sixth of August, as well as on the afternoon of the twenty-sixth of August, inhabitants of Louvain shot on numerous occasions on the German soldiers, and this without any pretext, without a

shot having been first fired on them by an officer or soldier."

Such is his deposition, as it appears in the German White Book, and such is Berghausen, and such was all of the published evidence in the hearing, such is all the evidence in the White Book; and these are the star witnesses. Their evidence has satisfied the German conscience, though indeed that was satisfied already. Did not ninety-three German professors—scientists whose conclusions are said to be based only on proved facts—even long before the White Book appeared, solemnly declare that Louvain had been justly punished?

XXX

DINANT

Louvain will remain, perhaps, the classic instance of *Schrecklichkeit;* it resumes and sums up in the general mind the sinister history of those terrible times. But it was not the worst; Visé was worse, and so was Dinant, and so was Aerschot; and worst of all, perhaps, was Tamines. Visé was the first—it was near there that on the second of August the Germans, wilfully violating their treaty, invaded the little land they had sworn to protect. Going from St. Rémy along the Road of the Three Chimneys, the route the Germans took from Aachen to Visé, one comes to a turn in the highway where in place of the fine old sixteenth century house belonging to the de Borchgrave family, there stands now only a mass of blackened walls. And there, along the Meuse, below one lies a silent city, its empty chambers open to the sky; it might be Pompeii. Those ruins might have lain there for centuries. There is not a living thing there. The devastation, the destruction are absolute, the silence complete; it is the very abomination of desolation—a mass of brick and stone and charred beams, crumbling white façades, whose windows, their casements blackened by fire, stare like the hollow sockets of skulls. Of the four thousand inhabitants not one is there, not a house is standing, not a roof remains. The taverns, where the people used to go in joyous bands to eat of the famous roast goose, are heaps of cinders; the very trees in their gardens, under whose boughs

the youth of Léige used to dance the *cramignon,* have been burned. The scaling walls of the church tremble in the wind, the roof has fallen in; the towers with their bells, the organs, the statues, have tumbled into bits. The work that would have required ages was accomplished by German organization in a night.

And my lawyer friend who was born there, when he saw it from the turn in the Road of the Three Chimneys and looked on the ruins lying before him along the highway to the Meuse, said:

"Since there is nothing left with which to begin life anew, let the city be preserved as it is—a holy necropolis and a shrine; a monument to the implacable ferocity of German 'kultur.' "

The German troops entered St. Rémy-sous-Argenteau on the fourth of August at ten o'clock in the morning; they came in an endless stream, that rolled on like a tide to the Meuse. Those first comers did no harm to the civilians; it was not until they had been checked by the Belgian army that the civil population had to suffer. They fell back, and because Visé lay on the main road running from Germany to the Meuse, they put it to fire and sword, and whole families, threatened with shooting if they should leave their houses, were burned alive in their homes—men, women, and children.

The old Curé of the Parish of St. Rémy, having buried a neighbouring priest, shot because the Belgian Engineers had used the tower of his church for observations, remarked to a German officer that it was unjust; that it was the military, and not the priest, that had set up the observation-post, and that the priest had no means of preventing them from doing so. And the officer replied:

"Yes, all that is true; but war is war, and they did right to shoot the priest."

All the old Curé could do was to go out of his parsonage and over the fields alone in the dark night; he could not see two paces ahead of him, but to right and left he heard cries of pain and the groans of dying men and there, alone on that field, turning about, he made the sign of the cross many times, giving a general absolution to all those unknown men who were dying there.

We had just begun to hear of the horror of Dinant when the horror of Louvain came upon us, because that was nearer, more immediate, it dulled the impression of the other deed; we could not realize that the charming little town, set like a jewel on the Meuse, with the picturesque rock of its citadel and the curiously Oriental spire of the old church of Notre-Dame, was no more. "Dinant has been destroyed," said some one almost casually; it was but one more detail in the great cataclysm. It was the first of September, when we were beginning to get the events of Louvain in order in our minds, that the two men came in from Dinant. I have since read the story many times and in many reports, but their account in all essentials was sufficient; the others could but piece out the recital with shocking details until a long while afterwards we had the sinister necrology: the names and ages of the 606 victims of the massacre—old men of seventy and eighty and women and little children and babies in their mother's arms.

The Germans had entered Dinant on the sixth of August. The town folk had heard of the destruction of Visé, but they did not believe it. There were skirmishes

in the country round between Uhlans, making reconnoissances, and Belgian and French troopers, but that was all. Then on the fifteenth the Germans tried to force their way across the Meuse, but they were repulsed, and fell back in retreat. The Dinantais thought that the French had definitely won the engagement and that they were among friends, but just at nightfall on the twenty-first a band of German soldiers, about 150 in all, dashed down the road from Ciney and along the Rue St.-Jacques, shouting like savages, smashing street lamps, firing into windows, throwing incendiary bombs into houses, terrorizing the population of the quarter of St. Roch, "shooting up" the town, as they used to say in the Far West.

Then suddenly, early on the morning of the twenty-third, German troops began pouring into the town from all four quarters; they came by the Lisogne road, by the Ciney road, by the Froidevaux road, but principally by la Montagne de St.-Nicolas, and while the shells exchanged by the German artillery on the citadel with the French across the river were screaming overhead, the soldiers turned the inhabitants out of doors, set the dwellings on fire, herded the people in a mass and marched them, their hands above their heads, across the city to the Place d'Armes. The men were separated from the women and children, ranged in line, and from time to time during the day a few were selected, led out and shot. In the Leffe quarter alone the Germans shot thus 140; and at evening they shot the Argentine Consul, and forty workmen in a factory. The terror lasted all that day and night. The Germans locked whole crowds of the people in barracks, in stables, in factories, surrounded them by soldiers ready to

fire at any moment; and in the St. Roch quarter they imprisoned a group in a building, placed bundles of straw all around the house and set it on fire—but, by a fortunate chance the Germans overlooked a cellar window, and the people crawled one by one out of this and escaped.

Women and children were forced to stand by and witness the murder of husbands or fathers; one woman, Madame Alnin, who had given birth to a child three days before, was borne forth on a mattress by German soldiers, who said they would compel her to look on while they shot her husband, but her cries and supplications finally moved the soldiers to spare the husband's life.

The soldiers "stood by laughing" while the executions were going on. During all that night of the twenty-third they marched about the city, setting fire to such buildings as had escaped shelling, and when the fires slackened somewhat they systematically pillaged everywhere—in the famous wine-cellars, of course; in banks, the safes of which they blew open; and in jewelry shops, whence they bore off silver and plate, and wherever there was property to be taken they placed guards to protect it from all but their own robbery!

And when their rage was spent, out of 1,400 houses but 400 remained. The old church of Notre-Dame, that had survived the wars of seven hundred years, was destroyed, the picturesque tower no longer reared itself under the rook of the citadel; the College and the Hôtel de Ville—all were in ruins.

Four hundred and sixteen Dinantais, arrested—no one knew why—on the night of the twenty-third, were taken to the plateau of Herbuchenne on the heights overlooking Dinant where they were camped in the open

air without food or drink. Some of the soldiers who guarded them told them that they would be shot at daybreak; others that they would be transferred to Coblentz.

Their escort was commanded by a captain of the 100th Infantry, who, while they were waiting,[1] saw a superb stallion in a field and wantonly shot it dead. A while later he shot a mare and her colt. Finally the prisoners were marched toward Ciney. They were continually threatened with death; soldiers spat in their faces, threw *ordures* at them, and officers struck them with their riding-crops. From time to time the captain in command, who was mounted, would turn in his saddle to shout at them, *"Vous êtes des bêtes!"* Thus they were taken to the prison camp at Cassel in Germany.

One scene remains to be described—a scene that in its unsurpassed and shameful cruelty has no counterpart, even in the dark annals of savage tribes. It was on that Sunday morning of the twenty-third. The Germans that swarmed down the Freidrau road entered the quarter of Penant, arrested the inhabitants and took them to the Rocher Bayard, the famous picturesque rock that, split off from the cliff and overlooking the lovely Meuse, is associated in romantic legend with the *fils* Aymon and their famous horse Bayard. The people were held there, evidently as a screen, while the Germans began to construct a temporary bridge over the river. The French were on the other side, and now and then they shot at the soldiers working there. The Germans, annoyed by the spitting irregular fire, sent a citizen of Dinant, one of the prisoners, in a boat across the river to inform the French that unless they ceased firing the civilians

[1] Testimony of Mr. Tschoffer, *Procureur du Roi de Dinant* (Crown Prosecutor for Dinant.)

would be shot. M. Bourdon made his dangerous voyage, accomplished his mission, and returned to take his place among his fellows. But a few stray bullets still sped across the river.

Then was committed the atrocious crime. The prisoners were massed together, nearly ninety of them—old men and young, women, girls and boys, little children, and babies in their mothers' arms. A platoon was called up, the colonel in command gave the word to fire and the grey soldiers in cold blood shot down those ninety persons as they stood huddled there together. Among them were twelve children under the age of six years, six of whom were little babies whose mothers, as they stood up to face their pitiless murderers, held them in their arms.

The six babies were:

The child Flévet, three weeks old;
Maurice Bétemps, eleven months old;
Nelly Poullet, eleven months old;
Gilda Genen, eighteen months old;
Gilda Marchot, two years old;
Clara Struvay, two years old.

Evening came. The grey soldiers were fumbling in the mass of prostrate bodies, whose contorted limbs were still at last, fixed in the final attitude of agony, of resignation or despair. They thought them all dead, but, no; some were living, some by a miracle were uninjured. And these were dragged from the pile of bodies and made to dig a pit and to tumble into it the bodies of the victims of the tragedy—their relatives, their neighbours, and their friends.

XXXI

NAMUR, ANDENNE, AND ELSEWHERE

After Dinant we began to have news of Namur. Even in those lovely September days the town was still living under a reign of terror. The Germans, after a bombardment lasting two hours, had entered on the twenty-second of August—the same Sunday that witnessed the horror at Dinant. At six-thirty that evening soldiers, with fixed bayonets and drawn revolvers, entered every house in the neighbourhood of the railway-station, ordered the people into the street; in the great waiting-room of the station they gathered about five hundred of them, to be held as hostages. But after an hour the women and children were released, while the men and youths were detained. An hour later a German officer entered the hall. A man described the strange scene. The officer stood there before them with his heels together, then suddenly shouted:

"Declaration!"

He paused; then:

"We make war on armies, not on the populations!"

Then he went on to announce that if they fired on the German soldiers they would all be shot, and he told them of the fate of Andenne.

At ten o'clock the same officer returned again with his strange formula:

"Silence!"

"Declaration!"

And after that:

"You may go now. If you have arms you must surrender them at once, even your penknives; you will be searched and then you may go."

The people remained calm, and in a pathetic effort to placate the soldiers, even served meals to them. And on the night of the twenty-seventh, suddenly—no one knew why—in the best quarter of the town, the Germans began to set fire to the houses. The Hôtel de Ville and nearly all the houses on the Place d'Armes, many buildings in the Place Léopold, and many residences as far as the Rue des Brasseurs were consumed by the flames. And it was a final touch—one is almost tempted to say artistic—to the terror of that night that all through its horrid, tragic hours the Germans kept the church-bells tolling.

And one night just as I was going to bed, a man told me how the soldiers, first evacuating the German patients who were cared for there, had set fire to l'Hospital Bribosid, an Eye and Ear Hospital, and either shot down on the door sill the Belgians and French who tried to escape or left them to perish in the flames.

They will tell you in Belgium that Namur escaped the fate of Dinant and Louvain because there was a disagreement among the Germans—some wishing to destroy it, while the milder party wished merely to exact a tribute from it. I know nothing of the facts, except that Namur paid a contribution of 32,000,000 francs.

Andenne, to whose fate the German officer had alluded in his declaration, is a town on the Meuse, not far from Namur. It has, or had, a population of 7800.

On the morning of August nineteenth, in the course of sharp fighting, the Belgians blew up the bridge across the river and then evacuated the town. The Uhlans

entered immediately, seized the city treasury, and took the Burgomaster as a hostage. In the afternoon the infantry entered, and, except for the brutalities of drunken soldiers, comparative quiet prevailed during that night. The next afternoon the Germans threw a temporary bridge over the Meuse and began crossing; the inhabitants were watching them from the windows. Suddenly, at six o'clock P. M. there was a shot, then a fusillade; the soldiers on the bridge wavered, fell back and, panic-stricken, began shooting wildly, and all night the killing and the pillaging went on. It went on the next day and at four o'clock on the morning of August twenty-first soldiers began breaking into houses and turning the inmates into the street. The crowd was ordered to walk towards the Place des Tilleuls; those who did not walk fast enough were shot down. A Flemish clock-maker, so it was said, came out of his dwelling supporting his aged father-in-law; he was ordered to hold up his hands, but he could not do so without letting the old man fall, so a soldier struck him in the neck with an axe. Arrived at the Place des Tilleuls, the women and children were separated from the men, and, haphazard, the soldiers picked out forty or fifty men and shot them down in cold blood.

And all the while, day and night, in the flaming streets, the pillage and the murder went on, until nearly three hundred persons were killed. The man who described it all to me had a vivid memory of a "tall, red-headed soldier" who was particularly conspicuous by the ferocity with which he wielded his axe and mutilated his victims—a baby among them, in the arms of its mother.

At Faliselle French soldiers had placed machine-guns in abandoned houses and fired on the Germans as they

approached. The Burgomaster and the druggist went out to meet the oncoming Germans, explained that the inhabitants had taken no part in the fusillade, and asked that the village be spared. The German officers accepted the explanation and ordered them to dig a trench in which to bury the soldiers that had been killed. The Burgomaster and the druggist called on seven other burghers to help them, and when the work was done the Germans shot the nine men and threw them into the ditch they had just digged. . . .

At Herve several notables and women and children were torn from their homes and, prodded by German bayonets, driven off to the hamlet of La Bouche, near the Fort of Evegnée. As in most of these tragic processions, they were forced to hold their hands above their heads—and as they went they were shot in the back.

One of the best known personalities in Belgium told me about Rossignol. The village is on the River Semois, and found itself in the center of a battle between French and German troops. The Germans entered and sacked the village on August twenty-second; they burned every house in it, not one was left. The entire male population —one hundred and seventeen men—and, for some reason the gentleman did not know, one woman was arrested. The woman was Madame Huriaux, and she was French; perhaps that is why she was arrested. The next morning they were all taken to Arlon, forced to walk the entire distance under heavy escort, and reminded constantly that they would be shot upon their arrival. No one of them could speak German, so in one of the villages through which they passed, knowing of a man who could speak that language, they asked him to accompany them and to interpret for them at the trial which they ex-

pected to have the next morning. He consented, and joined them. Upon their arrival at Arlon, without any semblance of trial, they were all aligned before the railway station and shot down—including the interpreter, whom the Germans refused to hear. Madame Huriaux, as she died, shouted, *"Vive la France!"*

When the Germans arrived at Monceau-sur-Sambre, a suburb of Charleroi, they had a list showing the names and addresses of a hundred prominent persons of the place, which it is believed was furnished by a German who had worked in the Zimmerman factory at Monceau. They seized this hundred as hostages; among them were five well-known citizens, who afterwards related their experiences to me.

The Germans, with this band of hostages, set out on the high road toward Montigny, forcing their prisoners to run with their uplifted arms, in front of Uhlans who prodded them with their lances and struck them with the butts of their guns, and when they would not run fast enough, charged their horses upon them. One of the men was struck so violently that his shoulder was dislocated; another, who as the result of kicks, was ill for a long time, tried to intervene on behalf of his companions, but himself had only redoubled blows in consequence. A third, who was lame, could not run fast enough to suit the soldiers, they became enraged and rained more blows upon him, and when at last, unable to go further, he fell on the road, they pitched him over a hedge into a field and left him there. Two or three times the officers gave the order to halt, and at random took one man, or a group of four or five men, and, without listening to appeals or explanations, shot them down.

The survivors arrived at Montigny and were placed

together in a barn, the door of which was left open in order that those within might look on while the soldiers piled bales of straw around the barn and saturated it with oil. While these sinister preparations were going on—it lasted all night—soldiers came from time to time, took some of the hostages, and shot them on the spot. An officer approached one of the five and, playing with a cartridge, said:

"This is for you; you will not be burned there."

And then suddenly—the hostages knew not why—the soldiers seized their arms and under a sharp order marched away, and thus strangely delivered, the prisoners fled, pausing only for a last glance at the bodies of their companions huddled there against the wall, where they had been shot during the night.

Madame Thielemans has told the story of Aerschot better than I or any one can tell it. But it may be noted that the greater part of the inhabitants of Aerschot who had not fled the town were shut up in the church for days with hardly any food; on August twenty-eighth they were marched to Louvain and turned loose to be fired on by German soldiers; the following day they were marched back to Aerschot and again shut up—the men in the church, the women in "a building belonging to Mr. Fontaine." Many women and girls were violated by the German soldiers. Seventy-eight men were taken outside the town and literally made to run the gauntlet; German gendarmes struck them with the butts of their revolvers—and of seventy-eight men only three escaped death. Others were ranged in line, the Germans shooting every third man.

The Germans killed over one hundred and fifty of the inhabitants of Aerschot, among them eight women and

several children, and on the sixth of September three hundred were carted off in wagons to Germany. The pillage and burning continued for days and a great quantity of furniture and objects of art were sent to Germany. In the seven small villages surrounding Aerschot forty-two persons were killed, four hundred and sixty-two were sent to Germany, one hundred and fifteen houses were burned and eight hundred and twenty-three were pillaged.

XXXII

TAMINES

I HAVE said that the worst of all was Tamines, but perhaps it only seems the worst because it made such an impression on the minds of the young men of the C.R.B. They were always talking of it.

"Yes, but have you seen Tamines?" they would say whenever the conversation, with a kind of fatal and persistent irrelevancy, turned on the atrocities. They knew Tamines only as they passed through it on their way to and from the Borinage, and all they had seen was the poor little cemetery there in the church yard, crowded with the new-made graves whose wooden crosses all bore the same date.

Many of the young men of the C.R.B., whose experience of human kind had been as fortunate as their own natures were kind, came to Belgium with the scepticism that did so much credit to their natures, but somehow that little graveyard at Tamines was more potent as proof to them than direct evidence could have been.

Tamines is a little mining town on the Sambre, down in what is known as the Borinage, the coal fields between Namur and Charleroi. The little church stands on the village-green overlooking the river, its façade all splotched where the bullets and *mitraille* spattered against it. And in the graveyard beside the church there are hundreds of new-made graves, long rows of them, each with its small wooden cross and its bit of flowers. The crosses stand in serried rows, so closely

that they make a very thicket, with scarcely room to walk between them. They were all new, of painted wood, alike except for the names and the ages—thirteen to eighty-four. But they all bore the same date: August 22nd, 1914.

The Germans had been in Tamines for several days, but the occupation was, what would be called, for the times, peaceful; the only deed of violence, it seems, concerned a little girl and her two brothers; they were standing on the village-green staring with childish wonder at the German soldiers, who suddenly turned on them and shot them. The French were holding the bridge on the Sambre; there was a sharp fight, and after the Germans had carried the bridge they sent the main body of the troops on after the French, but they left enough troops behind to wreak the usual vengeance on the civilians. The Germans then began to pillage and burn the houses, 676 of them; then they turned all the inhabitants into the street, promiscuously, marching them about in bodies, in order, as the man from whom we had the story said, "to terrorize the population and to frighten the women and children." It went on for long hours; the people were given no food or drink. "During a halt they forced them to lie beneath the machine-guns, then they lined them up against the church-wall and performed a mock execution, that is to say, the soldiers fired over the heads of the victims." It was the evening of Saturday the twenty-second, about seven o'clock. About six hundred men were massed in St. Martin's Square, on the river-bank, and the women folk —their wives, mothers, daughters—were assembled by the soldiers to witness the scene.

"They lined up their victims," said the man from

Tamines, "in three rows along the Sambre and tumbled (*culbutèrent*) one hundred and fifty of them head over heels into the river, shoving back with their bayonets those who attempted to cling to the bank; only four or five escaped by swimming. During this first execution the machine-guns were trained on the remaining lines. The first discharge carried away all but twenty men—among them my brother, who still stood facing the enemy in spite of three wounds in the shoulder and one in the left side of the groin. A soldier then approached him and knocked him over with a blow on the head with his gunstock."

The accounts differ slightly. Some witnesses who escaped out of the country and gave their testimony either before the British or the Belgian commissions, say that the first volley was fired by a squad, and that after this a number of men jumped into the river and escaped by swimming, while others, fired upon by the soldiers from the banks, were killed as they struggled in the water; that after the first volley the Germans ordered the survivors to arise, and that it was at this time that the machine-gun was used. Others told dreadful tales of the killing of the wounded. That there should have been confused accounts of what transpired there in that summer twilight on that village-green by the river-side, with its demoniac confusion and horrid deeds, is not surprising. Darkness fell; soldiers, using electric-pocket lamps, prowled through the rows of the fallen, despatching with the butts of their rifles or with their bayonets those who still breathed.

Some day, no doubt, the evidence will all be marshalled and the whole truth told. There is no available testimony from German sources; for in the White

Book, issued to explain and justify all that was done in Belgium, there is no reference to Tamines, no mention of it.

But when the firing had ceased that night there were more than four hundred dead; women, too, and children lying there.

The bodies lay there stark on the green all night, sentinels guarding them; the next day they were buried in one trench. Their graves are now nearby, in the cemetery, and the ages given as from thirteen to eighty-four.

"At the beginning of last week"—our narrator came on the seventh of September—"the inhabitants were able to exhume the bodies and bury decently each one. Several days were spent in this dismal undertaking. One of my brothers and my brother-in-law came on Wednesday, September second, to identify the body of my poor brother, and begged in vain for permission to have it removed to the family vault. My brothers were able to satisfy themselves—and this detail is not without importance—that a sum of three thousand francs which my brother had pocketed before leaving his house, so that it would not be stolen when the place came to be pillaged, had disappeared. My sister, who resides in the same house as my brother, was informed of this fact. Highway robbers demand your money or your life, but the Germans take both, your money and your life!"

XXXIII

MAN HAT GESCHOSSEN

THERE was a certain gruesome monotony in the stories, after all; they were alike, the same thing over and over again, everywhere in the land—the same details, the same characteristics, the same typical deeds. One comes almost to recognize it as the work of a certain type, as old detectives identify the work of yeggmen, and trappers from the signs, tell whether Cheyennes or Sioux have passed that way.

The Germans enter a town, take hostages—the burgomaster, some councilmen, one or two notables; they demand money, food, wine, and forage. All goes well enough for a few days. The army moves on. There is a reverse, and soldiers swarm back into the town crying *"Man hat geschossen!"* Then murder, pillage, fire, rape, massacre. This happened again and again: at Herve, at Bligny, Battice, Retinne, Schaffen,[1] Charleroi, Hou-

[1] The priest's story:

The Germans led me into my garden and tied my hands behind my back. They ill-treated me in every possible way; they prepared a gallows, saying that they were going to hang me; one of them seized in turn my head, nose, and ears, going through the gestures of cutting off members. They forced me to gaze at the sun for a long time. They smashed the arms of the blacksmith and then killed him. Once they forced me into the Burgomaster's burning house, then drew me out again. This sort of thing lasted all day. Toward evening they told me to look at the church, saying it would be for the last time. At a quarter to seven they let me go, striking me with their riding-crops. I was covered with blood and lay unconscious. Then an officer had me placed on my feet and ordered me

gaerde, at Monceau-sur-Sambre, at Goegnies and at Termonde—occupied twice by the Germans, who, driven out the first time by the Belgian troops, returned and almost annihilated the town.[2]

The tale is unending; horror piles on horror. We heard them every day all that autumn, all that winter; every refugee who came to Brussels, every one who came in from the country, brought them; and they will be told in Belgium for a century to come. At first we heard them and could not believe them; and when, finally, we did believe them, because there was no doubting any more, we scarcely realised them, in all their sheer and

to go on; a few meters from them they fired on me. I fell and was considered dead. To this fact I owe my life. They claimed they had been fired on from the church tower, but this was false, for the church door was locked, and it was they that forced it open, without finding any one in the church.

[2] The atrocities have been made the subject of two serious investigations, that of the Belgian Commission, headed by Mr. Henri Carton de Wiart, the Belgian Minister of Justice, and that of the British Commission, presided over by Lord Bryce, formerly British Ambassador at Washington. Something of the sweep of these investigations may be gathered from the fact that the report of the Belgian Commission, the *Grey Book* (*Le Livre Gris*) *Repouse au Livre Blanc allemand,* etc., 1916, forms an *in-quarto* volume of 525 pages. Many brochures have appeared that treat of these atrocities, and recently an excellent study, "The German Army at Louvain and the German *White Book*" (*L'Armée allemande à Louvain en août 1914, et le Livre Blanc du 10 mai 1915*), has been published, which gives a sober and convincing account of the tragedy of Louvain, and contains an able analysis of the *White Book.* Many of the facts given in this work are borne out by my notes. The report of the British Commission, that is to say the conclusions drawn from the evidence heard before the Commission, contains 38 *in-quarto* pages, while the evidence itself forms a two-hundred-page volume of the same dimensions.

utter savagery. Scores and hundreds and thousands of such recitals were told by the refugees, from all those doomed towns in eastern Belgium; myriad repetitions of individual instances, all essentially the same, until the mass of them overpowered the imagination and saturated the mind with their horror. Words lost their meaning, were unable longer to depict the sinister and tragic significance of the events they would describe, and became cold and bald, like statistics or terms of generalisation. It all seemed too grotesque, too patently impossible, there, before one, in Brussels, in the midst of familiar things, in our own times—in the "so-called twentieth century," as the English parson said, with a humour that I trust was not unconscious.

I might have had hundreds of such tales, but I did not seek them; I had those that were brought to me, and I have struck out all that seems like exaggeration. I was representing a neutral Power and I made it a point of honour to respect that neutrality and to see that it was respected; only in the case of Louvain did I seek information, and then I felt that I had the right to do so because it was reported that American interests were involved. Finally I ceased to listen to the stories and turned the relators over to Gibson or to de Leval, and at last even they ceased to listen. Of what use? It was all cumulative, corroborative. Any good trial judge would have said long since: "I don't care to hear any more on that point."

And so I left out of this account much that was told and have confined my statements to proved and admitted facts. I have not told about the old soldier in Brussels, *un vieux sabreur*, who used to tell his "group" in the *estaminet* when he sipped his *faro* of an afternoon

how, walking along the road from Alost to Brussels on the twentieth of August, he saw a Uhlan stab a boy, a little *manneke,* with his lance, and how he, the *vieux sabreur,* had folded his arms and shouted *"Lâche!"* three times to the Uhlan.

The reason I would not offer this in evidence is the fact, principally, of that detail about the folded arms; that is of the cinema, indubitably, and I have a constitutional dislike for romanticism, and one finds as much of it among soldiers, with their swanking, as among the novelists.

There are many such tales and there are many that I can not bring myself to repeat; they belong to the smoking-room, and even there one would be ashamed to repeat them; they are more proper for pathological study than for the mere curiosity of the lay mind. Rape was common, and at certain places even nuns were not spared.[3]

One of the allegations that seems to have aroused an almost morbid curiosity is that which relates to the cutting off of hands of little children; we used to hear the story often in Belgium, but never in a form that seemed to me wholly convincing.[4]

[3] Cardinal Mercier's correspondence with the late Governor-General von Bissing on this delicate point is important.

[4] In the report of the English Commission there is given the testimony of three witnesses who claim to have seen this thing at Malines. We had that story, too, immediately after the fall of Antwerp, but the testimony is excluded from the report of the Belgian Commission.

XXXIV

THE GERMAN STATE

I USED to recall the American lady who, in those first days of the war, came to the Legation in fear. I had tried to calm her, assured her that she would be safe—that modern armies did not make war on civilians, much less on women.

"But these are Germans!" she said, as though I had overlooked the prime factor in the equation.

I had long since learned that arguments never convince. I supposed that she was but reflecting the opinion that was *à la mode* at Paris, where she had so long lived. One can not indict a whole nation, as Burke said, but perhaps her instinctive theory was as good as any to explain the dreadful deeds that had been done. People usually translate problems into the terms of their own understanding.

Field-Marshal Baron von der Goltz, the old Pasha, came to Belgium announcing the doctrine, amazing in our Western eyes, that "the punishment for hostile acts falls not only on the guilty, but on the innocent as well."

The doctrine, of course, is implicit in the German theory of the State. The State is conceived as something with an independent, ideal, unrelated existence, wholly dissociated from the individuals that compose it—an entity suspended somewhere between the heaven and the earth, like the coffin of Mahomet. It does not exist for the benefit of the individual, but, so far as he is of any account in it at all, he exists for it. Hegel, it seems, was

the original inventor of the theory, and students of German metaphysics can trace it all back to Kant's categorical imperative of duty, and to Goethe's principle of self-culture—doctrines distorted into something quite otherwise than that which their originators intended. They will cite Fichte, teaching that the citizen must sink his individuality in the State; Treitschke, with his notion that the state is a half-divine entity based on force, and that therefore the army is the highest manifestation of the State and war its chief business, "a radical medicine for the ills of state," which "the living God will take good care . . . shall not cease"; Clausewitz, preaching the duty of every man to be in the army; and Nietzsche, scorning the Christian tenets as soft and effeminate, inculcating the dogma of moral irresponsibility. Goethe's self-culture becomes a kind of sublimated selfishness, and into all this muddle a perversion of Darwin's theory of the struggle for life, and the survival of the fittest is mixed, until Bernhardi, getting down to business, teaches that might makes right, and that nothing succeeds like success. Thus is evolved a nation of supermen, all doing the goose-step.

For forty years these doctrines were dinned into the German ear; pamphleteers, novelists, soldiers, statesmen, scientists, professors, theologians, and pastors all preached and expounded them. The army became the avatar of the state. Every man is in the army, and there is but one law, one duty, one principle, one religion—obey. The private obeys the corporal, the corporal obeys the sergeant, the sergeant obeys the lieutenant, the lieutenant the captain, and so on up the scaffolding of the mounting grades, until all power, all authority, all privilege, is vested finally in the generals, the field-

marshals, and the General Staff. Pastors exist only to assure them of the approval of the Teutonic god, professors to write learned justifications of their crimes, and scientists to invent new and more terrible methods of destruction. For forty-four years the writers and thinkers of Germany had been at work upon this theory—forty-four years of what laborious study, of what prodigious toil! There is something almost pathetic in the spectacle; one ray of humour visiting those patient, docile, heavy minds would have spared them all their pains—and made the empire impossible. Forty-four years and whole libraries of ponderous tomes to define a theory that Louis XIV, without hypocrisy, and with no illusions, with French clearness, French logic, French cynicism and French wit, put into a word, *"L'Etat, c'est moi!"*

The trouble with theories is that when they undertake to realise themselves, to body themselves forth, they have nothing to do it with except men. I am sure that those old men of the Landsturm, in the little round caps and buckles with *"Gott mit Uns"* on their bellies, and the boots and the rifles with the long shining bayonets, whom we used to see standing in ecstasies before the windows of the *delicatessen* shops in Brussels, where the red sausages glistened and the golden Dutch cheeses gleamed, had never heard of Nietzsche or of Bernhardi or of Treitschke. They were neither philosophers nor mystics, and were all unaware that they were supermen. All they had heard of was the burgundy of Belgium, the champagne and the women of France—and *francs-tireurs.* In their pockets they carried inflammable pastels and the like, phrase-books giving alternate translations in German and French of such sentences as:

"Hands up!"

"Carry out all the furniture!"

"I am thirsty; bring me some beer, gin, rum."

"You have to supply a barrel of wine and a keg of beer!"

"If you lie to me I will have you shot immediately!"

"Lead me to the wealthiest inhabitants of this village. I have orders to requisition several barrels of wine."

"Show us the way to ——— If you lead us astray you will be shot!"

For forty years German writers had been preaching the duty of waging war not only on armies, but on civil populations as well, and the German mind was saturated with the notion that in France the civil population was composed of *francs-tireurs*. Not only the military writers, but the German romanticists had filled their books with the idea. Their popular romances abound in tales of the terrible French *francs-tireurs* with their ferocious names, the *eidolons* of those Tartarins the Germans had heard of in France in 1870, and those tales were told everywhere in the Prussian Germany that grew up afterward.

In the first days of the war, arrived in a village that was on the frontier, near Malmédy, partly in Belgium and partly in Germany, it is said—I can not vouch for this story—that the German soldiers at once began burning houses, and that there were cries of *"Nein! Nein! Dies ist noch Deutsche!"* At any rate, there is little doubt that along the Route des Trois Cheminées the peasants were assembled under guard by the soldiers and pointed out to the oncoming columns as specimens

of the Belgian *francs-tireurs* that had fired on their comrades!

The result was that when the German soldiers entered Belgium they were in such a highly excited state, in a condition of such fear, that they saw a *franc-tireur* in every peasant, in every peaceful civilian; the lightest sound, the crackling of a twig, the slamming of a door, brought the cry *"Man hat geschossen!"* and the stampede and carnage began. Even officers were not free from the obsession. A general, quartered in a ministry in Brussels in the autumn of 1914, was awakened by an unusual sound—a steady, persistent tick-tick-tick—there in the silent watches of the night; he arose, summoned the guard, told them that there was an infernal machine at work, ordered them to ransack the house from attic to cellar, where at last they found—a defective water-meter.

To the general, of course, and no doubt to all those with loftier seats in the hierarchy, the doctrines that I have cited meant something; war had become a sacred thing, and a German's duty first of all was to the State. An official at Brussels one day, while he was smoking a cigar with a relish that seemed entirely human, said, with an air of great merit, and no doubt with entire sincerity:

"If that sentinel out there should tell me to throw away this cigar I should do so, unhesitatingly and instantly."

Thus the peculiar conception of "duty" came before conscience, before honour, before every moral consideration. Distinctions become blurred, and finally fade from the mind. Men who in their private or personal capacity would not think of countenancing such deeds would permit, even command, any brutality, any wickedness,

any atrocity, the moment they could say to themselves that it was being done for the State. In this mystical conception the deed becomes a high and holy thing. The uniform comes to possess a magic quality; the moment it is on his back the wearer becomes something other than a man. And when anything that a man, provided he wears a uniform, desires to do, can be justified and approved in conscience merely by saying that it is for the benefit of the State, there is no end to the possibility of mischief.

The White Book, issued on May 10, 1915, to justify the deeds of the German army in Belgium, admits all the essential facts and attempts a justification —a plea in confession and avoidance. The claim was not that here and there some maddened and desperate peasant had fired from behind hay ricks or trees—that might have been conceivable, perhaps not unnatural, under all the circumstances; it was not even that there were here and there bands of *francs-tireurs;* but that the whole nation, secretly and officially organized, had arisen and flung itself on the invader. *"Man hat geschossen!"* becomes *"Der Belgischen Volkskrieg."*

In Brussels, to convict a Belgian of anything, the word of a German soldier sufficed; he did not have to give evidence of the fact, much less prove it—he merely had to assert it. It may be that some similar notion accounts for the fact that in the White Book there is no convincing evidence that the Germans were actually fired upon, and indeed, as it seems, that no serious effort was made judicially to establish the fact. As to have a town given over to fire and sword it sufficed simply for a German soldier to cry *"Man hat geschossen!"* when justification is attempted it seems sufficient

to say: "The Belgians fired on us." The fact that in a moment of panic some soldier cried *"Man hat geschossen!"* is offered as proof that some one did shoot at them. Three hundred times the White Book contents itself with repeating the unsupported allegation, "They have fired upon us." It was, of course, sufficient for Germany, for "a German soldier said so."

In the White Book there is not a word about Tamines, not a word about Surice, not a word about Spontin, not a word about Namur, not a word about Ethe, not a word about Gommeries, not a word about Latour—not a word, in short, about sixty-five other places where there were pillage and massacre and incendiarism.

The testimony, most of it gathered for the Louvain inquiry, consists almost wholly of such statements as those of Berghausen and his comrades; they were the star witnesses.

"Men of all professions," says the White Book, "workers, manufacturers, doctors, professors, even clergymen—yes, even women and children, were taken with weapons in their hands, in the regions from which the regular troops had retired. They were shooting from houses or from gardens, from roofs and from cellars, from fields and from forests, on the Germans. They used means that would never be employed by regular troops—shot-guns and lead-shot, old revolvers and old pistols—and numerous were the men found mutilated or scalded with boiling tar or boiling water. In short, it is not to be doubted that the German wounded were struck and killed by the Belgian population, and also greatly mutilated; nor is it to be doubted that women and even girls participated in these shameful exploits. German wounded had their eyes punctured,

their noses and ears and fingers and their sexual organs mutilated, their bodies ripped open; in other cases German soldiers were poisoned, sprayed with boiling liquid, or roasted, so that they suffered an atrocious death."

And by an even more extensive flight of the imagination one German soldier says that he saw a Belgian boy going about in a field with a basket filled with the eyes of German soldiers.

And hence, it was necessary to do what was done at Visé, at Dinant, at Aerschot, at Louvain, and a hundred other towns sacked, pillaged and burned, with masses mowed down by machine-guns, children murdered and women raped. And yet, if the alleged firing by civilians was done on such a scale it would seem rather simple to produce some direct evidence of the fact, and to show who fired on the soldiers and where, and when, and the names of some, at least, of the numerous victims.

Doubtless it is not given to us, with our Common Law notions of evidence and of proof, to penetrate the mystery of the German idea of justice. *"Man hat geschossen!"* A German soldier said so. That settles it.

It is, of course, inconvenient to argue with an opponent who has such a supreme and impregnable refuge. Attempts to have all the facts submitted to some impartial tribunal, as well as appeals, were all in vain.[1]

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[1] The Belgian Senator, Charles Magnetti, Grand Master of the Belgian Free Masons, wrote a letter on September 27, 1914, proposing to the Grand Lodge of Germany that a commission of inquiry be constituted with delegates from the lodges of neutral countries, but the proposal was not accepted.

On January 24, 1915, Count von Wengersky, Kreischef at Malines, having asked for proof as to the murder of priests in the

Monseigneur Rutten, Bishop of Liége, as early as

diocese, Cardinal Mercier wrote, proposing that an impartial investigation be made:

"To this end I have the honour to propose to you, M. le Comte, and to propose, by your kind medium, to the German authorities, that the Commission of Inquiry be composed equally of German delegates and Belgian lawyers, to be designated by our chief magistrate and presided over by the representative of a neutral country. I am pleased to believe that His Excellency, the Minister of the United States, will not refuse to accept this presidency, or to entrust it to a delegate chosen by him."

No reply was made to this proposal.

Monseigneur Heylen, Bishop of Namur, on October 31, 1915, courageously published a note in which he subjected the White Book to the pitiless examination of a remorseless logic. On November 6 he sent a letter to the Governor General in Belgium, protesting against the allegation and conclusions in the document; and he forwarded a similar protestation to Rome.

The Bishop of Liége, Monseigneur Rutten, sent protests not only to Commandant Bayer, but renewed the same protest on August 21 to General von Kolewe, who had then been appointed Military Governor of Liége. No answer was received to any of these protests.

Identical protests, but amplified and energetically accentuated, says the Bishop, were renewed in an interview with the Governor General in Belgium, Field-Marshal the Baron von der Goltz Pasha, then lodged in the Episcopal Palace with his staff, on August 29.

A priest accredited by His Eminence, Cardinal Piffle, Prince Archbishop of Vienna, made an inquiry in Belgium in the name of the *Priesterverein* of Vienna, the results of which were published in the *Tijd* of Amsterdam and in the *Politiken* of Copenhagen. The verdict was overwhelmingly against the German military authorities. So far as is known this report was never published in Germany or in Austria.

In their response to the French Catholics, the German Catholics, speaking of the violation of nuns, say that, when the German Governor General in Belgium addressed himself on the subject to the Belgian Bishops, the Archbishop of Malines (Cardinal Mercier)

August 18, 1914, had written to Commandant Bayer, German Military Governor of Liége:

"I appeal to your heart as a man and a Christian and I beseech you to put a stop to the executions and reprisals. I have been informed repeatedly that several villages have been destroyed, that many notables—among them priests—have been shot, that others have been arrested, and all have protested that they were innocent. As I know the priests of my parish, I can not believe that any one of them was guilty of acts of cruelty to German soldiers. I have visited several hospitals and have seen that they are as well cared for as the Belgians; they themselves have testified to this. I do not wish to discuss past events, I only ask of you, in the name of Humanity and of God, to prevent acts of reprisal against our harmless population. These reprisals can no longer have any useful object, but will only push the population to the depths of despair.

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caused it to be made known that he could furnish no precise information as to any case whatever of the violation of nuns in his diocese. Thereupon Cardinal Mercier published his correspondence with Baron von Bissing on this delicate subject, in which he said that the priests were bound to respect secrets of the confessional, and physicians those of their profession; that he would not submit any nun to an interrogatory, and that no good could come from a discussion of the subject. But when his words were misinterpreted, he wrote:

"I wrote, indeed, to the Governor-General that I could furnish no precise information, because my conscience forbade me to deliver to any tribunal whatever the information, alas! too precise, which I possess. Assaults on nuns have been committed. I believe them, happily, to be not numerous, but they occurred, to my knowledge, several times."

The Cardinal thereupon published in its entirety his correspondence with the Governor General.

"I should be pleased to discuss the matter with you, for I am confident that it is your wish as much as it is mine to lessen the hardships of war rather than to increase them. At the last minute I learn that the curate of R—— has been arrested and conducted to the Chartreuse (a fort). I do not know what the accusation against him is, but I do know that he is incapable of committing a hostile act toward your soldiers; he is a good priest, gentle and charitable. I can vouch for him, and beg you to send him back to his parish."

And Cardinal Mercier and the five Bishops of Belgium, on November 24, 1915, wrote a collective letter to the Cardinals and Bishops of Germany, Bavaria and Austria, in which this touching passage occurs:

"You will say, perhaps: 'It is past; let us forget it. Instead of pouring oil on the fire you had better strive to pardon and to collaborate with the Power in Occupation, whose sole desire is to heal the wounds of the unfortunate Belgian people.' Oh! Your Eminences and dear Colleagues, do not add irony to injustice. Have we not suffered enough? Have we not been, are we not continuing to be, tortured with sufficient cruelty?

"You say: 'All is past; accept it with resignation; forget.'

"The past! But all the wounds are bleeding! There is not an honest heart that is not inflamed with indignation. While we hear our Government say to the world: 'He is twice guilty who, after having violated the rights of others, still attempts, with the most audacious cynicism, to justify himself by attributing to his victim faults that the latter never committed,' our people can only keep back with violence words of malediction. Only yesterday a farmer in the neighbourhood of Malines learns that his son has died on the battlefield. A priest tries to console him and the brave man replies: 'Oh! This one; I give him to my country! But my eldest son, they took him from me, the accursed ones! and, like cowards, shot him and threw him into a ditch!' "

It has been said that after Louvain orders were given at Berlin that the policy of *Schrecklichkeit* be discontinued. If such orders were given they were neither enforced nor obeyed. All through the battles of September about Antwerp the same thing went on; the tragedies of Tremonde, of Lierre, were enacted there. And after Antwerp, when in October the Germans got down into West Flanders, where the Belgian army made its heroic stand along the Yser, and blocked the way to Calais, the tragedies of Roulers, of Furnes, of Ypres, of Pervyse, of Boesinghe were the result.

And right here we have the key of the mystery. If one will take a fairly large map of Belgium and lay one's right hand upon it with the wrist at Aix-la-Chapelle, the base of the palm on Liége, and the fingers outspread toward the Belgian coast, the thumb will touch Dinant, the index finger Nivelles, the middle finger Brussels, the second finger Louvain and Malines, and the little finger Antwerp. The five fingers thus disposed will represent in a crude figure the progress of the German forces that in August 1914, invaded the little kingdom they had sworn to protect and defend. The first of these—that went southward at about the line marked by the thumb—was the army of the Crown Prince. The next was the army of the Duke of Würtemburg, the next the army of von Hausen, the next the army of von Bülow, and last the army of von Kluck. And it was in the area covered by the hand that the atrocities for the most part—until the Germans got into Flanders—were committed.

As one studies the evidence one is struck at the outset by a fact so general that it must exclude the hypothesis of mere coincidence, and that is that these wholesale mas-

sacres followed immediately upon some reverse which the Germans had sustained. Their army is checked by the guns at the forts to the east of Liége, and the horrors of Visé, Verviers, Bligny, Battice, Herve, and twenty villages follow. Checked before Namur, they sack Andenne, Bouvignies, and Champignon. Compelled to give battle to the French army in the Belgian Ardennes, they ravage the beautiful valley of the Semois, destroy the village of Rossignol, and exterminate its entire male population. Checked again by the French on the Meuse, the awful carnage of Dinant results; and on the Sambre, by the same army, they burn Charleroi and enact the appalling tragedy of Tamines. At Mons the English balk them, and all over the Borinage there is systematic destruction, pillage, and murder. The Belgian army drives them back from Malines, and Louvain is doomed. The Belgian army, falling back and fighting in retreat, takes refuge in the forts of Antwerp, and the burning and sack of Hougaerde, Wavre, Ottignies, Grimde, Neerlinter, Weert St.-George, Shaffen and Aerschot follow. The Belgian troops inflict serious losses on the Germans in the south of the province of Limbourg, and the towns of Lummen, Bilsen, and Lanaeken are partially destroyed. Antwerp held out for two months, and all about its outer lines of fortifications there was blood and fire, numerous villages were sacked and burned, and the whole town of Termonde was destroyed. During the battles of September the village of Boortmeerbeek, near Malines, occupied by the Germans, was retaken by the Belgians, and when the Germans entered it again they burned forty houses. Three times occupied by the Belgians and retaken by the Germans, Boortmeerbeek was three times

punished in the same way. That is to say, everywhere the German army met with a defeat it turned on the civil population and punished it, wreaking a cowardly vengeance on helpless and unoffending civilians. This happened so many times and so precisely in the same way that its significance can not be avoided.

But there is a striking corollary to all this. In all those regions where the Germans could pass without resistance from the Belgian or French or English troops there were no massacres and no incendiarism in the grand style; there were many isolated cases of individual outrage and atrocity, of course, but no systematically organized annihilation of cities, no massacre of populations, as at Louvain, Dinant, Termonde, Aerschot, Tamines, Visé. Between Brussels and Mons, in the northern part of the Ardennes, in the north of Limbourg, in East Flanders, the German army passed in force, but there was no resistance there on the part of regular troops, no check to the ambitious plan; and there was no *Schrecklichkeit.*

If, as the claim is, the whole civil population of Belgium was organized for a *Volkskrieg,* the *francs-tireurs* would have been found there as well. From all that one can gather, the *francs-tireurs* existed only in the overwrought imagination of the German soldiers, and one is led irresistibly to the conclusion that, thus stung by little defeats and exasperated by the checks which their plans had sustained, the officers either ordered or permitted these atrocities on the civil population.

Almost as much has been said of German discipline as of German organization. There is of course, much of both in Germany, but the discipline is mostly of the military kind; there seems to be little self-discipline—

there are no sports in Germany and the sense of fair play is not developed; the idea of "playing the game" does not exist. It is said that German schoolboys see nothing out of the way in snitching, in informing, and are encouraged to do so.

And even the higher officers so easily fly into a rage—like the General in Brussels flinging his *képi* and gloves on the floor when suddenly he became furious with the Burgomaster. . . . The German language, so wonderfully rich, has a word for it—*Wütherich.*

They used to tell a story in Brussels of a sentinel at the old Ministry for Foreign Affairs in the Rue de la Loi who, halting some one, was instantly inundated by a flood of such shocking German oaths that he hastily saluted and allowed the man to pass.

"Why did you let him pass, *Dummkopf?*" demanded a sergeant, rushing up.

"I thought from the way he spoke he was an officer," replied the sentinel.

They have a word, too, for the state of wild and beastly rage into which the *Wütherich* so easily flies: *Jähzorn.* . . . It may have been *Schrecklichkeit,* or it may have been *Jähzorn;* perhaps it was both.

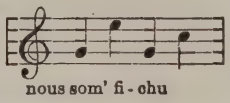
There should be some word, however, for the worst deed of all, that which followed this. For all those deliberately organized massacres of civilians, those wanton murders and outrages, the violation of women, the killing of children, the destruction, the burning, the looting and pillage, until whole towns were annihilated, as Carthage and Pompeii and Herculaneum were annihilated, and their people either massacred or sent forth to wander on the face of the earth—these were not the worst. It was not the worst even that after having re-

pelled the dishonourable advances of Germany, Belgium should be violated by force, and that all these outrages should have been committed to punish her for her virtue. The worst is, that after this, the assailant should have tried to justify the deed by trying to sully the reputation of the victim. There is no word for that—in English, at any rate.

XXXV

VON DER GOLTZ PASHA

AUGUST, that terrible August, passed away in the flood of its beautiful sunshine and its days of blue and gold gradually merged into the silvery light of September. It seemed like mockery to the heavy hearts in Belgium; the customary rains would have been more in harmony with the general spirit. The Belgians, proud as they were of the resistance of their army, which had fallen back within the fortifications of Antwerp, were depressed and humiliated by the daily spectacle of German troops in their city, of German proclamations on their walls. The soldiers were everywhere, trudging by in those uncouth, heavy boots into which their trousers were so clumsily thrust. Huge motors would sweep by flying the imperial standard, their siren sounding that call to which Brussels wit soon set mocking, ribald words:



There were processions of great auto-busses heavily loaded with baggage—busses that but a month before had been bowling up and down Unter den Linden. The hotels were turned over to German officers; in the dining room of the Palace Hotel they were eating and drinking every evening. The army was evidently moving up to the siege of Antwerp. We heard of a wonderful new

cannon; Poussette had seen it down at Namur—a siege gun, with two powerful motors to draw it, so enormous that it required a base of reinforced concrete on which to mount it. Poussette said it would make the defenses of Antwerp wholly useless. He told us about it one afternoon there in the hallway of the Legation, and, wishing to give some idea of the monster's length, he glanced down the hall to the other end and then on out into the sunlit courtyard. The glass door had the effect of arresting his measuring gaze.

"Would you like to have the door opened?" I asked.

It was the first account we had of the "Glorioso," the "Big Bertha," the famous *Quarante Deux.* Some claimed to have seen such monsters going down the boulevards manned by soldiers in strange uniforms and curious caps, but they may have been the guns borrowed from the Austrians.

There were long trains of army wagons, like our old prairie schooners, methodically aligned in the order of their serial numbers, lurching along the boulevards where but a few weeks before there had been such a gay parade of wealth and fashion. In the evening we would often hear a noise like rain sweeping nearer and nearer, gradually identifying itself as the drumming of heavy iron shod boots on the stone paving of the Rue Belliard; we would hurry to the balcony, and there in the gloom would be those grey soldiers, bowed wearily under their knapsacks, looking like *die Nibelungen,* hundreds of them, marching four abreast, in the darkness, on their sad mission. And now and then in the morning we would be awakened by the same sound, rising into a crescendo of thunder, and they would be marching by, pouring from the depths of their rude throats that same

"Heil Dir im Siegeskranz." We awakened always with that same sensation; in the end it grew almost intolerable. As in happier times one would open one's eyes and, after that swift ineffable moment before consciousness fully returns, ask one's self, "What is that pleasant thing that happened to me yesterday?"—some bit of good fortune, some journey planned, some fine ambitious project about to be realized, perhaps some charming letter from a friend; now one asked one's self, "What awful thing has occurred?" Ah, yes, the war." Those grey hordes pouring down out of the northern plains to make life hideous, to wreck the world! And just at a time when somehow as never before mankind seemed to be filled with good will, when vast ameliorations of the social scheme seemed possible, when the cynicism and pessimism and bitterness that had been left as the heritage of past wars had disappeared, and on the earth there was a new generation that knew not war, when it seemed at last that life in all its glory and beauty was about to become possible for vast numbers of people —then, this hideous thing! And one arose wearily to face horrid uncertainties, to take up a heavy burden.

Over and over Belgians would say to me, "We are too happy in our little country." And then there would come a thought that brought its pang of reproach; we, after all, could not fully realise what it meant to those whose country had been so shamelessly invaded. De Leval, usually so cheerful, so full of spirit, would go about his task very quietly and very much depressed; and one day little Hermancito, thinking of his own poor distracted Mexico, said to me, "You can turn your eyes toward the great nation where there is peace."

Ah, yes! *"Romanus civis sum!* But it seemed selfish. . . .

Villalobar was insisting that the telephone service be restored, but I did not know why it should be; it was a relief to be without that supreme nuisance, whose disadvantages so far outweigh its merits that it should never be restored in this world once it could be done away with. We were without news except the statements posted now and then on the walls by the military authorities, and about these the Belgians would gather, and after reading them, turn away with sneering incredulity. We knew that the Germans were marching on Paris and we expected each morning to hear that they had got there. There were reports that Charleroi had been passed on the way south; the guns could be heard no longer in the *banlieue* of the city. The Uhlans—a word that connoted all fearful, shuddering things—were said to be within forty kilometres of Paris. There were always rumours of coming relief. One evening came the Countess S—— reporting a large English army at Vilvorde, which, she said, would be in Brussels in the morning; within three days the reported English army had swelled to 100,000 and had advanced to Laeken, in the northern suburbs of Brussels. Battles were already in progress in the plains west of the city; they could be seen from the Palais de Justice! A lawyer of my acquaintance came breathlessly to the Legation to say that he had seen a cavalry charge himself from the ramp of the great structure; he said if we hurried we might see it. Out then we rushed and gazed far over those plains toward the west, in the warm, glittering September haze; but we saw no cavalry charge, no battle—nothing. I asked the *agent de police* standing there gloomily

in his *képi* and cape; he had seen nothing. I asked him why the crowd assembled there every day.

"Il n'y a absolument rien à voir, Monsieur le Ministre," he said in regret, *"tous les Bruxellois restent chez eux en temps de paix sans jamais regarder le beau panorama, mais depuis le guerre la rampe de la terrace est toujours occupée d'une foule énorme."*

Though now and then we did hear, after all, some good news, as on that evening when, driving home at dinner-time along the Rue de la Loi—its long line of lamps already lighted, stretching away and dipping to rise again to the sky that was brilliant with a wonderful sunset—I had a telegram from our Consul at Aix-la-Chapelle saying that McCutcheon, Cobb, Bennet, and Lewis were there. So they were safe after all, and we were all relieved.

Then we began to note a new phenomenon—new, at least, in Brussels—women begging in the street. Hunger, another of war's companions, had come to town. I had a visit of a group of citizens asking me to have food imported from England. But how was I or any one to import it? Burgomaster Max asked Villalobar and me to come to see him, if we went. He wished us to be patrons of a relief committee that was being organized to provide food for the poor of the city; the situation was desperate. We agreed to act as patrons of the committee of distinguished Belgian citizens, at the head of which was M. Ernest Solvay, the kindly elderly Belgian millionaire who has made an immense fortune by the "Solvay Process" which he invented for the production of soda. He had devoted his fortune in great measure to the poor, had endowed institutions; the popular school in the Parc Léopold bore his name. He was

a modest little man of simple manner and attire, with a kindly grey bearded face, and blue eyes that were filled with sympathy and pity. He was at the head of the committee that met that first morning in September there in the Burgomaster's cabinet at the Hôtel de Ville; he and other wealthy men had given liberally and were to provide food for the poor of the city. Villalobar and I were there in our capacity as patrons, and another *affiche* was soon posted on the walls of Brussels announcing this new charity—or this new justice, or attempt at justice.

We did not know then, Villalobar and I, just what it was all so soon to lead to; we gave our names, little dreaming what tremendous draughts it was to make on our sympathies and on all that we had of tact and diplomacy, nor how it was to weld our own friendship. We talked of other things, since the future, fortunately, is ever closed; of that old Spain, of which he was such a typical representative; of that new America, where he had spent his youth, and of the strange romantic mingling of their destinies—an epic beyond the reach of human imagination. Under the proud exterior he had a sensitive heart; he was full of expedients, of resources unlimited, and he was wholly without fear. And what a manner he had with the Germans, who know no equals, only superiors or inferiors! I can say of this good friend—it is a word that I am too old to use lightly—as Madame de Sévigne said of Montaigne: *"Quel voisin de campagne il aurait fait!"*

He had served not only at Washington—once as Minister—but at London and at Paris, and out of his long experience he could recount with a touch of droll humour, the most charming anecdotes and the most in-

teresting personal reminiscences. He had been Minister to Portugal, was there during the revolution.

General von Lüttwitz had told us one afternoon, Villalobar and me, that a new Governor General was coming, some famous victorious Pasha from Turkey; he would install a civil government and show Belgians how to govern. A civil government! The Germans were to have passed through Brussels in three days; and they had been there for three weeks, gradually spreading out over all the Ministries and very much at home. And now they were going to install a civil administration. It had a somewhat too permanent sound!

Brussels was perturbed, for the coming of a Governor and the manner of it might have its effect on the fate of Belgium. There was a word on everybody's lips that no one dared to pronounce; did it mean—did it mean—annexation?

The victorious Pasha duly arrived, to be followed later by whole regiments of functionaries. It was the old Field-Marshal Baron von der Goltz. I had word that the new Governor General would pay me a formal call on Thursday, the third, in the afternoon. So, then, on that day, promptly at four, His Excellency Field Marshal Baron von der Goltz Pasha, in blue Bismarckian uniform and decorations, a little squat black helmet, wearing an enormous sword, arrived with his staff in two big grey automobiles, amid great excitement in the Rue de Trèves. The Pasha, a big man and old, had a heavy, mottled, much scarred face, and wore large, round, gleaming spectacles that gave him a look almost jovial. He expressed himself in correct French, and thanked me for my work in charge of the German Legation. He said something of his experiences in

Turkey, remained but a few minutes, smiled, bowed, and was gone.

It was on that occasion that I met a man with whom I was to have much to do for the next two and a half years. He was a remarkably handsome man in his smart uniform of bluish-grey with white facings, something less than six feet in height and of elegant form—a man to make a figure anywhere. His neatly trimmed black hair, his closely cropped moustache, the evidence of a careful, though by no means a foppish toilet—in short his general well-groomed air, his easy carriage and manner—marked him out among all the others, indeed among all the officers who came to Brussels, as a man of the world. There was something of the air of youth about him, though he must then have been verging on fifty. The expression of his vigilant, searching blue eyes, in which, as one came to know him, one recognized his moods, was now and then of an almost smiling ingenuousness. Indeed his expression was often smiling, and the ruddy colour came and went in his smooth cheeks with his smile, though it was never the smile of joviality. There were the reserves of a man who sought to be polite, correct, even punctilious, but perhaps on his guard, and wary of a world in which the ambitious have to keep their eyes, however blue and smiling, always open. Such, in a way, was the Baron von der Lancken-Wakenitz, one of the ablest of the young men in German diplomacy. He owned landed estates in Silesia, and was already a Minister Plenipotentiary, accredited to one of the German States—Saxony, I think. He could speak I know not how many languages beside his own, though he did not like to speak English, and he always conversed in that French which he had so perfectly mas-

tered during his ten years service as Counselor in the German Embassy at Paris. He had served at Rome and Madrid, and had come to Brussels to occupy an important post in the Government of Occupation that was about to be established. We exchanged but a few words that day, for the call was brief, but we were destined during the succeeding two and a half years to become better acquainted and to exchange many words, the occasional asperity of which not all the delicate nuances of the French language could soften or shade away.

The *affiche* next morning bore the declaration by which the Field-Marshal proclaimed his accession to the seat of power in the little kingdom. The people gathered about in sorrowful silent groups, reading the announcement of their fate. Many of them with scraps of paper and bits of lead-pencils almost surreptitiously copied it down. The proclamation stated that the German armies were advancing victoriously in France, and then proceeded to threaten the population with dire consequences if any act inimical to the German cause were committed. And then there was the declaration of a new and amazing doctrine—new in our times, at least, and in the western world: namely, that the innocent should be punished as well as the guilty!

"C'est la dure nécessité de la guerre que les punitions d'actes hostiles frappent en dehors des coupables aussi des innocents." [1]

The sinister threat needed no commentary after Louvain, Dinant, Aerschot, and a hundred other towns to

[1] It is the stern necessity of war that the punishment for hostile acts fall not only on the guilty, but on the innocent as well.

the east, still smoking at that very moment under their ruins. The people read it in silence but took what comfort they could in another phrase:

"Citoyens Belges: Je ne demande à personne de renier ses sentiments patriotiques." [2]

Nor did they miss the implications of another feature —one little word and that an insignificant preposition, suddenly swollen with an immense importance, pregnant with a deep meaning. That was the preposition "in"—Governor-General *in* Belgium, then, and not Governor-General *of* Belgium! Men stood perhaps more erect, they were not required to renounce any of their patriotic sentiments, and the land was not annexed!

But it would not have been Brussels had not the people had their fun out of it; with that old and unconquerable Belgian sense of humour, that remarkable resilience of spirit which is innate in the Belgian character. Somewhere, on a wall of the lower town, the *affiche* had been put up so high that it could not be read by the passers-by, and a buxom woman of the people, a *"bonne Bruxelloise"* with the *naïveté* that is also a part of the Brussels nature, brought from her shop a ladder and mounted upon it to read it for the benefit of the crowd. But her voice was not strong enough—and a man, some droll wag—climbed up in her stead and read the proclamation with running comment on its statements and then held out his hands in benediction, and said:

"Et maintenant, mes enfants, je vous bénis; avec cà (waving a hand at the proclamation) *et six cents vous*

[2] Citizens of Belgium: I ask no one to renounce his patriotic sentiments.

aurez un verre de bière dans tous les cabarets de Bruxelles." [3]

It was as much respect as the Germans ever inspired in Belgium.

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[3] And now, my children, I bless you; with that and three cents you can get a glass of beer in any saloon in Brussels. (A *cent* at Brussels is two centimes.)

Von der Goltz's proclamation in full was as follows:

PROCLAMATION

Sa Majesté l'Empereur d'Allemagne, après l'occupation de la plus grande partie du territoire belge, a daigné me nommer gouverneur général en Belgique. J'ai établi le siège du gouvernement général à Bruxelles (Ministère des Sciences et des Arts, rue de la Loi).

Par ordre de Sa Majesté, une administration civile a été installée auprès du gouvernement général (Ministère de la Guerre, rue de Louvain). Son Excellence Monsieur von Sandt a été appelé aux fonctions de chef de cette administration.

Les armées allemandes s'avancent victorieusement en France. Ma tâche sera de conserver la tranquillité et l'ordre public en territoire belge.

Tout acte hostile des habitants contre les militaires allemands, toute tentative de troubler leurs communications avec l'Allemagne, de gêner ou de couper les services des chemins de fer, du télégraphe et du téléphone, seront punis très sévèrement. Toute résistance ou révolte contre l'administration allemande sera réprimée sans pardon.

C'est la dure nécessité de la guerre que les punitions d'actes hostiles frappent, en dehors des coupables, aussi des innocents. Le devoir s'impose d'autant plus à tous les citoyens raisonnables d'exercer une pression sur les éléments turbulents en vue de les retenir de toute action dirigée contre l'ordre public. Les citoyens belges désirant vaquer paisiblement à leurs occupations n'ont rien à craindre de la part des troupes ou des autorités allemandes. Autant que faire se pourra, le commerce devra être repris, les usines devront recommencer à travailler, les moissons être rentrées.

Citoyens Belges,

Je ne demande à personne de renier ses sentiments patriotiques, mais j'attends de vous tous une soumission raisonnable et une obéissance absolue vis-à-vis des ordres du gouvernement général. Je vous invite à lui montrer de la confiance et à lui prêter votre concours. J'adresse cette invitation spécialement aux fonctionnaires de l'Etat et des communes qui sont restés à leurs postes. Plus vous donnerez suite à cet appel, plus vous servirez votre patrie.

Fait à Bruxelles, le *2 septembre*, 1914.

Le gouverneur général,
Baron von der Goltz,
Feldmaréchal.

XXXVI

THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE

Affiches, indeed, just then and afterwards, played as large a part in the life of Brussels as had newspapers before the war. They might not always provide news but they could provide sensation, and, if written by the proper hand, send a thrill through the community. On the morning of the last day of August the crowds that, with necks craned forward and eyes peering, pressed eagerly up to the walls where the *affiches* were posted, were thrilled by one of the most stupendous sensations the city had ever known; for there was a white poster, with black characters, its text vibrating with the passion of the man who had written it. It was the Burgomaster himself, who, with the consecrated phrase the French use when they wish to give the effect of the short and ugly word they are too polite to use, had pricked the German pride:

[1] VILLE DE BRUXELLES

Le gouverneur allemand de la ville de Liége, lieutenant-général von Kolewe, a fait afficher hier l'avis suivant:

"Aux habitants de la ville de Liége

"Le bourgmestre de Bruxelles a fait savoir au commandant allemand que le gouvernement français a déclaré au gouvernement belge l'impossibilité de l'assister offensivement en aucune manière, vu qu'il se trouve lui-même forcé à la défensive."

J'oppose à cette affirmation le démenti le plus formel.

Le Bourgmestre, ADOLPHE MAX.

Bruxelles, le 30 août, 1914.

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[1] CITY OF BRUSSELS

The German Governor of the City of Liége, Lieutenant-General von Kolewe, has caused to be published the following notice:

It was the very thing to catch the crowd; Brussels was delighted, and celebrated its dashing and daring burgomaster. Then, a few hours later, there was another *affiche* on the walls.

[2] Avis Important

Il est strictement défendu, aussi à la municipalité de la ville, de publier des affiches sans avoir reçu ma permission spéciale.

Bruxelles, 31 août, 1914.

Le gouverneur militaire, Baron von Lüttwitz, *Général-major.*

The town was swept by laughter; the Burgomaster, already popular, became an idol.

Brussels was to spend much of its time thenceforth in reading the *affiches* on its walls, even if it did make it a point of patriotic honour not to believe a word it read when the *affiches* were German. For to the procla-

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"To the inhabitants of the City of Liége

"The Burgomaster of Brussels has informed the German Commander that the French Government has notified the Belgian Government of the impossibility of assisting it offensively in any manner in view of the fact that it finds itself compelled to take the defensive."

To this affirmation I oppose the most formal denial.

The Burgomaster,
Adolphe Max.

Brussels, 30th August, 1914.

[2] Important Notice

It is strictly forbidden, also to the municipality of the city, to publish notices without having received my special permission.

The Military Governor, Baron von Lüttwitz,
Major General.

Brussels, 31st August, 1914.

mations and decrees and orders and *"avis"* that grew more and more numerous as time went on, there were added, *"Nouvelles publiées par le Gouvernement Allemand"*—great white posters on all the walls in three languages, German, Flemish, and French. *Les Nouvelles publiées par le Gouvernement Allemand* were edited by a rather cunning hand over there in the *ministères,* where the vast organization, with clumsy thoroughness was getting itself installed, but the task could not have been more subtly performed if Machiavelli himself had been in charge and wished to poison the wells of public information. I do not know that the statements were deliberately false; they may have told nothing but the truth, but they did not tell the whole truth, and they were almost artistically contrived to depress and discourage, constituting a kind of diurnal dose of despair. We read in them that von Kluck was before Paris, and we waited daily, almost hourly, for the announcement of the fall of the French capital; we read of the departure of the Government for Bordeaux and of Galliéni's famous phrase: *"Je remplirai cette mission jusqu'au bout."*

We followed in imagination from day to day the progress toward Paris of those armies we had seen sweep through Brussels—the very same, no doubt, which, in a tragic moment, Sir John French's scouts saw looming before them a few days after. The very mystery added to the terror of the thought, the very uncertainty made us all the more certain. Every day, over at the Ministère des Affaires Etrangères, General von Lüttwitz, with the impersonal calmness of the fates themselves, would tell me of the progress of those armies, nearer the French capital by so many kilometres

each day—nearer and nearer then, day by day, and at last one afternoon he remarked simply:

"We shall enter Paris to-morrow."

It seemed like the end of the world—our world, the world as we of the West knew it. I did not see him the next day. But the day following I said, in a manner as casual as I could command:

"I presume you are in Paris now. . . ."

"No," he said. "After all, you see, our objective is not Paris. Our army is swinging around, making an enveloping movement," and he made an enveloping movement himself with his arm, swinging it about with an inclusive gesture that seemed to embrace and gather into its toils the whole of the French nation. "We must destroy the French army."

And that, at the time, was what I knew of the battle of the Marne. I do not know much more about it now; I do not at all understand what happened there south of us on that day. I mean, some day, to read the story, though I shall probably be unable to understand it, military movements being for me a profound mystery. Once, before the war, down at Waterloo, the old English lance-sergeant who lectured on the panorama of the battle described to me that engagement, not then dwindled into the skirmish it has since become. He was in uniform, with waxed moustaches, and an odour on his breath and in all the air about, that was of the essence of all the alcohol distilled in the British Isles since the Crimean War; he had, of course, a little swagger-stick, and as he said, poising it horizontally, delicately, before my eyes:

"Now sir, look sharp, sir. This, Napoleon's left,

Wellington's right; this, Napoleon's right, Wellington's left. Do you follow me, sir?"

I nodded with the inane acquiescence of one dazed under instruction. . . . Half an hour later he said, again poising the swagger-stick horizontally:

"And now, sir, I shall describe to you the Battle of Gettysburg."

But for once I was firm.

"Pardon me," I said. "You will do no such thing! I spent my youth hearing of that battle from original sources." And I gave him his half crown and went out, past the catchpenny booths and cheap museums with their squalid trinkets and trash of souvenirs, into which all earthly glory soon or late dwindles. The only description of a battle that I could ever understand is that of Tolstoy in "War and Peace," and I understand that only because Tolstoy makes it so plain that the military science is not so much a science as a congeries of human fallibilities and spiteful little accidents. If it were otherwise the Germans would have vindicated General von Lüttwitz's predictions, and not have left the imperial armies to the ironic hazard of all those Paris taxicabs, of which, I am sure, there was never the slimmest dossier in the archives of the French General Staff.

We heard for the first time, too, of Hindenburg—a Colonel General then, whatever that may be. No newspapers were published in Brussels, for the editors of the Brussels press unanimously declined to submit to German censorship and suspended publication for the duration of the occupation. No newspapers were allowed to enter Belgium unless they were German, but as one walked along the streets toward evening, furtive fig-

ures would approach and whisper, *"Times,* Monsieur?" and one might buy a copy several days old for ten or twelve francs.[3] Then we learned that these salesmen were being shot if they were discovered; so we bought their contraband papers no more, not caring to be associated even indirectly with such tragedies. When our pouches got through the lines the newspapers they brought were old, and nothing so quickly evaporates, perhaps, as the interest of a newspaper, which, like waffles, must be hot from the irons to be worth while.

Thus more and more we turned in upon ourselves and our own little affairs—little that is, in comparison with the larger affairs "outside," as we soon came to think of the greater world beyond those grey lines that hemmed us in.

"Nous deviendrons crétins," said Villalobar one day, as we discussed the latest little problem; it may have been the question of cards and calls. It was delicate because it had to do with etiquette, which is always delicate. The Governor-General, it had been stated, would call on the Marquis at a certain hour but he did not appear—was suddenly called away and had left the city. What did it mean? We learned, however, from Major von Harwaerts, who was an excellent sort; he had been military Attaché at Washington, and there, in Davignon's old drawing-room, where stood as of yore the sofas,

[3] Avis

Je rappelle à la population de Bruxelles et des faubourgs qu'il est strictement défendu de vendre ou de distribuer des journaux qui ne sont pas expressément admis par le gouverneur militaire allemand. Les contraventions entraînent l'arrestation immédiate des vendeurs, ainsi que des poines d'emprisonnement prolongé.

Le gouverneur militaire allemand, Baron von Lüttwitz, *Général.*

the two *canapés* that Madame Davignon had so cleverly maintained in use; the empty *tête-à-tête* waited, the framed photographs of the King and of the little Queen still on the piano. And after we had heard about German victories and Belgian *francs-tireurs* and the English—the Major remarking that Germany would win the war because "we get up two hours earlier than the English and have no week-ends"—it fell out that the mystery about the Pasha's sudden departure the day before was to be solved in the simplest manner. The old Field-Marshal had dashed off to observe, as a spectator, the military operations around Antwerp; that was all; he went to battles as an office-boy goes to baseball games; he was always gazing on the battle, and not from afar, for one day he was wounded slightly in the cheek. Thus I did not get his call returned for a week, and even then I did not see him.

But in the meantime we arranged Villalobar's affair. It was all most complicated. The Pasha had called on me because I had had charge of German interests, which he, by the way, to my relief, had formally reassumed when he called, but he could not, it seemed, bring himself to make the first call on the other diplomatists. And so, when the Marquis and the Baron von der Lancken met at my house one morning there was some delightful fencing between the two; finally Baron von der Lancken said that the Governor-General would like to drop in at my house the following afternoon for a cup of tea, if I expected to be at home. And it was simple to say to Villalobar:

"Voulez-vous me faire l'honneur de venir prendre une tasse de thé demain à cinq heures?"

"Oui, merci"—and so the situation was adjusted.

It was like that, every minute, for nearly three years.

The Pasha duly came the next afternoon at five, with von der Lancken and the Count Ortenbourg and an *aide,* and Villalobar came, and they were made acquainted over the cup of tea that the servants served with, I felt, a somewhat reluctant grace; though if they had not served those few cups of tea there might not have been bread for seven millions of their countrymen, as the event turned out—such big things so often depending on such little ones.

It was all of the exquisite delicacy that was implicit in the situation, for Belgians could not encounter Germans or meet them; if they saw them in the streets they passed them by with a fine stony indifference, as though the Germans were not, or as though they had remained in the Fatherland where they belonged. And at the very moment of that day when the Pasha was in one of the *salons* there was a Belgian princess in another, much troubled about her son in the Belgian Army, just then severely wounded; she desired to go to Antwerp to see him.

Indeed some one in trouble was always waiting, and the desire to help was often much stronger than the power that was being so exaggerated by the silly reports. The story had already developed into an amazing and impossible legend, and the German newspapers were beginning to take offense. A Cologne newspaper [4] edited by some one who was able to maintain his

[4] Article from the *Kölnische Zeitung:*

"The American Minister in Belgium must, according to Belgian and Dutch ideas, be a very extraordinary man!

"First, when the Germans came to Brussels, he is said to have

mind at the boiling-point of rage continuously for three years, was already growling ominously about my aiding Belgians, but he seemed so to have exhausted himself by his daily diatribes, that he had no energy left for even the mildest approbation when the person helped happened to be some German.

The family d'Arenberg, for instance, was having trouble in Belgium during those days. Like so many other German families, the devotion of the d'Arenbergs to the "Vaterland" was not sufficient to induce them to reside there, and after Germany had betrayed Belgium the Belgians failed in the respect that had characterized their hospitality during so many years. The d'Arenberg castle, indeed, at Marche-les-Dames, had been destroyed by Belgian troops, because, it seems, one of the young princes had a wireless-telegraph apparatus on the castle roof, and the d'Arenbergs were already under suspicion as German spies. After the destruction of Marche-les-Dames the old Princess Pauline Marie Joseph d'Arenberg had gone to another of the family prop-

played a rôle with which legally he had no concern, as if he was a kind of superior supervisor of the German war tactics.

"Now he appears as supervising the measures that have to be taken by the German soldiers in Louvain. (See *De Tijd* of September 4th.)

"It is rendering the Minister a bad service in crediting him with matters that do not concern him, and it is rendering a bad service to the Belgians in making them believe that the Germans are compelled to give way, because this feeling from the Belgians might make them resist orders and prepare trouble.

"The Burgomaster of Brussels has already to answer several of these points, and the Burgomaster of Louvain is likely dealing unwisely in saying that from now there will be no more incendiarism, no thefts, which might give to believe that the Germans have ever allowed such things!"

erties at Malaise—not inappropriately named under the circumstances, though there she lived quietly and in peace. One Sunday afternoon Villalobar and I drove out through the lovely forest with its green and gold lace-work in the sunlit glades, through Groenendael and on to La Hulpe, beyond which Malaise stood, to see her and render her what aid we could. There, in the modest little château, hidden away among the trees, the princess—a tall, white-haired, soft-voiced old lady—received us. We sat in a little drawing-room that had Louis XV tapestry and splendid carven doors and wainscoting from an old château near Namur. The Princess was very voluble in her French, the language in which to be voluble if one is voluble in any, sitting there on her little sofa and with graceful gestures telling of the loss of her artistic treasures and of the destruction of the home where her ancestors *"ont fermé les yeux."*

An old servitor—a man of seventy, I should say, fat and round and sleek, with a smile that trembled over his face—came in at her ring to receive an order about our motor, and there was a great Groenendael dog, old, like all the rest, slipping about over the parquet floor, against which his claws rattled; he would sink down now and again and scratch himself with such vigorous movements that the whole house shook. The Princess offered us tea and wine, and we talked for a long time, and then she must show us her house, filled with tapestries, paintings and *bibelots* and, in a *vitrine* in a room upstairs, a wonderful collection of fans painted by Carlo van Loo, just as in Dobson's poem:

> This is the Pompadour's fan!
> But where is the Pompadour?

Here the old *grande dame* lived with her treasures, a pious life, for there were yellow ivory crucifixes everywhere and a priest in a black soutane meditating out in the garden.

She desired me to ask the Germans to protect what remained of Marche-les-Dames, but Villalobar and I told her to write to the Pasha. She was afraid to come into Brussels herself, so she took down his address and most scrupulously all his titles—or all of his title that Villalobar, who is as competent in that line as the "Almanach Gotha," could give her.

Finally we got away, not without an effort, after having said adieu three times and kissing her hand. As we drove away she stood gravely in the doorway, the old servitor with his trembling smile and the great dog guarding her, and her chaplain in his long black soutane standing there solemnly under the trees.

Afar though nation be on nation hurled;
And life with toil and ancient pain depressed,
Here one may scarce believe the whole wide world
Is not at peace, and all man's heart at rest.

XXXVII

NACH PARIS

But all man's heart, alas! was not at rest, and there was no escape from the sights and scenes and incidents that so constantly reminded us of war. There were soldiers everywhere and it was not long before there were sailors too, or at least marines, marching along the boulevards on their way, as everybody supposed, to Antwerp to manœuvre the heavy Austrian siege-guns that were being moved up. Then the ambulances began to bear wounded into the city, and after three weeks of idleness the railways were again in operation, manned now by Germans in blue uniforms, and when the trains that jolted over the crossing at the Rue Balliard were not bearing wounded in our direction they were puffing and straining in the other direction, loaded with cannon to wound other men to be brought back on the return trip. Commander Gherardi, of our Navy, who was just then Naval Attaché at Berlin, was in Brussels on the sixth of September with other Attachés, on his way to Maubeuge, which was scheduled to fall on the following day, and their trip had been planned so that they would arrive there at the exact moment when the catastrophe occurred—the event having been arranged, apparently, with a scientific accuracy that was to us in those days quite uncanny. We were still under the excitement produced by the sudden apparition of the *Gloriosen Canonen,* the "Big Berthas," *Quarante-Deux.*

"And they have an invention by sea that will create the same staggering sensation in the world that the Forty-twos have," he remarked.

They had not told Commander Gherardi what this was, or if they had he did not tell me; we did not know then so much as we do now about the submarine.

With the resumption of an intermittent train service, which by way of Maestricht could take one into Holland, those who could obtain *passierscheins* began to leave the city. The American colony dwindled. . . . The few diplomats remaining began to go. Count Clary et Aldringen, the Austrian Minister, acting dean of the diplomatic corps, had turned the Austrian Legation over to me, and now the Clarys were gone. They were sad to leave Brussels; they had lived there for eleven years, and were very popular. Barros-Moreira was only waiting for a special train to take out his Brazilian colony.

The Bottaro-Costas were going back to Italy; Gravenskop-Castenskjold, the Danish Minister, was leaving and had turned his Legation over to me. We bade them good-bye there in the Gare du Nord, littered with straw, filled with cannon, and crowded with ill-smelling soldiers. Long trains of wounded were going back to Germany; the trains were scribbled over in chalk with German phrases expressing childish hatred of England. On our little party—Villalobar, Burgomaster Max, and a few others—there was the sadness that is in all partings—which are like so many little deaths; there were the prolonged banalities, finally "All aboard!" in German. Two officers in monocles step on the train as it moves off, the Countess in tears, waving her handkerchief, and so good-bye; Gravenskop-Castenskjold

thrusting his hand out of the wagon to shout: *"Pas un Danois à Bruxelles! mais mettez votre drapeau sur ma Légation!"* He died soon after at The Hague.

It was a relief to know that there was *"pas un Danois à Bruxelles"*—though there proved to be several—as it was to see several Americans leave on the train; it was that many less to be responsible for, though whenever one went two seemed to arrive. I had been concerned about the fate of an American artist, Mr. Stevens, who had left when McCutcheon and Cobb and the rest disappeared that afternoon toward the south; he had gone with them, as we supposed, accompanied by a Frenchman named Gerbault, a newspaper correspondent; they had gone away light-heartedly, armed with cameras—of itself enough to have them shot. And now Mowrer, the Paris correspondent of the Chicago *News,* arrived to hunt up Stevens. I had had a search made, and had traced him to Seneffe, then to Manage, then to Fayt; he had been last seen at the French frontier crouching in the bottom of a motor-car, German soldiers holding revolvers at his head.

There was always the care of these adventurous ones, and of those who came to seek them or came themselves in search of adventure. They had not the slightest notion of conditions in Belgium, nor seemingly any power of imagining them. After a few days they were glad to be allowed to leave the country in the automobile they had once fancied would facilitate a tour of the devastated regions.

I had not then toured the devastated regions myself but had had numerous reports on what the Germans had wrought in producing that devastation, brought in by the refugees who had fled from the fear of like calami-

ties; they came every day to the Legation in the fond hope that America could do something for them, and when our poor impotence was revealed they told their stories anyhow, for the mere relief the recital gave them. Perhaps it did them good as well to know that there was sympathy for them, though, as we were more and more to learn, we had to be careful in expressing our sympathies; one could never be sure one was not talking to a spy. Much of the time, indeed, one was.

But not always; the look of horror that lingered in eyes that had gazed on horror was too real for any mistake. Somehow they came at twilight, and the day's trouble was rounded off with some awful tale like that of Louvain.

It was on the eleventh of September that *Les Nouvelles publiées par le Gouvernement allemand*[1] posted on

[1] Nouvelles Publiées Par le Gouvernement Allemand

Paris, 9 septembre.—Au conseil des ministres tenu le 3 septembre à Bordeaux, le ministre de la guerre, M. Millerand, a fait rapport sur la situation militaire. En suite on a traité une série de questions, notamment celle de l'alimentation. La session parlementaire a été close.

M. Viviani, président du conseil, fait ressortir dans sa lettre au président de la Chambre que de nombreux députés se trouvent comme soldats parmi les troupes et que les calamités qui pèsent sur la France augmentent de jour en jour et empêchent la Chambre de se réunir.

Berlin, 10 septembre.—La *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* publie le télégramme suivant adressé par l'empereur au président des Etats-Unis Wilson:

"Je considère comme mon devoir, Monsieur le Président, de vous informer, en votre qualité de représentant le plus distingué des principes humanitaires, de ce fait que mes troupes ont trouvé, après la prise de la forteresse française de Longwy, dans cette place, des milliers de balles dum-dum travaillées par des ateliers spéciaux du

the walls of Brussels the telegram in which the German Emperor told the President that "the Belgian Government had encouraged the civil population to take part in the war which it had carefully prepared for so long a time." The Emperor spoke of Louvain, and told how his heart bled when he saw that such measures "had been inevitable." *"Mon cœur saigne"* thereafter was added to the current phrases of irony with which the people of Brussels expressed themselves in all the cruel events of the war. It became the same sort of bitter joke that *"Gott mit Uns"* had been since the people had been ac-

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gouvernement. Des balles de la même espèce ont été trouvées sur des soldats morts, ou blessés, ou prisonniers, de nationalité anglaise. Vous savez quelles horribles blessures et souffrances sont causées par ces balles et que l'emploi en est interdit par les principes reconnus du droit international. J'élève donc une protestation solennelle contre pareil mode de faire la guerre qui est devenue, grâce aux mèthodes de nos adversaires, une des plus barbares de l'histoire.

"Non seulement ils ont employé eux-mêmes cette arme cruelle, mais le gouvernement belge a encouragé ouvertement la population civile à prendre part à cette guerre qu'il avait préparée soigneusement depuis longtemps. Les cruautés commises au cours de cette guerilla par des femmes et même par des prêtres contre des soldats blessés, des médecins et des infirmières (des médecins ont été tués et des lazarets attaqués à coups de feu), ont été telles que mes généraux se sont finalement vus obligés de recourir aux moyens les plus vigoureux pour châtier les coupables et pour empêcher la population sanguinaire de continuer ces abominables actes criminels et odieux. Plusieurs villages et même la ville de Louvain ont dû être démolis (sauf le très bel hôtel de ville) dans l'intérêt de notre défense et de la protection de mes troupes. Mon cœur saigne quand je vois que pareilles mesures ont été rendues inévitables, et quand je songe aux innombrables innocents qui ont perdu leur toit et leurs biens par suite des faits des criminels en question.

"Wilhelm II, K.

"Le Gouvernement militaire allemand."

customed to see that device on the round buckles that glistened on the German belts, until some one thought of *"von Gott,"* then that was the common pleasantry. The changes were rung in all the keys and many a tale was invented in which they played their part.

It was this sense of humour, indeed, that kept up the hearts of the Belgian people, that peculiar *esprit* that early won a moral victory over the Germans. This sense of humour is a part of that indomitable courage which has kept the Belgian nation alive along the calvary of its tragic history. Even Baudelaire, the French poet, who in his cruel and acidulous spite wrote as many nasty things about the Belgians as he did about the Americans, whom he so detested, has reluctantly rendered them this justice: "always oppressed," he said, "but never conquered." This peculiar savoury wit, this *esprit frondeur, la zwanze Bruxelloise,* was everywhere in play, and it was not long before even the children of the Marolliens, as they played at war, marching and countermarching there under the shadow of the Palais de Justice, had a new game.

"Achtung!" the little captain of the band would shout, brandishing his wooden sword, *"Nach Paris!"*

And then the little command, doing the goose-step, the absurdity of which did not escape even the children, would begin to march—backwards.

XXXVIII

THE SIEGE GUNS

It was thus that the children doing the goose-step in the Quartier des Marolles in order to mock the Germans, celebrated the Battle of the Marne when the news in its mysterious way had filtered in. How they learned it I do not know; even we in our world knew only what I have told and what we learned one afternoon when Villalobar and I went to call on Herr Dr. von Sandt, the chief of the *Zivilverwaltung*. We waited for awhile, for the chief was not in. The Herr Dr. von Sandt was, as I recall him, what might be called a handsome man, dark and straight and tall, with a haughty bearing and a reputation for erudition. The numerous functionaries that crowded the rooms where he was installed in the Ministère de l'Agriculture, there in the Rue de la Loi, addressed him as *"Excellenz"* as he came in, and sprang to their feet and clicked their heels loudly and politely as he passed swiftly through the room, scowling to right and left, and they were impressed, or perhaps shocked, when Villalobar and I did not rise but remained sitting in his presence. They were but the vanguard of the vast army of functionaries that soon descended on Brussels and crowded all the bureaux of the *ministères* and began filling reams of paper with their figures, statistics, annotations, commentaries and reports, in that vast and complicated organization that must dehumanize life under German government. We were not sure as yet, Villalobar and I, with whom we were to have our deal-

ings; we supposed then that it would be with Dr. von Sandt, though it proved not to be, and that was the only time we ever saw him. He spoke that day, after we had been admitted to his presence, of the battle of Paris, "not very happily begun," he admitted. But that was all.[1]

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[1] Nouvelles Publiées

Par Le Gouvernement Allemand

Berlin, 10 septembre.—Les corps d'armée avancés au cours des poursuites, sur et au-delà de la Marne, ont été attaqués, par des forces supérieures venant de Paris, entre Meaux et Montmirail. Dans de grands combats durant deux jours, ils ont arrête l'ennemi et ont fait eux-mêmes des progrès.

Lorsque la marche en avant de nouvelles forces ennemies assez fortes fut annoncée, notre aile s'est repliée. L'ennemi n'a suivi nulle part. Jusqu'ici on annonce, comme butin: 50 canons et plusieurs milliers de prisonniers.

Berlin, 14 septembre (officiel).—Sur le théâtre de la guerre de l'Ouest (France) ont eu lieu des opérations, *dont les détails ne peuvent pas être publiés,* et qui ont conduit à une bataille qui est favorable pour nous. Toutes les nouvelles répandues à ce sujet, par tous les moyens, par l'ennemi, et qui présentent la situation comme défavorable pour nous, sont fausses.

Berlin, 16 septembre (officiel).—La situation sur le théâtre de la guerre de l'Ouest (France) ne s'est pas modifiée depuis hier. En certains endroits du front de bataille, des attaques de troupes françaises, pendant la nuit du 15 au 16 septembre et pendant la journée du 16 septembre, ont été repoussées. Certaines contre-attaques des troupes allemandes ont été couronnées de succès.

Berlin, 17 septembre.—Le *Lokalanzeiger,* de Berlin, écrit, avec l'approbation de l'autorité militaire: "Les combats sur la Marne ne sont donc pas encore terminés, mais ils ont evidemment pris une tournure favorable pour nous. L'aile droite n'a plus cédé à une nouvelle pression, mais elle a, au contraire, repoussé la nouvelle tentative française de passer à travers nos rangs.

However, if the Germans were not investing Paris they were besieging Antwerp. All day long troops were pouring in and grey motors were dashing about—motors filled with officers in their grey uniforms and caps with bands of crude scarlet, or bright blue, or vivid yellow. Long trains rumbled by loaded with cannons covered over with green boughs. In the evening, when the town was still there would be that fearful drumming of iron heels on the pavements, and those Alberichs would go trudging by.

And there came one evening to our ears a sound like the slamming of a distant heavy door. We listened.

Vienne, 17 septembre (officiel).—Il résulte des rapports officiels de nos chefs d'étapes que jusqu'ici 41,000 Russes et 8,000 Serbes ont été conduits comme prisonniers dans l'intérieur de l'empire allemand. Jusqu'ici nous avons gagné 300 canons de campagne. En résumé, nous pouvons affirmer que notre armée a résisté héroïquement et avec grand succès à un ennemi numériquement supérieur et combattant avec bravoure et opiniâtreté.

Berlin, 17 septembre, au soir.—Dans la bataille entre l'Oise et la Meuse (donc sur le théâtre de guerre en France), la décision définitive n'est pas encore intervenue; mais certains indices font reconnaître que la force de résistance de l'adversaire faiblit. Sur l'extrême aile droite, elle s'est écroulée sans qu'un effort spécial de nos troupes ait été fait. Le centre de l'armée allemande gagne lentement, mais sûrement du terrain. Les tentatives de sorties, sur la rive droite de la Meuse, de Verdun sont repoussées facilement.

LE GOUVERNEMENT MILITAIRE ALLEMAND.

This *affiche*, pretending that the struggle along the Marne had evidently taken a turn in favour of the Germans, and that the resistance of the Allied armies was broken by the Germans without effort, only caused the people of Brussels to laugh, for, they knew what a defeat the Germans had sustained on the Marne. On a certain number of these *affiches*, after the phrase "The center of the German army is slowly but surely gaining ground," a mischievous hand added the words "toward Berlin."

The sound came again, and again, punctuating the stillness with heavy thuds. And we knew that the siege of Antwerp had begun. The next morning the sound was even more audible in the heavy air. The ominous detonations rumbled like far-off thunder, and the awful echo was tossed back and forth across the grey sky where a German Taube was flying.

The sound of the guns increased in intensity; it had the quality of a sullen and stupid reiteration, as though there were some argument in the mere bellowing, in the constant asseveration of the same thing. The booming detonations shook the houses; the windows in certain atmospheres would rattle. The weather was grey and heavy; there were frequent gusts of rain and a general intolerable depression began to settle down upon the world. The people went about with long faces—those Brussels faces that used to be almost naïvely happy; men as they met could only assure each other, after glancing about to see that no spy was within earshot, that the forts of Antwerp were impregnable. Mourning began to appear; people were hearing of the deaths of sons and brothers. Even Le Jeune, the *coiffeur,* had lost his gaiety. Figaro, if as voluble as ever, was not so insouciant; he had two sons at the front; one of them had been a steward on the Red Star Line and a great boxer—*"il a de jolis biceps,"* said Le Jeune proudly. He was one of those fortunate persons who find all things relating to themselves superlative. He was filled with a terrible hatred of the Germans and was waiting for the Cossacks to double the atrocities committed by the Germans—though he never referred to them as Germans, but always as *"les boches,"* with all the loathing

the word connotes. His one regret, he said, was that he could not go to the front himself.

"Moi," he would say, *"je suis un des meilleurs tireurs qui existent, vous savez."* But he was too old.

Then the Cuban Vice-Consul came through from Ghent with a letter from London and the news that the Burgomaster of Ghent, following the example of Burgomaster Max at Brussels, had arranged for the capitulation of the city. This was happy news, but our feelings were dashed at once, for James Barnes, who had come into Belgium and gone to Ghent, came back from that city late in the evening and told us, to our dismay, that after the peaceful entry of the Germans had been agreed upon, an armored car equipped with a *mitrailleuse,* driven, it was said, by a former taxi-driver from New York, and manned by two foolhardy youths, dashed into town, opened fire, and wounded a German officer and his orderly. And so we might expect another horror!

Late in the afternoon little Bulle came—we called him "little" Bulle in our affection when we did not call him Hermancito. His eyes were wide with a new horror; he brought the dreadful story that five hundred German soldiers had been murdered in their beds the night before at Louvain, their throats all cut while they slept. Bulle had been told this by the Frau Grabowsky, the wife of the old white-haired *Conseiller Aulique* of the German Legation, and she said that she had the details from her husband. The tale had its effect on us, of course, but I had just set myself to the task of analyzing it, in the belief that it could not be true, when luckily von der Lancken came—very calm and casual, very smart in his light grey-blue tunic and dark trousers held

under his boots by straps, and carrying a little *cravache*. He said he had just come from Louvain, and I asked him fearfully, and yet with an air as unconcerned as I could adopt, how things were going on there.

"Why, all right," he said.

Then I told him of the latest rumour, and he was grimly amused and I immensely relieved; there was not a word of truth in it.

XXXIX

THE ADVENTURE OF THE DUCHESS

THE Baron von der Lancken had dropped in that evening to inquire about Gibson, who two days before had gone to Antwerp with despatches. Gibson had been accompanied by the old Count Woeste, a distinguished Belgian statesman just then experiencing among his Belgian fellow citizens the unpopularity of the pacifist in times of war. He had asked for a seat in our motor, and we had granted the request without asking why he wished to go to Antwerp; and when a little red-haired German soldier, with his front teeth all gone, and a great gun on his back, had come in the rain bearing Gibson's *passierschein,* the name of the Count was on it, as was also that of the Marquis of Faura, secretary of the Spanish Legation, whom Gibson was to bring back from Antwerp that he might be at the bedside of a dying son. Gibson, excited with the prospect of adventure, had departed with his elderly companion, and the Pasha had arranged an *entr'acte,* agreeing to leave off firing for a time, to allow them to pass through the lines; and they went bearing a napkin to use as a white flag—like Napoleon III and his table cloth.

The Count had gone, as the event proved, to inquire whether his Government would be disposed to consider some means, if they could be found, of discussing terms. It was said by the gossips, that there were those who felt that Belgium had done her duty and that some sort of truce was not impossible. Indeed, I had had a call

from three gentlemen, Belgians, one of whom was connected with the Brussels branch of the Deutsche Bank who came to me one afternoon—it was Wednesday, the second of September—with some tentative suggestion of conference and armistice. M. D—— told me that the Germans had summoned the forts of Antwerp to surrender, and with great hesitation, and with evident appreciation of the fact that he was venturing on most dangerous ground, suggested that some sort of truce be arranged by the President. I could, of course, have nothing to do with such a delicate business. I could only explain very carefully the neutral position of my country and that I could make no *démarche* on unofficial representations or without authority from Washington. And M. D—— wheeled into the discussion those famous cannon—a formidable argument, to be sure!

Gibson was back in a day or two, with Count Woeste who, however much a pacifist, had shown no fear of the military movements they were compelled to drive through on their return journey, but was as unconcerned under fire as though he had been a militarist. His mission, whatever it was, had been wholly a failure, and any proposal of discussion or arrangement he may have made at Antwerp had been coldly received and instantly refused.

It was a relief, but worry was never absent long and it promptly came in its protean form, as a note from the Duchess of Sutherland, written from the Hotel Astoria—a hostelry which the Germans had taken over, as they had the classic Hôtel de Bellevue et Flandre and most of the other hotels in Brussels, to be used as a club for officers.

The note of the Duchess was urgent, and I went at once, not altogether unprepared to find her under arrest, since one of the physicians attached to her ambulance had been in several times from Namur to report the various difficulties the Germans were already causing them there. She and the nurses with her, had remained in Namur throughout the bombardment of the twenty-third of August, and during the days of the dreadful week that followed. Afterwards the Duchess had taken her Red Cross establishment to Maubeuge. But now Maubeuge had fallen; we had had that news from James Barnes and from Commander Gherardi of our Navy, who had returned after witnessing the reduction of the city.

The Astoria had an empty air, and the porter in his uniform was somewhat subdued in manner by the new guests installed there, but he sent me up at once to the apartments of the Duchess, and at her door I found two unshaven and unkempt sentinels who, while doubtless not barbarians, smelled very much like barbarians. They denied me entrance, of course. I sent for an under officer who was there, but he was powerless, and then I found an obliging Oberleutnant who spoke French; he went at once to the Kommandantur and returned with Major Bayer, who apologized for the delay, scolded the two sentinels, and gave orders that I was to see the Duchess at once.

She was indisposed and reclining, but sprightly in her smart English speech, recounting her experiences since leaving Namur with her Red Cross Ambulance. German officers had promised her accommodations in a train to Holland via Aix-la-Chapelle, but she was suspicious and feared that she might be taken to Germany

and held for ransom. I assured her that there was little likelihood of that and that I should try to arrange for her to go to Holland. But she did not wish to start for several days; she was not feeling quite up to the journey, and was willing to give her word of honour that she would keep to her room and her bed. She was enjoying her adventure with the relish that our realist Anglo-Saxon race has in all that savours of the romantic, but I was just then for speeding all parting guests of that race. The fact that she was not quite ready to go was, however, an excellent argument to employ on the German mentality, and I spent futile hours trying to see Major Bayer to ask him to permit the Duchess to remain. But I could not find him; the world had changed into a pandemonium of grey motors, grey uniforms, unshaven sentries and, no doubt, swarming spies, in which it was growing more and more difficult to find one's way about. But at the close of the day, as Villalobar and I were telling each other our experiences, Baron von der Lancken suddenly appeared; he was just in from the field of battle near Louvain, and in his great flowing cape of light bluish-grey, with its upturned white collar, and his silver helmet he looked like Lohengrin, but a Lohengrin whose swan had overturned his frail bark for he was quite wet through and worn with fatigue. I gave him a glass of wine, and took advantage of the moment to arrange for the departure of the Duchess, nurses, and doctors. Von der Lancken obtained a motor, or two motors, for them, and the necessary papers and I asked James Barnes to escort them to Holland. Two days later the Duchess was out again, interesting in her nurse's garb, and at the Legation she asked to see the *Times* newspaper. There were some old

copies and settled herself in a corner of the *salon* to go carefully over the long list of dead and wounded. And when she had done she quietly folded the paper, laid down her eye-glasses, and looking up with an expression from which all the zest of adventure had gone, said:

"This is probably the end of the world; there will be none living after the war. I dread going back to England, where there will always be a newspaper with its 'roll of honour.' "

We were only beginning to learn what the war would do to us; just beginning to apprehend that the world could never again be what it had been—that all those who survived would be themselves *mutilés,* with wounds that would never heal.

XL

THEY ARE PRUSSIANS

All day long we heard the cannonade, that dull thump of the guns. We used to stand in fascinated silence and listen and mark the intervals between the reports. The Belgians were making sorties, and they were still contesting with the Germans the possession of Malines. Gibson had seen the King standing in the midst of a field of turnips, covered with mud and the grime of battle. And meanwhile the Germans had taken the summer palace at Laeken—there, where the dancers from the Monnaie had moved to those sweet measures of Glück, and they had rummaged through the apartments and drunk the King's wine. The King had smiled, so the story ran, when he was told of this, and he said that, as a total abstainer, he could not vouch for the quality of the wine; but Brussels was indignant. Saddened refugees were pouring ever into Brussels and finding homes somewhere among the poor, who are always so hospitable and are so near to pain and trouble always that they share the little that pain and trouble leave them.

Three times the Germans had taken Malines, and three times the Belgian troops had driven them out, and each time in the sting of defeat the Germans had wreaked their vengeance on the civilian population. The lovely Grand' Place was destroyed and the cathedral almost battered down—the cathedral where on moonlit

summer evenings Jeff Denyn used to play the *carillons,* filling all the air with their lovely music, and where the tall figure of the Cardinal came and went, in lace and scarlet and red hat.

Meanwhile fresh troops poured through Brussels every day, and every morning along the boulevards the Germans paraded the enormous Austrian cannons that were moving up to the siege, and when it was not cannons it was *mitrailleuses,* with their menace for the people. And all about the Palais de Justice sand bags were piled to make a barricade, and guns gaped over the ramp toward the quarter of the *Marolles* just below.

In the afternoons German officers rode their horses along the avenues and into the Bois. It was the hour of the promenade in the Avenue Louise; under the chestnut-trees that blossom twice a year along the wide plaisance, broad parterres where on pleasant afternoons there used to be ladies and gentlemen walking, bows and smiles and lifted hats, pretty children, toy-dogs with jingling harnesses, old women selling toy-balloons and girls selling flowers—notes of bright colour in the ensemble. In those days, those feverish days of expectancy, the people clung to the old habit and took the air there as before, though there were no more smiles, and the hats were lifted solemnly, and one by one the ladies all appeared in mourning. But the children, with the charming *insouciance* of childhood, still played there, and the gay little Griffons and the swaggering Pekinese were all unconcerned, and the old woman waddled about with the great cluster of toy-balloons in all their translucent colours, bobbing against each other above her head.

And it was precisely along this promenade, and not in the bridle-path, the tan-bark road across the way—

"l'allée réservée aux cavaliers"—that the German officers would gallop, straight, erect, with the monocles fixed in the arrogant faces that bore the scars of their prudent duels, while the children and the nursemaids scattered right and left.

I watched them in amazement and with a rising feeling in my breast—and there just across the way the soft tan bark, empty and unused.

And one evening after I had despatched some business with a German officer of high rank, I could not resist the impulse to ask him why the officers must needs gallop along the promenade when a few yards away there was such an excellent tan-bark route, made expressly for riding. He shrugged his shoulders and replied sententiously:

"Sont les Prussiens!"

He checked himself as though regretting the admission, and then he added:

"Faut pas répéter cela; vous savez, on doit mater les Belges." And he brought down a closed fist on the table.

Two days later, however, barriers were put up across the *allée réservée aux piétons,* with openings just large enough to permit one to pass. The children played there again, the daily promenades were resumed, and the officers rode thereafter along the bridle-path. I never knew whether my remark had anything to do with that or not; probably not. *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc* is one of the logical fallacies, as I used to read in Jevons.

I could be more certain of the effect of the paper which General Baron von Lüttwitz so kindly gave me to protect the villa Bois-Fleuri, at Quatre Bras. I had procured the paper to quiet Victor's apprehensions, but

one afternoon Victor came into town and reported that on three occasions German soldiers had overrun the house, rummaging everywhere, and that finally, when he produced the paper and showed it, the officer in command said:

"Oh yes, this is the house of the American Minister, and we have orders not to visit it, even if there should be wine in the cellar!"

However, they amused themselves by making Victor's wife dance for them, spurring her by tapping significantly on their pistol holsters. There were no orders, of course, against that; and the gardener's poor, overawed wife could not dance very well.

What orders there were, indeed, seemed to be for the Belgians, and these, with their numerous prohibitions conveyed in *affiches,* came to take up almost as much room on the walls of Brussels as the news of German victories conveyed in *Les Nouvelles publiées par le Gouvernement Allemand.* Brussels had taken heart of grace from a rumour that the German army was in retreat in France; it took so little to encourage the Belgians and to send their spirits mounting. Up to that time, even though the three days that the German troops were to have been passing through the city had lengthened into three weeks and the Germans were installing a government, the townspeople had persistently considered the conditions as temporary; they were convinced that Antwerp was impregnable, and every time the wind blew the sound of cannonading nearer they were persuaded that the English were coming to the relief. But slowly the hand was laid more heavily upon them. One morning I went downstairs and found a man with a very long, dark, serious face.

"It's the last straw! The people won't endure it!"

"What?" I asked.

"Why, the order about the pigeons," he said.

There was a new *affiche* [1] that morning stating that German soldiers had orders to fire on any civilian riding a bicycle, and that any one possessing carrier pigeons would be tried by court martial. The interdiction of pigeons was the last straw; the population would be in revolt. We laughed; it seemed so ridiculous. Of what importance were a few pigeons?

But it was important to the Belgians, for, as de Leval explained, the rearing and training of pigeons was a national sport, almost as popular as archery. Every

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[1] Avis

1. La circulation des automobiles privées, motocyclettes et vélos est interdite tant pour la ville de Bruxelles que pour les faubourgs, sauf à des personnes munies d'un permis spécial du commandant allemand (rue de la Loi, 6).

Ces permis ne seront délivrés qu'en cas d'urgence.

Toute contravention sera punie de la saisie des véhicules.

L'ordre formel a été donné aux troupes allemandes opérant à l'alentour de Bruxelles de tirer sur chaque cycliste en civil. Cette mesure s'impose parce qu'on a des preuves que la garnison d'Anvers a été informée continuellement des mouvements de nos troupes par l'intermédiaire de cyclistes.

2. Les personnes qui, après le 15 septembre, sont encore en possession de pigeons voyageurs, ainsi que d'autres personnes qui, par des signaux ou n'importe quel autre moyen, essayeront de nuire aux intérêts militaires allemands, seront jugés d'après les lois de la guerre.

Bruxelles, le 13 septembre, 1914.

Le gouverneur militaire allemand
de Bruxelles,
(signé) von Lüttwitz,
Général.

Belgian who could afford it had a *colombier* or if it were not quite that popular, many persons had *colombiers;* they had their clubs and on Sundays their contests; the land was filled with colombophiles as jealous of their rights as the lords of the olden times when the possession of a colombier was one of the seignorial privileges.

The Germans, no doubt, feared that pigeons might soar away with information; a similar fear was the motive for the harsh measures with regard to cyclists. The guards were increased everywhere; sentinels were placed at the Porte de Namur, at the Porte Louise, at the entrance to the Bois—everywhere.

Each morning had its new prohibition; it was forbidden to take photographs in the street and public places, or to distribute newspapers, or to tamper with telegraph or telephone wires. There were oft-repeated menaces, embracing whole populations. "Localities in the neighborhood of which telegraph or telephone lines are destroyed will be punished by a war contribution, no matter whether the inhabitants of the locality are guilty or not." [2]

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[2] Avis Officiel

Les automobiles, les motocyclettes et les vélos privés ne peuvent circuler dans les régions belges occupées par les troupes allemandes qu'à la condition qu'ils soient conduits par des soldats allemands ou que le conducteur soit en possession d'un permis valable.

Ces sortes de permis sont délivrés uniquement par les commandants de place locaux, et seulement dans les cas urgents.

Toute contravention à cette ordonnance entraînera la saisie de l'automobile, de la motocyclette ou du vélo.

Quiconque essayera de passer, sans permis, les avant-postes ou troupes allemandes, ou quiconque s'en approchera de telle façon que les apparences d'une reconnaissance sont présentées, sera fusillé sur le champ.

And then one morning there was an *affiche* that bore a final humiliation, gave a last blow to Belgian pride—the Belgian flag was ordered down. Many had taken in their flags and closed their windows and shut their doors the day the Germans arrived, but there were houses where the flags of black and yellow and red still floated; and now these must come down. They might be "considered a provocation," announced the *avis* of General von Lüttwitz, "by German troops sojourning in or passing through Brussels." And he added: "The Military Government has no intention by this measure to wound the sentiments and the dignity of the inhabitants. It had no other end in view than to preserve the citizens from harm." [3]

But the people read the *affiche* in sorrow and in shame. The flags came down—those of the Palace

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Les localités dans le voisinage desquelles les lignes télégraphiques ou téléphoniques sont détruites, seront frappées d'une contribution de guerre, peu importe que les habitants en soient coupables ou non.

Cette ordonnance entre en vigueur à partir du 20 de ce mois.

Bruxelles, le 17 septembre, 1914.

Le gouverneur général en Belgique,
Baron von der Goltz,
Général Feldmaréchal.

[3] Avis

La population de Bruxelles, comprenant bien ses propres intérêts, a observé en général dès l'entrée des troupes allemandes jusqu'à présent l'ordre et le calme. Pour cette raison, je n'ai pas encore pris des mesures pour défendre le pavoisement de drapeaux belges, considéré comme une provocation par les troupes allemandes qui sont de séjour ou de passage à Bruxelles. C'est précisément pour éviter que nos troupes ne soient amenées à agir de leur propre gré, que j'engage maintenant les propriétaires des maisons de faire rentrer les drapeaux belges.

Le gouvernement militaire n'a aucunement l'intention de froisser

Hotel at the significant touch of a pistol by its wearer.

But the following morning there appeared another *affiche,* signed by Burgomaster Max—a proclamation that was like a cry of wounded pride, ringing clear with patriotism; it recalled the original proclamation of the Governor-General Baron von der Goltz Pasha, which said that no Belgian would be called upon to renounce his patriotic sentiments, but it begged the people "to make this additional sacrifice, and patiently to await the hour of reparation." [4]

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par cette mesure les sentiments et la dignité des habitants. Il a le seul but de préserver les citoyens de tout dommage.

Bruxelles, le 16 septembre, 1914.

Baron von Lüttwitz,
Général et gouverneur.

[4] Ville de Bruxelles

Chers Concitoyens

Un avis, affiché aujourd'hui, nous apprend que le Drapeau belge arboré aux façades de nos demeures est considéré comme une "provocation" par les troupes allemandes.

Le Feld-Maréchal von der Goltz, dans sa proclamation du 2 septembre disait pourtant "ne demander à personne de renier ses sentiments patriotiques." Nous ne pouvions donc prévoir que l'affirmation de ces sentiments serait tenue pour une offense.

L'affiche qui nous le révele a été, je le reconnais, rédigée en termes mesures et avec le souci de ménager nos susceptibilités.

Elle n'en blessera pas moins, d'une manière profonde, l'ardente et fière population de Bruxelles.

Je demande à cette population de donner un nouvel exemple du sang-froid et de la grandeur d'âme dont elle a fourni déja tant de preuves en ces jours douloureux.

Acceptons provisoirement le sacrifice qui nous est imposé, retirons nes drapeaux pour éviter des conflits, et attendons patiemment heure de la réparation.

Bruxelles, le 16 *septembre,* 1914.

Adolphe Max, *Le Bourgmestre.*

The answer of the Military Governor of Brussels to this appeared the next day, all over the town on all the walls; the proclamations of the Burgomaster had been covered over during the night by white paper—blank.

XLI

THE PLIGHT OF THE BARON

Perhaps I can convey the impression of those restless rainy days—for the good weather was done—days of various glooms and fears and cares, no better than by extracting from the notes I made at the time of some of the typical incidents. I had never kept a journal in my life; such things seemed to belong to that far-off Victorian age before the art, like the art of correspondence, had declined, before the newly-invented expedients of a more eager and nervous day, with its telegraphs and telephones and its hideous coloured post-cards. We had none of those conveniences of course, and I used to jot down notes at the close of days that were so full of care and annoyance that they left one too fatigued to write them out, except in a fragmentary way that could not catch or retain their flavour, so that their interest oft-times evaporated over night. There were incidents that seem casual enough in the retrospect and wholly unrelated, though they were all related to the colossal tragedy that had overwhelmed the world. They were often mere beginnings of smaller tragedies, and I did not always know their *dénouements;* the thread of them got lost in the amazing skein in which all events were tangled.

I find, for instance, under the date of the seventh of September, that as I came downstairs there arose from a chair in the hall a man who made a very solemn military bow, a rather forlorn Belgian in a blue coat with its

double row of globular brass buttons, the light blue breeches and the little *bonnet de police* that proclaimed him an officer of the Belgian Lancers.

In the hall, likewise, was a young German officer in a grey uniform, with an enormous cartridge-belt terribly filled with cartridges, and in its holster a small revolver—rather inadequate, it seemed to me, for all the desperate deeds those cartridges portended. This German was Dr. Georg Berghausen, a somewhat too affable young man, the medical officer who has already appeared on the lurid scene of Louvain. When I asked him to enter my room he said he had come to arrange an exchange of prisoners. Then he thrust his head out the door and called loudly *"Mon camarade!"* and the Belgian came in and was introduced as Baron de Menten, whom, Berghausen said he should like to exchange for a certain German officer, then a prisoner in Antwerp.

The German, with a gesture that bespoke the most generous and flattering confidence in my integrity, then withdrew and left me with the Belgian, who told me his story. Near Louvain he had been sent out to make a reconnaissance but was cut off and found himself with only a non-commissioned officer and a trumpeter, surrounded by two hundred Germans; the non-commissioned officer was killed but the Baron and the trumpeter crawled away on their hands and knees and hid in a field of asparagus. Lying there in the soft feathery bushes of asparagus, de Menten and the trumpeter saw, not far off, a peasant, who held up two fingers and then pointed to the place where they were hiding, and they knew that their position had been betrayed to the German soldiers. Thus they were made prisoners and taken to the Château of Steenbeck, the residence of M. Mau-

rice Despret, which had been taken by the Germans, and there de Menten had been confined in a small room guarded by two sentinels. Then Berghausen had appeared and brought him to Brussels, to be exchanged, as he was told. I was touched by his plight and wished to help him, but a transfer of prisoners seemed to me to be a military matter with which I should not be concerned.

I heard no more of the officer in the Lancers for four days, and then another German officer asked me if I could not arrange an exchange for him; he wished me to write a letter which de Menten could bear to Antwerp—a journey which, he said, the German authorities would be glad to facilitate for him. Such solicitude for prisoners was not usual with the Germans, and I began to have certain suspicions, unworthy no doubt, though not of the Baron. I had looked at him and that was enough; what I had seen was good. Two days passed and Berghausen came again, most affable and delighted with the new Iron Cross he was wearing; he touched its black and white ribbon with pride, and reverently said, *"Mon Empereur me l'a donnée."* I congratulated him, of course, though it seemed to me that the action, however well intentioned, had deprived him of the distinction he had had of being the only German officer ever seen in Brussels who did not wear that decoration. He wished me to write a letter to the Belgian Government which de Menten was to take to Antwerp —a letter setting forth the facts in the affair as I understood them—and he argued so long and so earnestly that I decided not to do so. He went away then, and soon after came de Menten himself and said that he had already been to Antwerp, that Berghausen had con-

ducted him through the lines, and that at Antwerp he had been taken before the whole staff, in the presence of the American Consul, and there had been severely rebuked by his General for having come through the lines at all. The General then ordered him to be blindfolded and returned as a prisoner within the German lines. I felt a great pity for the man; his distress was so evident, but there seemed to be nothing that I could do to aid him. In the afternoon he returned, in *bourgeois* this time, and, speaking of the suspicions his own brother officers must have of him he said that nothing remained for him to do but to go back to the army and to prove his loyalty by being shot; even though I were to write the letter, he said, he would not carry it to Antwerp. He sat there in the discomfort of a soldier out of uniform in time of war, and while I was wondering what I might say to lighten the load he bore, Berghausen appeared, and standing before us said, in a formal, proclamatory way:

"I declare that the Baron de Menten, Captain of Lancers, is now at liberty!"

He asked me if I would certify to the fact, and I said of course I should be willing to certify to the fact that he had made such a declaration in my presence.

Berghausen left then, and soon thereafter de Menten went away. I did not see him again.

I could not follow in all their sequences and to their *dénouements* all of the incidents that were so constantly coming up in our experiences; they happened as things happen in life and not in books, in that casual, detached and unrelated way in which life weaves its mysterious romance, without the regard for the unity that enslaves conscious art—largely because I suppose, the plot of life

is of so vast a scope that our vision is not broad enough to embrace it. In romances the war is an incident in the life of the individual; in life itself the individual is but an incident, and a most insignificant and pitiable incident of the war, or whatever the calamity may be.

Indeed difficulties came so swiftly one on the other that there was not always time to follow them to their end. If it was not a woman in trouble, there seemed to be always a British Red Cross ambulance to be concerned about. No sooner had the Duchess of Sutherland been released than three young Englishmen, belonging to the ambulance then serving at the railway station at Schaerbeek, disappeared. We found them eventually where most of those who disappeared during all the time in Belgium were to be found—at the Kommandantur. The three young men, of course were charged with spying. The Red Cross ambulance had remained in Brussels and had nursed German wounded, under the assurance that they would be respected in accordance with The Hague Conventions. The phrase, however, was beginning to lose some of its magic, and when the three were arrested, I tried to arrange not only for their release but for their departure by way of Holland. The German physician who was then at the head of the Red Cross, a Dr. Sturtz, wished to send them to Liége; when objection was made—Liége being more directly in the route to Germany than to Holland—the Doctor produced a paper written in German and signed by Dr. Wyatt, the young Englishman at the head of the ambulance, in which Wyatt expressed his willingness to go to Liége; Dr. Sturtz insisted on this. Wyatt was young and in a difficult position; he could not read German and not only had he not known what he was

signing, but he had signed it under threats of the Germans. I pointed all this out to the authorities, and argued that it was not only unfair, but in most countries illegal to hold a man to a signature obtained under duress. The point escaped the German mind, and for the time I could obtain no decision.

The Germans, indeed, had a policy, not unpractical one must admit—of preferring to discuss the shortcomings of others rather than their own. When I went to see them they always introduced some other disagreeable topic before I could selfishly mention my own; they always had some complaint at hand, usually about an American or one of our English protégés.

At that moment it was the visit of the secretaries of Legation to Louvain they preferred to discuss. They were beginning to feel the reaction from that monstrous horror, though they were slow to realize it as a monstrous horror themselves. One young officer then temporarily in Brussels, remarked to me that the affair was not of great importance, and that he failed to see why so much ado was being made about it. "After all," he said, "nothing of great value was destroyed." I spoke of the library—I had always the vision of the old priest bursting into sobs as he tried to articulate the word *"bibliothèque"*—but he said that there was little of real importance in that.

I do not mean to write unkindly about that officer; he was in reality not bad at heart, but always ready and even anxious to do favours and little helpful deeds. He had come to see me in an effort to get Gibson and Pousette and Bulle to testify that they had seen civilians firing at Louvain. Several other officers called on the same mission, among them von S———, who in civil life was a

banker, and he was so much a civilian always that even his uniform did not militarize him. He was a man of education, and he felt the stigma that the Louvain atrocity had indelibly placed on his land. The younger military men among them did not have much concern about it; they were forgetting it and sweeping on to others like it. As Talleyrand said, *"on peut militariser un civil, mais on ne peut pas civiliser un militaire."*

I had not the slightest intention, as I have already intimated in the account given of the sack of Louvain, of helping to adduce any such evidence as the German authorities were evidently seeking, and when I told them that in any event I should have to ask instructions of the Government at Washington, and von der Lancken, with his knowledge of the ways of diplomatists, trained and untrained, remarked that in making the request I would probably so word it as to suggest the answer desired. I should not wonder if he were correct in that suspicion; at any rate, the testimony was not forthcoming.

And yet, not all of the visits we received were so prolific in difficulties. When they had not to do with some flagrant and exasperating injustice or some revolting cruelty, they might be of that minor quality that was amusing in a cynical way. A typical instance was that recounted to me by an American lady who conducted a fashionable school for girls in Brussels, and came in alarm one day to ask my advice and protection. One morning in September two young German officers had appeared at the *pensionnat* and asked if Fräulein Olga von somebody was there. She had been there as a student, but had not returned that year. Then they demanded her photograph, which the preceptress, very

much perplexed and deeply troubled, refused. The officers insisted, forced her to find and produce a picture of Olga—and the young officer snatched from her hand, tore into bits, threw the pieces in the lady's face, and stamped out of the house.

Some Frenchman—Talleyrand, I suppose, since all the witty French sayings of the last century are attributed to him—has said of some deed that had been referred to as a crime: "It is worse than a crime, it is an indelicacy." Thus we had the story of a certain *châtelaine* near Brussels who tried to be polite to the German General who had quartered himself and his Staff in her château; thinking to make the best of it, she asked the General:

"At what time will you have dinner?"

"Never mind about that," he said, "I have already given orders."

And its *pendant,* that of the gouvernante in a château in the Ardennes where German officers were quartered. One morning an officer drew his revolver and said to the gouvernante:

"I have a notion to shoot you."

"Why?" she asked.

"Oh, simply because I feel like shooting some one to-day."

Then she replied calmly:

"Why don't you shoot yourself?"

XLII

BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW

We had been dining out one evening, for life went on somehow, even if it did have a curious effect of having been suspended, though dining out was not without its adventures; people were occasionally arrested on their way home and taken to the Kommandantur. The very word came to have terrible connotations in Brussels, and indeed all over Belgium and the north of France, like so many typical words that begin with that ugly letter K—Krieg, Kaiser, Krupp, Kultur, Kolossal, Kommandantur. Sometimes one's cook or the cook of one's host would be arrested at the last minute, and that was even worse than if one of the guests had been arrested. On the evening of which I specifically write, however, we had not been subject to such accidents, and had returned home with somewhat more normal sensations, when I found awaiting me in my *cabinet* a gentleman who was so drenched with rain, so evidently weary, that he presented a pitiable sight. He was the Baron de Roest d'Alkemaede, and he came with a sad story of the requisitioning of all the horses in the neighbourhood of Hal. The farmers there—those who farmed on a large scale and those who raised on little patches the produce that was used on Brussels tables—had already so suffered from the seizure of their horses that many of them had only one left; if these were to be taken agriculture there would cease. In addition to all this, and what was even more important, they raised there those magnificent Brabançon horses, and if all the

stallions and brood mares were to be requisitioned the noble race would be annihilated. The Baron in sorrow told me of this great fear of his neighbours; he had come to implore American aid, and he spoke too of other calamities that had befallen his beautiful land, somehow summed up in the phrase current among the German soldiers: "Paris, champagne, and the women of France." What could I do?

I went to bed depressed; it was the old task of which so much of life is made—that of making bricks without straw. In the morning, going to von der Lancken with an accumulation of other troubles to discuss, among them the ever-present subject of Gibson's testimony as to the Louvain incident, I touched unofficially the question of the requisitioning of the horses at Hal, and he was sympathetic and reasonable and agreed to do what he could. I took him in my car and we drove to the old foreign office, and found an officer of the Death Head Hussars, who seemed to be the chief of the horse-stealing department, and there standing in the middle of the street, with soldiers saluting on every hand, we explained the matter to him, reminding him that those heavy Brabançon draught-stallions could not walk ten kilometers in a whole day and would be utterly useless to an army—so that he promised to leave the poor folk down at Hal as many of their horses as he could. Then with many salutes we parted and I came back happy to be able to inform the Baron de Roest l'Alkemaede, who was waiting for me with a delegation of breeders who had come to Brussels that day on the same errand, of the success of my efforts.[1]

[1] However, the horses, ultimately, were taken.

Von der Lancken had told me that as a result of my two *démarches* and my letter of protest, the decision to send the British Red Cross to Liége had been reversed and that it had been decided to send the nurses—more than one hundred—including the doctors, to England.

Then Japanese interests were confided to me, Japan having gone to war with Germany, and I hoisted my flag over the Japanese Legation in the Rue de la Loi. There were very few Japanese residents in Brussels and only three in the Legation, and those could not leave by Antwerp for all the country between Antwerp and Brussels was then one vast battlefield, and it was agreed with the Germans that the Chargé and his little colony should remain quietly in the city.

XLIII

RUINED LOUVAIN

One might have the illusion that there was no war in the world—the country-side was so beautiful, the fields so sweet, so lovely, spreading out on either hand, with men and women working in them and peasants peacefully plowing—had it not been that now and then one met army wagons, with cavalry escorts, or sentinels who demanded the *passierscheins* that had become one of the fundamentally important elements in life. Occasionally one met the great vans that had replaced the railways, filled with people talking and gossiping, exchanging their experiences—somehow recalling Mr. Thomas Hardy's stories of the vans that used to lumber through old Wessex, with their tragic or comic histories. All these were tragic, doubtless, though the faces were not tragic; indeed, it is strange with what *sang-froid* the people endured the misery of those times. There were, of course, the rude marks of the war in the ruins of houses by the roadside, or far off across the fields, or in some lovely and abandoned château at the end of its long avenue, its white façade blackened and spattered by bullets.

The narrow twisting streets of Louvain, for instance, had ruins on every side, as though an earthquake had shaken down the houses and fire had consumed them all; within they were burnt black, in some places the walls about to fall. But at the American College, with its old wall and its linden-trees, the old garden with its

terraces where strawberries were still ripening in the late September sun, there was a peace almost classic, untouched by the fury that had swept away so much of the town.

A strange silence indeed filled the whole city; amid the ruins that cumbered the streets, the people stood about, idle and curious, with sad, solemn faces, and as our motor passed they uncovered in mute salute of the flag that had somehow come to express for them what had been expressed by their own, which they might no longer fly.

The Hôtel de Ville was intact, and workmen mounted on a scaffolding were cleaning the stains from its Gothic façade. Across the street the ruins of the cathedral stood, the lofty nave and transept blackened and charred and filled with rubbish, and the sunlight pouring through the great windows from which the stained glass was broken, and through the wide aperture in the roof through which the great bell had fallen when the tower gave way. The doors had been battered in, the marks of the axes were there on lock and panel, and within on every door even in the coffers where the treasures of the old pile had been kept, the marks of like blows were visible; and every one of the side chapels had been deliberately burned out, for the thick walls between them, still standing, had resisted the flames. And though nearly a month had passed, the sack of the city was still going steadily on, though in a more orderly and organized manner, for soldiers were bearing forth from the houses great baskets of wine.

XLIV

OUR DAILY BREAD

When we got home that September evening from Louvain, Gibson and de Leval were waiting for me to say that during my absence word had come that there was at last no more flour in Brussels. The situation as regards food had grown more and more desperate, and now it had come to be acute. It was not a surprise; ten days before we had made the first effort to meet the situation that was now upon us. Mr. Daniel Heineman, the American who had so efficiently organized the relief for the stranded Americans, had been in to confer with me and, on the twelfth of September, to be exact—since the date is not without its interest—he and Mr. Millard K. Shaler, an American engineer resident in Brussels, had gone to see certain men in the German administration to discuss possible means of providing food. A simple fact will express the whole difficulty of the situation. In normal times of peace Belgium must import from four-fifths to five-sixths of her total food-supply; the most densely populated, the most intensely cultivated country in the world, this was the best she could do. Now, ravaged by war, with crops ungathered and industry dead, the need was even greater, and the ports of entry were closed by England on the seas. We had heard, however, that there were certain stores of wheat in Antwerp, belonging to the Belgian Government, and Davignon, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, had contrived to get a letter through to me saying that the wheat, or

a part of it, would be sent through to Brussels if we could contrive the means. The excellent Heineman had been busily at work, and he assured us that the Pasha would consent to its coming in. Heineman, indeed, could work marvels. He had large financial interests in several countries, Germany among them; he could speak German, and he could be addressed as a Herr Doktor himself, if necessary, since he had a degree of Ph.D. from a German university. He was a member of the Comité Central l'Alimentation et Secours, and he had worked untiringly to aid in that great work of charity.

There may have been in Brussels men in and out of that committee who suspected what a task it would be to feed Belgium, but I doubt if any one fully realized it, I am sure that I did not. In my house breakfast was brought up punctually, luncheon and tea and dinner were announced at the usual hours; that was the least of my concerns. I had never known what it was to be hungry in all my life—or perhaps I would better say, never known what it was to go hungry; the appetite of the golf-links, of course, was but one of the many pleasures of the experience, and there was a waiting table in the country club. The words of the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," had never had for me, I fear, any other than a poetic meaning. My own attitude toward food was as insouciant as that of a lap-dog, for whom nourishment is provided, though it was not as gracious or as grateful as that of a lap-dog, since I often grumbled if it were not prepared to a somewhat fastidious taste. I speak of my own attitude in this respect as a confession and as an illustration too, since it was the attitude of nearly every one that I knew, on both

sides of the Atlantic. The war was soon to bring us face to face with great elementary facts of human existence; we were, as Kitchener said, to taste the salt of life. The old prayer was to acquire significance, it was to become the principal concern of each moment, not only for us, but vicariously for seven millions, and ultimately for ten millions of people. So that now I never see any one idly crumbling bread at dinner without a shock.

But we had no notion then, and well it was that we had not; if we had had, we never could have accomplished what we did—the monstrous task would have appalled us. Just then that autumn evening it meant merely that there were certain stores of wheat in Antwerp; there were armies between us and Antwerp, but if we could get the wheat through all would go well—for those anonymous poor who were hungry. As for our being hungry, the thought was inconceivable! I went, then at once, that evening to see von der Lancken; the question was, how to communicate with the Belgian Government in the beleaguered city. Sitting there in that apartment in the Ministère de l'Agriculture, we talked across his great table. This question, as I say, was to communicate with Antwerp.

"It is simple," said Lancken.

"How?"

"Max can communicate with Antwerp," he replied quietly.

"How?" I repeated.

There was a shrug of the shoulders in the gilt epaulettes, and the trace of a meaning smile. . . . But such a request to Max? No, not that. Max's means of com-

munication were, then, the important thing! And I came away.

I saw von der Lancken the next morning; he still thought that I should ask Max to communicate; there were rumours of a secret telephone of some sort. But I refused to ask Max. The next afternoon I suggested, that inasmuch as we seemed unable to agree on Max, we compromise on Gibson and send him to Antwerp—he knew the way; and during several days the Baron and I tossed the two names back and forth with the most amiable persistence, and finally he agreed to Gibson's going. The journey as planned this time was not dangerous; the German army was investing Antwerp too closely and the battle was raging too fiercely for him to go directly; he would have to turn, as it were, the German right flank from the rear—a thing that your military man would say could not be done—that is, go around by Maestricht into Holland and enter Antwerp from the north. And as he was going this way, my wife and I decided that it was best to take advantage of the opportunity and send out our two mothers with him. We had been concerned about them; there was too much danger in the air; no one ever knew. The recollection of the mother of Madame Poullet, who, at eighty years of age, had walked at night all the way from Louvain into Brussels, was ever present and too suggestive, and there were always those horrid tales of what happened whenever the Germans were checked anywhere—for Belgium not only suffered from German victories but paid the penalty of Allied victories too. We would be easier with the dear old ladies away, sad as we were to see them go. They had been so fine, so brave, never a word of fear, playing cards in their rooms, keeping

away from the windows lest the Gare du Luxembourg, half a block away, should be blown up by bombs from some air craft and the pieces fly that way, taking their walks and drives—and like the Germans, disappointed of their trip to Paris.

And so it was agreed that Gibson should go with them in the motor to The Hague and leave them there while he went to Antwerp to arrange for sending through the wheat, then rejoin them and escort them to London. We asked for the *passierscheins*.

XLV

THE ARREST OF THE BURGOMASTER

WHILE we were engaging in the first negotiations for the revictualing of Belgium another curious and complicated series of events were mounting to the climax that had been inevitable from the beginning; the *duel d'esprit* between the Burgomaster and the Germans was rapidly approaching an acute phase. When M. Max's *affiche* asking his *"Chers Citoyens"* to make one further sacrifice, to take down their flags and to await the hour of reparation, was covered that night with white paper by the military authorities, this did not close the incident, for M. Max was arrested by the German authorities. The Commandant of the Place, Major Bayer, had appeared at the Hôtel de Ville with four German soldiers and informed him that he was under arrest.

"Je m'incline," the Burgomaster replied; and so went *en galant homme* to be informed that he was a prisoner and would be sent to Germany.

M. Max bowed. He said:

"I regret, of course, that I cannot continue to discharge my duties to the end, but I must submit. However, I have the satisfaction of having done my duty. You told me at the beginning that you wished to avoid trouble and difficulty in Brussels; I know the temper of my people better than you do, and if I had not interposed myself between you and the population of Brussels we should have had bloodshed here. Therefore I cannot regret having done what I did. I am glad too

that up to this time, when my authority ends, we have had peace here. Now that you have made me prisoner, I find a certain relief in the fact that I shall not be responsible for what occurs hereafter."

General von Lüttwitz started; he had not foreseen such a result. He said, "Wait a minute," and went away. At the end of a quarter of an hour he came back, having seen the Pasha; he extended his hand to the Burgomaster and said:

"You are free."

The story got abroad; M. Max expressed the resistance of the proud old city; people could liken him to St. Michel, the city's patron saint, with the dragon beat down under his feet, just as he stands forever on the tower of the Hôtel de Ville. The town burst suddenly forth into admiration; everywhere there were little plaster busts and pictures of the Burgomaster, growing very popular—too popular, I feared, in my walks through the charming old streets that twisted about in the lower town; for to an old head used to politics, which are everywhere the world over the same in essence, this phenomenon had a meaning and a danger too apparent.

On the afternoon of the twenty-sixth of September, going from the book-stalls—quite deserted then—in the Galerie Borthier to the Galeries St.-Hubert, where there were more life and movement, I saw, in the Rue de l'Ecuyer, a new *affiche,* and stopped to read it:

PUBLICATION

Le gouvernement allemand avait ordonné le paiement des bons de réquisitions, supposant à bon droit que la ville aurait payé volontairement l'entièreté de la contribution de guerre qui lui avait été imposée.

Ce n'est qu'à cette condition que le traitement de faveur peut

être justifié dont la ville de Bruxelles a joui, à la différence de toutes les autres villes de la Belgique, lesquelles ne verront les bons de réquisition remboursés qu' àprès la conclusion de la paix.

Etant donné que l'administration communale de Bruxelles refuse le versement du restant de la contribution de guerre, aucun bon de réquisition ne sera plus payé à partir de ce jour par la caisse gouvernementale.

Bruxelles, le 24 septembre, 1914.

Le gouverneur militaire,
Baron von Lüttwitz,
Général-major. [1]

The announcement bore an immense significance which was not, perhaps, instantly realized by the small group that so idly perused it. The people did not, I fancied—all of them at least—feel its dark presentment of impending evil. I hastened home to the Legation.

On the twenty-fourth of August Burgomaster Max and General von Jarotsky had had *pourparlers* as to the fifty millions of francs which the Germans had demanded from the city. M. Max had declared, as he had told von

[1] Publication

The German Government ordered the payment of *bons de réquisition,* having good reason to suppose that the city would voluntarily pay the whole of the war contribution that had been imposed upon it. It was only on that condition that the exceptional treatment which the city of Brussels had enjoyed could be justified, in contradistinction from all the other cities in Belgium in which the *bons de réquisition* would not be paid until after the conclusion of peace. Now that the city administration of Brussels refuses to turn over the balance of the war contribution, from this day forward no *bons de réquisition* will be paid by the government treasury.

Brussels, 24 Septembre, 1914.

The Governor,
Baron von Lüttwitz,
Major General.

Jarotsky in the presence of Villalobar and me, that he could not procure the entire sum. However, he agreed to try to procure a million and a half, and within eight days following eighteen millions and a half; and he tried to induce von Jarotsky to reduce the sum demanded to twenty millions. Von Jarotsky said that he had no power to do this, but he promised to use his influence with the superior officers of the army to have it done as soon as the twenty millions had been paid. The contribution, as it was so politely termed—war having need of so many euphemisms!—was subsequently reduced to 45,000,000 francs.

The General also agreed, at the request of the Burgomaster, that for eight days the German authorities would make no further requisitions of food or provisions, either in the city or in its faubourgs. This agreement was drawn up August 24th, 1914, signed by von Jarotsky and the Burgomaster and witnessed by Grabowsky, the *Conseiller aulique* of the German Legation. And the very next day a German General passing through Brussels told the Burgomaster that he would not observe this convention unless M. Max made it possible for him to bring at once by railroad from St. Trond, a place northeast of Brussels, some stores of food and provisions that he had there. M. Max wrote a protest to von Jarotsky insisting that the convention had been made without condition, and that for a German General to introduce a condition later was to break the given word and destroy confidence in a contract regularly signed by the German Government.

And again on the twenty-seventh, two days after the agreement made by von Jarotsky to the effect that there would be no more requisitions for eight days, a superior

officer sent by a General in charge of an army fifty kilometers from Brussels, came to the Hôtel de Ville and ordered M. Max to furnish him with fifty pounds of yeast. M. Max again invoked the convention, but this General said that he was not bound by von Jarotsky's word.

In the meantime M. Max had succeeded in obtaining a respite of thirty days for the payment of the forty-five million francs. It had been decided among the delegates of the various communes of the *Agglomération Bruxelloise* (Great Brussels comprises fifteen communes, each with its Burgomaster, but the Burgomaster of the old historic Brussels had always been considered as the titular head of the whole city) that the Commune of Brussels would pay twenty millions and the other communes thirty millions divided among them *pro-rata* to their population. The city—that is, the Commune of Brussels proper—made its payments regularly, and when the thirtieth of September came there were only 4,000,000 francs left for the city to pay. The suburban communes had not succeeded in raising their thirty millions, and the Commune of Brussels itself did not possess the funds necessary to pay the part of the other communes.

On the twenty-sixth of September, then, Baron von Lüttwitz published the *affiche* set out above. Following this and in reply to it, M. Max wrote to M. Dufaire, the director of the Deutsche Bank in Brussels, that the certificates of indebtedness which the city had given to the German authorities could not be paid on the thirtieth, and that he did this as a *riposte* to the Governor General's publications.

When I returned to the Legation that evening Villa-

lobar was waiting there to see me. We had chatted a little while when the échevins Jacquemain and Steens were announced, and M. Jacquemain came down the corridor swiftly, his dark face darker still in the stress of a vivid emotion.

"Mauvaises nouvelles!" he exclaimed as he entered the room. *"Max a été arrêté!"* He sank into a chair, well nigh overcome; he was perhaps the Burgomaster's closest friend.

M. Max had been arrested at two-thirty in the afternoon while at a reunion of the delegates of the Agglomération Bruxelloise, which was discussing the measures to be taken in view of a situation that was growing more and more alarming; oil was difficult to obtain; the municipal gas and electric light plants would soon have to cease their production because coal was growing scarce; the bakeries could no longer bake bread. It was difficult to get coal to Brussels, the railways having been taken by the German authorities for their own transport; the canal to Charleroi was being repaired and was no longer navigable; horses, wagons, all had been requisitioned; the only means of transport that remained was the *tramway vicinal*—what we would call an interurban railway —the city fathers were discussing all these problems when a German officer appeared and ordered the Burgomaster to report to the Military Governor. There M. Max was informed that he had been relieved from his functions as Burgomaster and that he would be sent to a fortress in Germany.

At five o'clock that afternoon the échevins Jacquemain, Lemonnier, Maes and Steens had gone to see the Military Governor and had told him that all the administrative measures that M. Max had taken had been with

the approval and with the accord of the *Collège échevinal,* and insisted that M. Max had not broken any of his pacts with the Military authorities and asked to be arrested with M. Max. General von Lüttwitz produced the letter that the Burgomaster had written to Dufaire of the Deutsche Bank—it was for that that he had been suspended; he should have written to the authorities, said the General, not to the Director of the Bank. He asked the échevins to assume the direction of the affairs of the city; if they did not do so he would name a German burgomaster who would take the necessary steps to have the entire amount of the indemnity of war paid. M. Jacquemain proposed to General von Lüttwitz that he be held as hostage in M. Max's place, but this the General, of course, refused. Then they came to the Legation.

Villalobar and I decided to go to General von Lüttwitz, asking the échevins to await our return. It was half-past seven o'clock, already dark, and a chill wind blowing.

At the old Ministry for Foreign Affairs there were signs of perturbation and ill-humour; the sentinels were nasty; we had difficulty in getting in. The young *aide* in the ante-room was very truculent, glancing contemptuously at our cards and saying curtly:

"What do you want to see the General for?"

Villalobar's Spanish pride bristled at once.

"Monsieur!" he said in a tone that might have blasted the young fellow where he stood. The officer handed our cards back to us saying that the General was at dinner and could not be disturbed. It was difficult to keep one's temper with such a boorish fellow as this youth, and it was unpleasant to adopt in dealing with

him the only tone he understood; perhaps it was because we could not quite do the one that we succeeded so well in doing the other; we told him that we would state our business to no one but the General, and, in short—that we were not accustomed to speaking to aides-de-camp.

A flush of rage reddened the young cheeks that were scarred by the *balafres* of the student duels, but the phrase did its work, and young jackanapes clicked his heels and went in, came slamming out presently, shouted angrily to us that Monsieur le Général wished us to wait, clicked his heels again, and flung out of the room in a fine show of temper.

"Quelle politesse!" said the Marquis.

We sat down and waited, cooling our heels if not our tempers, while the General finished his dinner. We waited long. German Generals are good trenchermen, and the wine that poor Davignon had left behind in his cellar was excellent. But all things come to an end, and finally the General came in. He had dined well, of course, and we had not dined at all; he came very friendly and with a certain loud laughing geniality, begged our pardon for having kept us waiting and showed us into his—or into Davignon's—private room. We spoke of the arrest of the *Bourgmestre.*

"Qu'est-ce qut çâ peut bien vous faire?"

It was, of course, none of our business, as we admitted, but our good offices were at his service in the exigency. Then he told us the whole story. It was, he said, the third serious difficulty that he had had with M. Max, and when he mentioned M. Max's name he had to restrain his feelings; he said that the difficulty was that M. Max had been growing too popular and that his

popularity had gone to his head, in the intoxicating way that popularity will at times.

"That man has never written me a letter," he said, "in which there was not concealed some sharp pricking point," and he gave a vicious stab with his finger in the air to illustrate the effect of M. Max's piquancy.

"I said this to him the other day," he went on, " 'Monsieur Max, do you know what I think you are trying to do? I think you are trying to become the first president of the Belgian Republic!' "

He spoke then of the first disagreement with M. Max, the affair of the famous *affiche.* "I had no intention of repeating what Max told me," he went on, "but I felt in duty bound to report it to my Government. They told it to the Commandant at Liége who affiched it."

Then he spoke of the next *affiche,* the one concerning the Belgian flags, which was subsequently covered with white paper, and at last came to the case under notice, his own latest *affiche,* and M. Max's letter to Dufaire of the Deutsche Bank.

"There was nothing left for me to do but to arrest Max," said General von Lüttwitz. His face grew very hard as he sat there, and very red, his grey hair giving him a distinguished look.

"One or the other must rule here," he exclaimed, "he or I, and I am put here to rule. When this house burns I'll burn with it, under the ashes of the door sill." He clenched his fist, then gave a rather harsh laugh. We made a last effort to get him to reconsider his decision and to release M. Max, but he shook his head determinedly.

"He has already been sent away," he explained. "I gave him a fine dinner," he concluded, as though even

a burgomaster could ask no more, and relaxed more comfortably in his chair. He added that M. Max would be sent to a fortress at Namur, in honourable confinement.[2] That seemed to close the incident. He was prepared for trouble when the fact became known—he had posted guns everywhere; but he hoped to avoid it. He wished the échevins to continue in their functions, and he asked us if we could help him by any suggestions.

"If the Brussels police continue at their posts and maintain order," I asked, "will you leave that work to them?"

"Yes," he said. "If we can keep order for three days, the worst will be over."

We left him then and returned to my Legation. It was about nine o'clock and Messrs. Jacquemain and Steens were still waiting. We asked them to get M. Lemonnier and meet us again at the Legation at half-past ten.

M. Lemonnier was a lawyer in Brussels and the ranking échevin. At the time M. Max had been named Burgomaster, M. Lemonnier had been indicated, by reason of his length of service, for the post, but M. Max had been chosen instead. There were, therefore,

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[2] Ville de Bruxelles

Avis

Le bourgmestre Max, ayant fait défaut aux engagements encourus envers le gouvernement allemand, je me suis vu forcé de le suspendre de ses fonctions.

M. Max se trouve en détention honorable dans une forteresse.

Bruxelles, 26 septembre, 1914.

Le gouverneur militaire,
Baron von Lüttwitz,
Général-major.

certain points of delicacy in the situation. According to precedent M. Lemonnier, as ranking échevin, would become acting Burgomaster in M. Max's absence, but when he arrived at the hour fixed, with his colleagues, he was reluctant to assume the duties of *Bourgmestre faisant fonctions* precisely because of the old ambition to fill that very post; he had a delicacy that did him honour, and a reluctance to seem to profit by the misfortune of his ancient rival. He was a large man and determined and he seemed fixed in his determination. It was a position, under the circumstances, doubly difficult for him, and one could sympathize with his reluctance. And yet, there were interests at stake larger than any one man's delicacy, however creditable it might be to him; if local self-government could be maintained, so much at least might be saved.

Sitting there around that long table where so many problems were to be discussed during the troubled months and years of the future that was so kindly hidden from us, my thoughts went suddenly to another city far across the sea, and to its problems, which in coming to Brussels I had too fondly hoped to escape. It was a lucky thought, for all suddenly there flashed into my mind the peculiar coincidence that here was the same old problem that would not down, the old ineluctable struggle of the city to be free. The free city! And Brussels was one of the oldest free cities in the world!

I leaned forward toward M. Lemonnier; in Belgium there is one chord in every citizen that vibrates instantly to the touch, and that is the chord of the old city spirit. It seemed strange to be stating the argument in another tongue but I did the best I could, and I said to M. Lemonnier:

"This is not the first time that the city of Brussels has been occupied by a foreign power. To-day it is the Germans, not so long ago it was the Dutch; before that it was the French and the Austrians and—the Spaniards." The Marquis smiled and bowed. "Before that it was the Duke of Brabant with whom you struggled. But during all those occupations, during all those changes, there was one thing that did not change, one flag that always floated over the Hôtel de Ville down there in the Grand' Place. That was the city of Brussels, that flag was the red and green."

Monsieur Lemonnier did not wait for me to finish. He leaned forward out of the deep chair where he sat.

"I'll do it!" he said.

And so it was settled. There were a few details to arrange. Would the police obey him? Yes.

The échevins prepared an *affiche*[3] informing the people that the College would continue in their functions, would maintain order, *"feraient marcher les affaires."*

Villalobar and I wrote a note then to von Lüttwitz asking him to post this *affiche;* and he thanked us for suggesting it. It was after midnight.

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[3] Avis

Pendant l'absence de M. le bourgmestre Max, la marche des affaires communales et le maintien de l'ordre seront assurés par le Collège échevinal.

Dans l'intérêt de la cité, nous faisons un suprême appel au calme et au sang-froid de nos concitoyens. Nous comptions sur le concours de tous pour assurer le maintien de la tranquillité publique.

Bruxelles, 27 septembre, 1914.

Le Collège échevinal.

XLVI

SUNDAY

I WAS startled out of sleep by the heavy booming of cannon, and then suddenly it was still, and the church-bells were ringing in another Sunday. For days we had been waiting for the passes that would permit Gibson to go to Antwerp for the wheat and our two mothers to leave. Their trunks had been packed and were waiting and now more than ever, since we did not know what might follow the arrest of the popular Burgomaster, we were anxious to have them gone, and to know them safely out of Belgium. That morning the *passierscheins* came, and at ten o'clock they, with Gibson, in the motor piled high with luggage, drove away under the American flag. A little knot of people gathered in the Rue de Trèves to see the departure, a little knot that quickly grew to the proportions of a crowd—a fact not without a disquieting suggestion. They went away bravely and as they went we watched them, with hearts full, but a great load lifted from our minds. They expected to reach Maestricht that night and The Hague on the morrow.

The crowd outside melted away and the town was still. Villalobar came in and we chatted for a long time—oddly enough about the Spanish-American war, and the King of Spain, who felt that the future of America and the future of Spain were mysteriously bound together, and so tried to do away with every trace of feeling and bitterness.

And then Van Vollenhoven, *Chargé des Affaires* of the Dutch Legation, appeared to say that he had just been down to the Grand' Place and that a German lieutenant with some want of tact, had selected that as a propitious moment to parade there some Belgian soldiers, prisoners of war. As the morning wore away the atmosphere of the city became surcharged with a nervous quality that was not reassuring; the news of the arrest of the Burgomaster was spreading, and then by noon there were callers at the Legation anxiously inquiring if it were true that the American Minister had left. It was precisely what I had expected; the crowd that had gathered to watch the motor laden with luggage drive away had already done its work. A number of citizens suggested that some means be devised to counteract the effect of the rumour, and in the afternoon, then, shortly after luncheon, I took an open motor, and with my wife drove all over Brussels. The day was fine, clear and cold, and in the sunlight crowds were gathered everywhere. Our motor carried the flag, and we drove along the Boulevard Bischoffsheim to the Gare du Nord, the Boulevard Anspach, and Rue Haute, the entire length of the Rue de l'Escalier, and all through the popular districts of the Marolles. Children were playing on the sidewalks and people were gossiping at the doors; there were carts everywhere with fresh English walnuts for sale, the women before them gesticulating with their stained hands. We drove through the Boulevard du Midi, the Rue Neuve, and on out to Laeken, and there just across the canal the only incident of the drive worth mentioning occurred. The German sentinel stopped us and a great crowd gathered, and when they saw the flag they raised excited cries of *"Vive l'Amérique! Vive*

l'Amérique!" The Belgian police rushed everywhere among the crowd, crying:

"Allez! Allez!"

It took the thick-headed German sentinel as long to read the *passierschein* as though it had been Chitty on Pleading, but he finished finally and we got away and I can still see among the red and excited faces, the Belgian with a pointed yellow beard shouting frantically as he swung his hat in the air:

"Vive l'Amérique!"

XLVII

THE BOMBARDMENT

More and more loudly every minute, as it seemed, the great siege guns boomed around Antwerp; there were constant movements of troops through the city, a constant drumming of those heavy iron-shod heels on the pavements, the great grey automobiles forever dashing about, and, at last, ambulances rolling in and up to the doors of the royal palace, and of the Palais des Académies on the boulevard, which the Germans had transformed into a vast military hospital,[1] dismantling the

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[1] Avis

1. Conformément à l'article 15 de la Convention de Genève du 6 juillet 1906, je défends aux ambulances de la Croix-Rouge belge et autres institutions semblables de recevoir dorénavant des blessés allemands ou belges. Les blessés doivent être dirigés aux hôpitaux militaires allemands, c'est-à-dire:

Hôpital n° 1, avenue de la Couronne, 183;

Hôpital n° 2, palais des Académies;

Hôpital n° 3, hôpital de Schaerbeek;

Hôpital n° 4, caserne Baudouin.

2. Le drapeau de la Croix-Rouge est à enlever, sous peine de poursuites judiciaires, des ambulances, à l'exception du palais Royal et des hôpitaux Saint-Pierre et Saint-Jean (art. 21 de la Convention de Genève).

3. Pour des raisons d'humanité, les militaires belges gravement malades ou blessés qui, d'après l'opinion des médecins allemands, ne seront plus capables de faire le service de guerre, seront dorénavant confiés aux soins des médecins belges, dès qu'ils pourront

other Red Cross hospitals that had been too numerously established everywhere in the city. There were crowds, always at a respectful distance from the great iron gates, watching the wounded as they were brought in—those forms on stretchers with faces almost as pale as the bandages around their heads, and with the wan, indifferent expression that suffering gives to the eyes of the very ill.

It was a rather pitiful sight; and there was, one of those mornings, another sight to which we were destined to grow accustomed—that of an *affiche* giving a list of *condamnations ámort.*[2] The crowds stood before the gruesome *affiche,* transfixed somehow by its lugubrious

être transportés. Le gouvernement renonce à les retenir comme prisonniers.

Bruxelles, le 29 septembre, 1914.

Le gouverneur militaire,
Baron von Lüttwitz,
Général-major.

[2] A la date du 14 septembre 1914, un tribunal de guerre légalement convoqué a condamné les sujets belges suivants:

1. Van der Hagen, Jean, ouvrier, domicilié à Bruxelles, né le 6 juin 1878 à Cureghem, pour résistance contre une sentinelle allemande se trouvant dans l'exercice de ses fonctions:

A Six Mois De Prison.

2. Verheyden, Hortense, veuve Robaert, domicilié à Bruxelles, née le 9 avril 1878 à Bruxelles, pour offenses graves contre l'armée allemand et contre un de ses membres,

A Un An De Prison.

3. Debonnet, Julien, ouvrier, domicilié à Strombeek, né le 23 septembre 1880 à Roubaix (France), pour coups de feu contre une sentinelle allemande,

A La Mort.

Bruxelles, le 16 septembre, 1914.

(Signé) von Lüttwitz,
Général et Gouverneur.

suggestion, as they stood and watched the wounded borne in, or as they stood on the esplanade at the Montagne de la Cour and gazed almost vacantly off to the west, where there were columns of smoke, indicating they knew not what. They were all idle to begin with, and all dumb and dulled with care, and there was always the shame and the grief of the occupation; one never saw a happy or a cheerful face, except the faces of the children who played at war, carrying the American flag and flourishing wooden swords and lustily singing "La Brabanconne" under the very noses of German soldiers.

They were the only happy ones, those children, who so wisely lived in a world of their own, so much more wisely ordered than ours that it had once been likened to the Kingdom of Heaven. Happiness, indeed, was a word we no longer used in the midst of such universal sorrow—not even when word came that our mothers had safely reached The Hague, or when one morning to our relief, Cobb, McCutcheon, and Bennett arrived from Aix-la-Chapelle. They were in the khaki uniforms that befitted them as war correspondents, and they seemed to have been the guests rather than the prisoners of the Germans; they had been hospitably treated, and now they came as the first of those journalists who were shown over Belgium by German officers, who were most scrupulous in seeing that their parties were indeed personally conducted.

We were still having trouble getting our English nurses away; the train had been arranged and the nurses had repaired to the Gare du Nord but at the last moment, for some reason, the authorities refused to let them depart and the train pulled out without them, leaving them sitting there on their boxes weeping.

And all this while the deep detonations of the cannons north of us sounded heavily in the ear and on the heart, rising steadily to its terrible crescendo that was to mark the *finale* of another movement in the great fugue. On the fifth *Les Nouvelles publiées par le Gouvernement allemand* announced that the outer forts of Lierre, Waelhem, Koningsoeyt, and the intermediary redoubts had fallen, and that through the breach in the circle of exterior forts the Germans were now able to push the attack against the inner circle of forts and against the city itself. The people had been convinced that Antwerp was impregnable; they had awaited the issue of the siege with confidence, thinking that relief would come. But now among those classes which, if not the more intelligent, had better means of information, doubt had grown and they began to consider the possibility of the fall of Antwerp. And then—what would become of the King and the Queen, the Court and the Government? No one could envisage the situation, it was impossible to take any large view of it, the mind refused longer to receive any impression of this vast *epopée* that was being enacted on the huge theatre of Europe. We simply could not realize it, that was all, and we turned from the war to talk of the price of grapes, or of the fact that the bread was dark, or of the latest *affiche* ordering that German money be accepted on the basis of a mark at one franc twenty-five centimes.[3] Coin had long

[3] ARRÊTE

1. Il ne peut pas être dérogé par des conventions particulières à la prescription de l'arrêté royal du 3 octobre 1914 (Bulletin officiel des lois et arrêtés pour le territoire belge occupé du 5 octobre 1914, n° 6) d'après laquelle la monnaie allemande (espèces, billets

since disappeared and paper certificates were beginning to appear and, somehow, life went on.

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de banque et papier-monnaie) doit être acceptée en paiement, et ce jusqu'à nouvel ordre, sur la base de: 1 mark valant au moins fr. 1,25.

2. Cet arrêté entre en vigueur le jour de sa publication.

Bruxelles, le 15 novembre, 1914.

Le gouverneur général en Belgique,
Baron von der Goltz,
Feldmaréchal.

XLVIII

THE SUMMONS

We would fall asleep at night to the lugubrious booming of those heavy siege guns the Austrians had so ostentatiously dragged along the boulevards on their way to Antwerp; and we would awaken to the same sound in wan mornings of care. Now and then there would be the drumming of those iron heels on the pavement and the exultant music of a military band, adding irony to despair.

"Ah! ils sont très gais, ils sont contents!" said one of the servants one morning bitterly.

The incessant thud and rumble shook the house so that it trembled and rattled the windows in their casements; and it got on the nerves. The doom of Antwerp was not far away. One evening Baron von der Lancken said that the Germans had again taken Malines and that they could no more be dislodged. Then another day of heavy detonations, and another and another. One by one the outer forts were falling, and then one morning the Baron came to say that the bombardment of the city itself was about to begin, and would I be so kind as to say to the Belgian Government that if the Belgians would promise not to use the towers of the cathedral and other monuments for military purposes they, the Germans, would promise not to bombard them.

"We do not wish a repetition of the affair of Rheims," von der Lancken said, "and we are tired of being called barbarians."

For the diplomatic representative of a neutral government it was a delicate question, for we were not to take any action that might have relation to military operations without instructions. The German authorities were most eager that the arrangement be made, and their interesting and original opinion was that this was not a military operation. They knew, certainly, far more than I about military movements and I could only say to them that if the bombardment of Antwerp was not a military operation I should like them to do me the honour, when they had a real military operation on hand, to let me know.

I was, of course, anxious to aid in sparing those monuments and yet, so readily does doubt poison even the most credulous mind in a world where agreements had a way of transmuting themselves into *chiffons de papier,* that I was a prey to unworthy suspicions, and so sent a despatch to Washington saying that if the Government desired, Gibson, then at Antwerp, could be instructed to bring the indications of the buildings back to Brussels.

Then one morning—it was the sixth of October; we were getting off the English nurses, one hundred and twenty of them, that day, and the doctors as well, including Wyatt, for all of which we were duly grateful—came Hermancito, always a very mine of gossip, and told me that the presence of military attachés proved that the Kaiser was in Belgium, perhaps in Brussels. Antwerp was to fall on the morrow; the city had been summoned to surrender, and the time had expired at six o'clock that very day. The news spread abroad, in the way it used to do in those dumb days without a Press. The city settled under a sodden melancholy; as the troops marched

down the streets men stood on the corners and watched them in despair.

The next morning—Wednesday the seventh of October—Villalobar being at my house, at ten o'clock the Baron von der Lancken and a Colonel von Leipsig arrived; they came to ask us to inform the Government at Antwerp of the Germans' intention to bombard the city unless they surrendered. They came officially, wearing their swords, and bearing official documents—The Hague Conventions, no less, or what was left of them, and on these they squarely placed themselves. Article 26 was the rock that yet projected from the welter of chaos about us; they said that according to Article 26 it was their duty to use all means to notify the town, and inasmuch as the Belgians refused to receive any parlementaires, they had to have recourse to us. Curiously and luckily, almost at that very moment I had a despatch from Washington about the preservation of historic monuments at Antwerp. It had all been arranged nicely, and we set to work on a letter, citing the premonitory Article 26 and communicating to the local authorities at Antwerp the request made to us by the Germans. We decided finally to send the letter by Señor Sorela, Villalobar's white bearded naval attaché. He was to go in my motor with Adrien—one of our chauffeurs—to drive him and Baron von der Lancken to see him safely through the lines. I wrote a letter to Davignon and one to our Consul-General, Mr. Diederich, setting forth the facts; and Colonel Sorela departed in state under the Spanish and American flags, with a white flag to use at the lines.

XLIX

THE ENGLISH HAVE ARRIVED

Colonel Sorela—who according to some Spanish rule was a Colonel even though he was in the Navy—and Adrien came back from Antwerp the next morning at three o'clock. They had had a wild, adventurous time; it was with difficulty that they had got out of Antwerp, and once out they had even more difficulty in getting back into Brussels, for the bombardment had begun and shrapnel was bursting over the hood of the automobile. *"Mon brave Adrien!"* said Colonel Sorela enthusiastically, laying a hand on the little chauffeur's shoulder as though he were giving him an accolade. Arrived at Antwerp, Colonel Sorela had gone to see General de Guisse, who did not at first understand and refused to receive the Colonel and his message; he would receive, indeed, no parlementaire, would not surrender, would fight to the death. But when Colonel Sorela explained that he had not come demanding a surrender, and that he was merely to inform the local population of the impending bombardment, the General thanked him for his services to the city of Antwerp.

Such was Colonel Sorela's official report, officially delivered with appropriate salutes. But it was his unofficial report that was the most interesting, and that I did not have from him until I had had it from Adrien. Arriving at three in the morning, Adrien had not been able to arouse the house, and had patiently sat in his motor before the door until half-past five in the morn-

ing, when Joseph awoke from the sound slumber with which he was nightly blessed, and opened to him the great iron gates in the courtyard. And when I came down—not at half-past five, by any means—Adrien came to me and with great blazing eyes told me an astonishing secret.

The English had arrived! Antwerp was full of them! Oh, there could be no mistake; he knew the uniforms, and they were everywhere, thousands and thousands of them—in short, the British army! It was perhaps the only bit of good news that we had had since the war began, and it was the last we were to hear for a long time. And all day we lived in the pleasurable excitement of the news, not daring to mention it, wondering if the Germans knew, and almost every minute expecting some great event to be born of it.

And then that afternoon at five o'clock came Gibson, with as many adventures to relate as Adrien, and great sacks of mail, and the news that the mothers had sailed the day before on the *Baltic* in the care of Richard Harding Davis. Gibson was accompanied by Harold Fowler, of the London Embassy, come to take out the English nurses. We could tell him that they were already out—but what of Antwerp, and the British army?

Ah, Antwerp! The King and the Queen had gone—the army had gone, the Government had gone—out on the road in the night toward Ostend.

But the British army? Gone too; it had been only a little handful of troops, come too late—and Antwerp must fall.

We were up late that night hearing from Gibson and Fowler the news from London, reading a great mass of mail from America, the first in many weeks, and the

newspapers, full of news indeed—long stories to the effect that I had sent protests to the Kaiser for having bombarded Antwerp from Zeppelins; that I had appointed M. Max Secretary of Legation in order to save his life; that I had gone out to meet the German General and ordered him not to lay a hand on Brussels. Too bad that the cinema-man could not have been there!

Gibson within ten minutes after his arrival had taken to the Germans the list of monuments in Antwerp, which in accordance with the agreement were to be protected in the bombardment, and one of the German officers, with that peculiar sentimentality that seemed always to lie side by side with their ferocity, was particularly interested to know that the zoölogical garden was marked down as immune.

"Les pauvres bêtes!" he said.

I think that the list of buildings to be protected was not of much practical benefit and, as it proved, hardly necessary. The bombardment of the inner city had not lasted very long and was then, indeed, nearly over.

L

ANTWERP HAS FALLEN!

THERE was no sound of firing the next day, and we had grown so used to the sound that the stillness left us vaguely uneasy, as though some normal thing were missing; we were like the women to whom Villalobar gave refuge in his Legation during the bombardment at Lisbon at the time of the revolution; at every report of the cannon they screamed, until he had them sent to the cellar, and then, in a little while, they came up to complain that they could no longer hear the guns. It was a strange, silent, portentous day. In the afternoon Madame Davignon came to inquire after the health of her husband. "He was well, was he not? And safe, was he not?" And I did not have the heart to tell her that as a result of his responsibilities and perplexities and worries he had just had a stroke of apoplexy.

The German Headquarters was deserted; for once they were not working there. There was an unwonted air of sombre quiet, as though life and its affairs were in suspense; no one was to be seen until Conrad, the good-natured, serviceable, kindly clerk, saw me and said:

"Anvers est tombé," and he added, diplomatically, *"officieusement."*

I went back to the Legation; de Leval was there.

"Antwerp has fallen," he said. He said no more, too much depressed to comment on the fact.

Later in the evening came Madame W——, lovely in her mourning.

"Anvers est tombé! Je suis tout à fait ruinée!" she said. She had large factories in and near Antwerp, and German soldiers, she had heard, were taking away all they contained, though later I was able to save something for her.

And then came Villalobar with a long face, and the same note. Antwerp fallen! The news was not only all over town, it was all over the world, for he had had a telegram from Madrid.

Another caller arrived, M. J——, a Brussels lawyer.

"Is it true that Antwerp has fallen?" he demanded.

"Yes," I said.

And then a curious phenomenon occurred—an eccentric reaction of human nerves to a long dreaded catastrophe—at last arrived. He grew instantly livid with rage, his eyes blazed, he advanced with clenched fists.

"How dare you!" he said. "How dare you tell me that! It is not true! It is not true!"

He was furious, indignant, as though I had insulted him wantonly, impiously sullied some point of honour.

"It is impossible! It is impossible! Those forts were built to be impregnable! Nothing could overthrow them! Not the Germans, not any one!" And he sank forward onto my table and beat it convulsively with his fists.

Down the long corridor there were voices and, strange in that moment, the gay sound of women's laughter. Denys was there—Denys of the Belgian Foreign Office. What was the news? I heard him ask. *"Tombé,"* said a voice. The laughter ceased; there was a hush, then silence.

Gibson came; he had seen the Germans; they had told

him, and added: "And now we'll push the Belgian Government into the sea."

I had one more visitor that evening quite late—von S——, a German officer. He came in from the field, cold and wet and weary. He sat down in a chair before the little open fire that burned in my room. He threw back his greyish-blue overcoat, took off his cap, revealing his grey hair, arranged his long sabre between his knees, and was for a moment silent. He was a distinguished man in appearance and not all the mire and dirt of war could hide a certain elegance that was implicit in his attire. He had lived long years in London, long years in France; he spoke all the European languages as well as he spoke German. He sat there a moment and stretched out a white hand toward the grateful blaze; a gold bracelet that he wore glistened in its warm light. Then, suddenly, with an impulsive gesture, as though the fire had burned his fingers, he withdrew his hand, passed it wearily over his face, and then covered his eyes with his palm.

"Are you tired?" I asked.

He took away his hand and looked up; looked at me with an expression in his blue eyes that was terrible to see. He did not answer my question; perhaps he had not heard it.

"This thing," he began, "this thing of standing old peasants up against the wall—well, it's no business for a gentleman!"

LI

THE REFUGEES

ANTWERP had fallen, and the people of Brussels, as though stunned by some new and unexpected bereavement, stood in silent groups with solemn faces about the *affiches* on the walls, staring long at the brief announcement:

"Les troupes allemandes sont entrées à Anvers hier après-midi."

Then along the Antwerp road, open once more to travel, streamed the refugees—that strange, melancholy procession which unrolled in endless sequence its myriad obscure and anonymous tragedies. For days and days the poor folk whom the war had driven out of that land, once so pleasant, between Brussels and Antwerp came pouring into the capital. The highroad was crowded with them—miserable peasants with woebegone faces, plodding stolidly on out of those stricken towns that had paid for the resistance of the Belgian army, when it fell back from Liége on the fortified place of Antwerp. They had left behind their ruined villages and their vanished homes, and before them there lay they knew not what new sufferings, nor seemed any more to care. These were they who, unable to slip through the lines into Brussels, or over the border into Holland, or westward into the plains of Flanders, or perhaps—strange and touching phenomenon—in the peasant's stubborn attachment to his own soil, had clung to their homes even when they lay in ruins about them. Then, driven out at last, they had hidden themselves in the heather and the

bracken of the drear Campine, or in the woods, in ravines, in fields, in ditches, anywhere they could find shelter, like hunted animals; and now that Antwerp was fallen they merged and trailed their miseries along the road into Brussels. Some of those haggard eyes had looked on while Eppeghem was destroyed and had witnessed the dreadful deeds at Aerschot or at Boortmeerbeek, the horrors of Hofstade or of Sempst. The scattered throngs moved on, dumb, heavy, slow, without a word, without a cry, without a hope, beyond the power of expression or the need of it any more, treading a silent calvary of which no human means could voice the pain. There were men bent beneath their packs, and bowed under a far heavier load of despair; women with wan faces, whereon the stain of futile tears had long since dried, shawls over their heads, figures of utter misery; and children, their smiles gone, trotting in the mud beside their elders, glancing up now and then with that most terrible of all expressions the human countenance can assume—that look of terror in the eyes of little children who for the first time, in this our tragic life, realize that there are calamities which their mothers have no power to avert. The children clumped along in their sabots, which the Flemish onomatopoetically call *klompen;* the elder among them helping the younger, sometimes carrying them in their thin, pathetic arms.

Day after day and all through the night, in rain and mud and cold, in those drear October days of 1914, they trooped on with no place to go, without hope, almost without the will to hope. They trooped on in wooden shoes or in no shoes at all, and they bore in their arms, or on their backs, their little all tied up in bundles. Some of them, the less unfortunate, had carts, and since they

had no longer any patient dogs to draw them they patiently drew them themselves, straining against the ropes, their forms bowed in labour. Though it is, no doubt, a vicious habit to look at life through the eye of the artist and the writer, they reminded one of the figures in Laereman's pictures, and had all that pathos of toil with which Frederic has imbued his peasants.

Now and then, when some German officer in arrogant indifference, muffled in the fur-collar of his grey coat, swept by in his grey motor, or some detachment of soldiers, stolid and with brutish insensibility, marched along slavishly singing their songs, the refugees turned out into the ditches and waited, and when the soldiers had passed they climbed back onto the highway and plodded on again.

Twice I saw the pageant of human woe and misery organized to the glory of war; I saw it the first time in the glitter of an autumn sun; I saw it a week later in the scumbled greys of a dismal day of rain, and I hope never to look upon the like again.

There were sights to see along the Antwerp road in those days; German troops coming back from the siege, with long trains of lumbering wagons filled with knapsacks and rifles, helmets, belts, sabres, all the salvage they had economically gathered; ruined villages like little Vilvorde, a spot sacred to the English-speaking race, for there William Tyndale was burned for having translated the Bible into our tongue; wrecks of houses, their windows broken in, their walls riddled with bullets or pierced by gaping shell-holes vomiting their *débris* into the street; and all the beautiful ash-trees that used to line the road felled to clear the way for cannon-balls—some, indeed, felled by the cannon-balls themselves,

Near Eppeghem were the trenches the Belgians had abandoned, stretching across the yellow fields where asparagus—the famous *asperges de Malines*—had been growing, the fields that had been so downy, so feathery, all trampled down in the rage that had seared them with its hot breath. In the little niches in the trench-walls there were crusts of mouldy bread, a tin cup, or a cantine; Belgian *képis* and knapsacks were strewn about; and in one place a subterranean room had been hollowed out, the garlands of paper-flowers still on its clayey walls, and a table with matches, a lamp, a bottle and the remains of the last supper—all as they had left it when at last they had to fly. And there was one sentient thing—a dog lying in one of the caverns; the poor fellow stared with great pathetic eyes but refused to come out, and lay there waiting for the master who would never more return.

Eppeghem was a silent place of ruins; not a roof remained, not a house that had not been ravaged by fire; the pretty grey old church but a heap of blackened stone and mortar. The body of a horse was lying in the street, its stiff legs sticking up in the air; hideous cats prowled among the ruins; and everywhere there were black bottles, thousands of them, emptied of their wine by the Germans in their guzzling.

It was so at Malines; empty bottles everywhere—ranged on window-sills, on door steps, or rolling in the streets—evidence of an insatiable thirst. German soldiers, in that ugly field-grey, were slinking out of houses hiding bottles under their tunics. The town was deserted by all, save now and then one saw some girl gathering bits of wood with which to make a fire, or a few women bent above the piles of *débris*, picking it over, trying to

rescue something from the rubbish, all that remained to them.

The beautiful Grand' Place was but a heap of charred brick and twisted iron; and while the cathedral was standing, there were great holes yawning in its walls and its carven stone was all broken, and every pane of the stained glass—all that remained of a beautiful lost art—was shattered to bits and quite gone, and its chimes, under the magic hand of Jeff Denyn, would sound their mellow peals across the fields no more. Near by, the grey old monastic residence of Cardinal Mercier stood with its roof beaten in.

Beyond, toward Antwerp, stood the fort of Waelhem, one of the outer defenses—the key, I believe, to the position. About, on every side, stretched the fields, gaunt and bare, sodden from their late inundation—every tree cut down and intricate entanglements of barbed wire and *chevaux de frise* everywhere. Here and there was a new grave, with a wooden cross lettered in Flemish or in French; and just outside the fort, near the bridge across the moat, there was the grave of a German soldier, his rifle and his helmet laid upon it, with a few faded flowers. Evening was stealing over the fields from which the waters had not all receded; there were pools here and there, gleaming in the slanting rays of the sun. There was the awful silence that follows cataclysm—as though not a living thing were left on earth, as though the end of the world had come.

The great mound of the grass-grown fort heaved itself above the wet level plain, the curve of its outline broken by the enormous hole that had been torn, like a crater, in its very summit by the shell of the "42" that, in the deadly precision of the final and perfect shot, had blasted

its steel cupola to bits. And there on the jagged summit the black, white, and red flag of modern Germany hung from its staff and a sentinel stood beside it, solitary, immobile, his spiked helmet and his long bayonet outlined in sharp silhouette against the sky of faint, delicate rose, where the sun had set as though for the last time.

An hour before we had driven into Malines, and there by the ancient gate, the Porte de Bruxelles, an old peasant was sitting in the sun before the door of his ruined home; the light of day shone through the broken windows and the roof was gone. When he saw the little American flag on the motor he raised his hand in solemn salute. When we returned late in the afternoon there was the old peasant still sitting before the ruins of his home; he seemed not to have moved, but sat there in dumb despair, and he raised his hand again to his cap in that reverent salute. What did it mean to him, that bright bit of bunting with its fluttering red-and-white stripes and the white stars on the blue? What vague impressionistic dream of liberty and of justice did it evoke before those old eyes that had gazed on nameless horrors and were beyond tears? I uncovered to him; I trust that he understood.

Somewhere along the road beyond Vilvorde there was a German officer, his motor beside the road, *en panne*—a punctured tire. He was accompanied by his wife, an officer and a chauffeur. He spoke French with difficulty, and I thought he was asking me to take his wife in to Brussels; I offered, of course, to do this but, "Oh, no," he said lightly, "she can wait there." And he climbed into the car, taking the vacant seat, and rode into Brussels.

"Have you seen our glorious cannon?" he was asking me politely. (*Gloriosen cannonen*)

There along the roadside were the drab figures of the *réfugiés,* still bowed under their packs, still bending to the ropes with which they drew their carts, plodding on without complaint, without a word. The rain was falling drearily before the long, blinding rays of the headlights; the *réfugiés* turned out to let us pass. Now and then one of them, looking dumbly up and seeing the flag, touched his cap in salute. Then their figures became vague blurs in the rainy darkness.

LII

HUNGER

An artist friend, discussing one day the paintings of the old Flemish school, those joyous canvasses of Teniers and Jordaens, and how realistically they depict the feasting and the frolic and the fun that have gone on always in Flanders, advanced the interesting and touching theory that the Flemish people had suffered so much in their history that they had to take their fun where and when they could find it, and abandon themselves wholly to it. I can not say as to that, but I do know that there is deep in the nature of the Belgians an incomparable spirit that bears them up in adversity, and so, even after Antwerp, with their wonderful resiliency they could find some light in darkness and take heart of grace. The disaster, they began to say, was not so irreparable. It happens in the lives of nations, as in the lives of individuals, that a defeat which seems at the time crushing sometimes proves in the end to have been a victory of a sort. It requires a large faith and usually the perspective of history to reach these reassuring conclusions, but by some quick, spiritual apprehension the Belgians began to realize, dimly at first, that their army had, after all, executed a clever movement in withdrawing from Antwerp; had those troops remained in the fortress they would have been taken like rats in a trap, whereas now it was possible that they might join the Allies' left wing, or at least menace the German right wing—bent back, it was said, as far as Ypres. The Belgian Government had

probably gone to Ostend, and there were rumours—silly enough as we thought—that it would go to the Isle of Guernsey.

There is a story to the effect that General von Moltke, after the fall of Liége, implored the German authorities to send the army on into France and not to penetrate farther into Belgium, but that his plan was rejected or his advice unheeded because, it was said, Belgium must be punished for her resistance. Hence the savage descent upon the civil population of the land.

I know nothing of the ground for the von Moltke legend, but it is not without verisimilitude when one analyses the series of monstrous deeds that have passed into history as the German atrocities in Belgium. The history of those times has not all been written, and to understand them, mankind must wait until all the facts are known, until all the memoirs have been written, all the indiscretions committed, and the impartial judgment of history rendered. Civilians, of course, must not meddle with that which does not concern them or express their opinions about the high art of war, but it would seem that there is something, at any rate, in this theory.

For the ironic spirits have their fun with mortals; their sardonic laughter rings forever down the awful void; what were thought to be victories prove to be defeats and defeats to have been triumphs. Major Langhorne, of our army, then a military *attaché* at Berlin, in Brussels, a day or so after the city had been abandoned, said that Antwerp, if not a victory for the Belgians, was hardly a victory for the Germans, since in their haste to parade the boulevards of Brussels, to have the éclat of an entry in the grand style in the capital of the little nation they had conquered, and to stagger mankind with

their force and power, they had left the country open westward to the sea and allowed the Belgian army to escape to the immortal glory of the Yser.

But whatever minor consolation there may have been for the people of Brussels in the thought that the Germans had made a mistake of which history would calmly speak, there was an immediate and an intense preoccupation, destined thenceforth never to quit the mind for years: it was the thought of famine. The wheat had not come from Antwerp yet. It was even reported that the Belgians in leaving the citadel had destroyed the foodstuffs there, whereupon a German General remarked:

"If that is true the whole Belgian population may starve!"

The Comité had made every effort to procure food-supplies. Mr. Millard K. Shaler, in his quality of an American citizen, had gone to London on behalf of the Comité to buy grain. I had obtained a *passierschein* for him from the Germans authorizing him to leave and to re-enter Belgium. In those days travelers, to get out of the country, had to make a great *détour* by Maestricht, and on his way Mr. Shaler was arrested and held two days in the Kommandantur at Liége as a spy; I secured his release, and he continued on his journey, arrived at London, bought wheat—but could not get permission to export it to Holland.

The situation, indeed, was rapidly growing serious; the supplies in the country were sufficient only for a fortnight. Even on the table of the Legation there was the grey bread. It was not true that the supplies at Antwerp had been destroyed, and we could continue our efforts to find some basis on which we might contrive

to get food in. Rich as the little country was, and as intelligently as its fertile acres were farmed, it could not produce, even in peace times, more than one-fifth of what it consumed. For weeks committees, composed of citizens of all the principal towns behind the German army—Louvain, Namur, Charleroi, Malines—had been coming to the Legation, asking me to patronize committees of *ravitaillement* to be organized in those towns as I had patronized the committees in Brussels; and one day, to enforce his arguments, a man came from Dinant and laid on my desk a loaf of mouldy black bread—all that the people of the stricken town had to eat. There were priests from Louvain who came to ask food for the *sinistrés* of their city; then came a *Liégeois* to implore help for his town; and there was a little girl asking bread for herself—that we could give her but it only intensified the pang there always is in the thought of the utter impotence of personal charity in the world. It was, of course, evident that local committees could accomplish little good; the task would have to be assumed, as I told these gentlemen, on a large national scale, and we began to consider the possibility of doing this. There was food somewhere in the world, there was plenty in the granaries of that land which loomed in such mystery far off there in the west—that land which this old Europe had never understood, and to which now it turned for succor and help and comfort. There were enormous obstacles, of course, in the way of getting it: there was the fleet of Britain blockading the sea; there was the enmity between the Germans and the Belgians. I discussed the situation with Villalobar, with M. Francqui, with Mr. Heineman, and with many others. We had meetings and discussions in which opinion hung nebu-

lously in solution for long hours, as opinion will in committees, until some one would lift his eyes hopefully and exclaim:

"But the Hague Convention! According to the Hague Convention it is the duty of the occupying power to feed the population."

And then, with that inveterate vice of the human mind which persists in the belief that a problem is solved as soon as it has been reduced to formula, they would sigh and sink back in their chairs as though the phrase sufficed for the deed.

But, as I reminded them, the Belgians could not eat Hague Conventions, though that seemed, alas—all that we had to offer them. And then one day—the fourteenth of October, to be precise—I had a visit from the Baron von der Lancken and Herr Hellfrisch, whose name has since been tolerably well known in the German political, as it was then in the German commercial, world, though they are, in a way, much the same thing. Mr. Heineman had known Herr Hellfrisch in that commercial world, and he had already brought him to me to aid in certain unofficial efforts I had been making to diminish the burden imposed upon the Brussels bankers by the excessive war contribution levied on the city. In the course of these efforts, I had gone to see Herr von Lumm, a portly, blond, serious man whose closely shaven head was clasped by great round spectacles rimmed by tortoise-shell like those that the Chinese and very young Americans wear. He was a German banker who, some time before the war, had visited Brussels, been received everywhere, shown through the Banque Nationale, and a banquet and a decoration had been given to him. All of which indicated him, in the German administrative

mind, as the very man to be appointed chief of the Bank Abteilung, and it was in that capacity that he had come to Brussels, where he was charged with the heavy task of collecting "contributions" of war. His instructions were rigid, it seemed, and he could not reduce the large sums demanded of the bank. But the efforts, however, were not altogether lost for, in talking about them with my two callers that day, they gave an occasion to open the discussion about food; if one could not effectively discuss money, one could discuss bread. In a world as illogical as the one in which we live one always does something else than that which one sets out to do, and then persuades one's self that what is accomplished is what one intended from the beginning; we are not so candid or so wise as children, who, beginning to draw a picture, will tell you that they do not know what it is going to represent until they get it done. And so, that afternoon, when Baron von der Lancken and Herr Hellfrisch came to see me, we fell to talking of other things, such as my having just then been charged with the protection of the interests of Lichtenstein, for instance. The Baron laughed; nothing had so amused him in a long time. Prussia, indeed, was still in a state of war with Lichtenstein, and had been ever since 1866; the little principality had sided with Austria and when the treaty of peace was signed Lichtenstein had been overlooked.

And then the question of bread came up. The problem was to get food not only for the poor of Brussels, but for the whole population of Belgium. The Baron said that the German Government was well disposed; that the German authorities were ready to give assurances that none of the food, if it could be brought in,

would be requisitioned or seized, or in any manner be utilized by the German forces, but that it would all go to the Belgian civil population. So much was won, then, and it was of fundamental importance. In the meantime—realizing, as I have said, the necessity of undertaking the work on a national scale—the Brussels committee, le Comité Central de Secours et d'Alimentation, had expanded its organization. In the *bon mot* of M. Emile Francqui a phenomenon in nature occurred—the child gave birth to the mother; the local committee brought forth a national committee, and the Comité became le Comité National de Secours et d'Alimentation, of which Villalobar and I continued to act as patrons. It organized sub-committees in each of the nine provinces of Belgium; or, since the two Flanders were inaccessible, in seven of the nine provinces.

It was a fortunate circumstance that the organization was formed somewhat on the model of the Belgian government, the system of which is based on the commune, the cell of the whole organization. Belgium is composed of 2633 communes or municipalities, each free to govern itself in all local affairs. There is not a square inch of soil in Belgium that does not belong to a commune, not a citizen that does not form a part of a little city or community, and this whether it is in the country or in the town, though, of course, in a country so densely populated every commune has a village as a nucleus.

Each commune elects its common council, which governs the community as do the common councils of English and American towns; indeed, the municipal system of England and America is derived from Belgium. Out of the common council there are chosen a *bourgmestre,* or mayor, and a number of *échevins,* who serve as heads

of departments, providing what is in effect a commission form of government. The communes are grouped into 223 cantons, the cantons into 41 arrondissements and the arrondissements are divided among the nine provinces. Perhaps it would be more exact to say that the provinces are divided into arrondissements, since the nine provinces are co-extensive with the historic principalities—the old duchies of Brabant, of Limburg, of Luxemburg; the counties of Flanders, of Hainaut and of Namur; the old bishopric of Liége, etc. Without going further into detail, there are elective bodies for the regulation of the affairs of the cantons, of the arrondissements and of the provinces, and finally of the nation, *i. e.,* the parliament.

The communal system is as old as the struggle of the city to be free, and it is to it that Belgium owes her genius for self-government, one with that love of freedom which has kept the nation alive and stubbornly determined to contest her right to liberty through successive dominations of Spaniards, Austrians, Dutchmen and Germans. No country without some such fundamental organization for uniting the people in a common ideal, and for expressing and satisfying their daily wants and needs, could have survived such a calamity as the inundation of the German hordes.

Thus when we undertook the relief work in Belgium we found ready at hand an organization for distribution that simplified the task and took into account at once every needy person in the land. While constitutionally they despised the system, the Germans did not interfere with the communal organization as such. Here and there they arrested a Burgomaster or members of the common councils but they respected the system as a sys-

tem. Indeed, they could not have governed the country as easily in any other way, or, in the eyes of the unthinking, as cheaply acquired a reputation for efficiency by claiming as a result of their administration the comparative order that prevailed—a condition that was due entirely to the schooling in self-government that the Belgians had acquired in their communal system.

M. Emile Francqui was chairman of the executive committee of the National Committee, and it was his genius that directed the Belgian organization. He is a stout, round man, but with the restlessness of a nervous temperament. He is dark, with black hair and black moustache, and his finely modelled features, whose sensitiveness is controlled by a trained and powerful will, are illuminated by a pair of handsome, glowing, brown eyes. He is sociable and genial, but with dignified reserve. He is one of those men who, estimating the standards of the world at their proper value, with no illusions as to the motives of most men and indifferent to personal distinction, nevertheless feel it as a necessity of their natures to rule, to dominate. This interest takes the place in their lives of a sport: they direct large enterprises; if they are on juries, they dominate them; if they are on committees they dictate their action; if they are in politics, they manage their fellows.

M. Francqui was wholly fitted by nature, by experience, and by training for the heavy task. He was a director of the Société Générale, one of the largest banks and financial organizations in Brussels. He had begun his career as an officer in the Belgian army; he had been with Stanley in Africa, and later became the faithful lieutenant of the old King Leopold II in the Congo. He had represented in China the interests of that re-

markable ruler and man of affairs, so greatly misunderstood in our western world—a King who, had he ruled a larger domain, would have gone down in history as one of the great personalities of his age. M. Francqui was prominent in the financial world; a man shrewd in his judgment of men, polished by extensive travel, trained in affairs, with a relentless will and untiring energy. And now he devoted all his talents and resources to the suffering people of his land. His tact, his wit, his good humour, his perseverance, solved many a delicate situation. Born in Brussels of Walloon extraction and full of Walloon wit as well as Walloon shrewdness, he was the most delightful of companions. We became friends, and for the hard and trying task which it was our destiny to bear there is the compensation of those hours of camaraderie, when he would come to my home for a cup of tea in the afternoon, or we would meet in the drawing-room of his residence in the Avenue Louise, filled with the trophies of his travels; he would tell me those droll and delightful stories of Leopold II, or with his keen observation comment on the great events that were passing, and the foibles of the little men who were being swept along by those events like leaves in the autumn wind.

We had arranged a meeting at the American Legation for Friday, the sixteenth of October, 1914, to discuss and if possible to agree on some solution of the whole problem of *ravitaillement*. The first thing to do was to secure the consent of the British Government to the importation of food; the second was to obtain guarantees that the food thus imported would be free from requisition by the Germans, and be reserved to the exclusive use of the civil population of Belgium. This done, the food

could be distributed by the Comité National, under patronage of the Spanish and American Ministers. The theory, like most theories, was adequate; the great question was to realize it in practice, and with the two nations that held the experiment in their power just then grappled in a deadly war, that was a task to daunt the most resolutely optimistic.

Early in the morning the Baron von der Lancken came with Geheimrath Kaufman; later we were joined by Mr. Heineman and Mr. Hulse, and for a long time we discussed the important question. It was necessary that some one go to London to lay the case of Belgium before the British Government, and already there had been the inevitable proposal of a large committee, to be composed of Belgians: some thought the committee should consist of fifteen members, and my heart sank, as would the heart of any man who had spent long hours, and even years, listening to the interminable and futile palaver of large committees; I recalled Tom Johnson's saying that the best committee in the world is a committee of three, two of whose members are dead. But some one must go. I suggested Baron Lambert. Then Villalobar arrived and approved the choice of Baron Lambert, and sent his motor at once to bring the Baron, who came, screwing his monocle somewhat dubiously into his eye at the mention of the difficult mission we had selected for him. Then Mr. Solvay, M. Francqui and M. Emmanuel Janssen came.

They were shown into another room. They came formally to request me to act in the matter, but as I was already occupied with it we brushed formalities aside and, since Belgians and Germans did not meet, we carried on the discussion by passing back and forth, the

Marquis and I, from one room to another. Finally it was agreed that the Baron Lambert and M. Francqui should go to London to present their country's case there, and that Gibson should go, bearing letters from Villalobar and me to our respective colleagues at London, acquainting them with the situation and requesting them to use their good offices. There were letters and telegrams to be prepared, and we spent the rest of the day in writing them, for they had to be in four languages, French, German, Spanish and English, and all say the same thing—no simple task. There were letters from Villalobar and me respectively to the Spanish and American Ambassadors in London and telegrams to our Governments. Then we prepared for Field-Marshal von der Goltz's signature the letter, addressed to the Comité Central[1]—the national organization not having been fully consummated—in which he guaranteed that the food to be imported should be free from requisition and be reserved exclusively for the Belgians. It was, as it were, the constitution of our organization, the cornerstone of the edifice we were trying to rear, perhaps the most important of all the documents. It was written in

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[1] General Gouvernement
in Belgien

Brüssel, den 16. Oktober 1914

Auf die gefährige Zuschrift vom heutigen Tage beehre ich mich ganz ergebenst zu erwidern, dass ich das Unternehmen des Comité Central de Secours et d'Alimentation mit lebhafter Genugtuung begrüsse und kein Bedenken trage, hiermit ausdrücklich und förmlich die Versicherung zu geben, dass die zur Ernährung der Zivilbevölkerung von Belgien seitens des Komitees eingeführten Lebensmittel aller Art, ausschliesslich für die Bedürfnisse der Bevölkerung Belgiens vorbehalten sind, dass dieselben demnach von der Requisition

German, and then translated into French and English, and finally, at tea time the work was done.

And then we decided to appeal to the world through the President, and through the King of Spain. Villa-

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seitens der Militärbehörden frei sein sollen und endlich, dass dieselben zur ausschliesslichen Verfügung des Comitees verbleiben.

(S.) Frh. von der Goltz,
General Feld-Marschall.

An das Comité de Secours et d'Alimentation, Brüssel.

Gouvernement General
en Belgique

Bruxelles, le 16 octobre, 1914.

Comme suite à l'estimée lettre de ce jour, j'ai l'honneur de confirmer que j'approuve avec une vive satisfaction l'oeuvre du Comité Central de Secours et d'Alimentation, et que je n'hésite pas à donner formellement et expressément par la présente, l'assurance que les vivres de tous genres importés par le Comité pour l'alimentation de la population civile, sont réservés exclusivement pour les besoins de la population de la Belgique, que par conséquent ces vivres sont exempts de réquisition de la part des autorités militaires et qu'ils restent à la disposition exclusive du Comité.

(S.) Baron von der Goltz,
Général Feld-Maréchal.

Au Comité de Secours et d'Alimentation, Bruxelles.

General Government
in Belgium

Brussels, October 16, 1914.

In accordance with your esteemed letter of this date, I have the honour to confirm that I approve with a lively satisfaction the work of the Comité Central de Secours et d'Alimentation, and that I do not hesitate to give formally and expressly by these presents the assurance that foodstuffs of all kinds imported by the Comité for the feeding of the civil population will be reserved exclusively for the needs of the population of Belgium, that consequently these foodstuffs are exempt from requisition on the part of the military

lobar, telegraphing to his sovereign raised, *"à los Reales pies de Vuestra Majestad,"* his beautiful appeal. My telegram to the President was in the following words:

The President,
Washington.

In two weeks the civil population of Belgium, already in misery, will face starvation. In view of this fact, and at the request of the Relief Committee, I venture to call your attention to my telegram to the Department, dated October 16th, in the conviction that your great heart will find some way by which America may help to provide food for these hungry ones in the dark days of the terrible winter that is coming on.

WHITLOCK.

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authorities, and that they remain at the exclusive disposition of the Comité.

(S) BARON VON DER GOLTZ,
Field Marshal General.

To the Comité de Secours et d'Alimentation, Brussels.

LIII

REFLECTIONS

Our envoys were off in a motor-car at dawn, going by way of Rosendael, and if we were not quite sure of their success we had, at least, the hope of it to hold out as comfort to those who continued to come daily to the Legation not only with appeals for bread, but with their sad tales of personal trouble and distress. There was among the number an old curé, threatened with seizure as a hostage; another was a scientist who had been in South Africa when the war broke out and had just arrived home, to find his house closed and his wife gone, no one knew where. There was an old country doctor—I see him still; he wore a black frock-coat, black gloves and a tall hat, in the old formal professional style. His son had been arrested as a spy; the boy, out of mere foolish curiosity, had taken notes near Ghent of passing regiments. The doctor could not stay to hear his boy's fate; he had to hurry back because the sick in his part of the country were without attendance. He was heart-broken; his boy was at the Kommandantur, and every time the old father mentioned the number of the cell he broke out into fresh sobs.

And there was the teacher of diction, like most teachers, without pupils; little use just then for learning in the world, and culture, as we understand it, no longer *à la mode*—the only audible voice, indeed, the voice of cannons! There was the nervous French Countess who fluttered continually between the Spanish Legation and

the American Legation, to be reassured that Brussels was not to be bombarded; and the old gentleman interested in a Christian mission—and incidentally in a glass-works.

M. Lemonnier, the *Bourgmestre faisant fonctions,* was having the first of those troubles he was to bear so patiently and so bravely until at last he was sent as a prisoner to Germany. He had been ordered to furnish a list of Belgian youths liable to military service, that is, *la Garde Civique,* and when he refused, the General into whose presence he had been haled raged like a lion, throwing his *képi* and gloves on the floor. Poor Lemonnier was between two fires—Germans before, local politicians behind.

"You know how it is with them," he said. "No matter what I do, they could have done better. *Il y en a toujours un qui est plus pur, un qui est plus royaliste que le roi.*"

I know that old and contemptible trick of human nature, and pitied the poor man, but the affair turned out well enough; the Germans gave assurances that the members of the Guard would not be troubled and the list was furnished.

But the life of the city was being somehow resumed. The shops were reopening; there were pedlers in the streets, men shuffling along the Boulevard Anspach offering Griffon puppies for sale; in the window-ledges around the Grand' Place roasted chestnuts were exposed, and women from carts sold fresh walnuts—signs of autumn all, like the brown and russet in the Bois, and the leaves of Venetian gold fluttering slowly down.

"Comme elles tombent bien!" as Cyrano said.

But the aspect of the city was changed by the pres-

ence of the invaders; officers swanking along the boulevards, their grey mantles bellying in the autumn wind; a German band playing in front of the Bourse; the Iron Cross on every hand, and stolid soldiers everywhere. Occasionally they would stop and try to play with some passing baby—whose mother would draw it away in fear and loathing.

The soldiers seemed to be inoffensive enough, though now and then I had trouble in passing sentinels at one or other of the ministries, and when I asked Lancken why the sentinels had been so ugly he said that it was because they had mistaken me for an Englishman.

There were disadvantages just then in being mistaken for an Englishman, as Stevens learned—young Stevens the artist, about whom we had been worrying ever since he left with Gerbeault in August. He returned to Brussels in October after terrible adventures as a prisoner within the German lines. The Germans took him for an Englishman, too, although he spoke with a perfect Middle West accent; he was tried twice and condemned to death, and finally, when his grave was dug and he was standing before it, he was released.

We knew little of what was going on "outside," as we were already beginning to call the world without. The *Times* newspaper was selling for 200 francs a copy, and we heard of a restaurant-keeper who bought one at that price and rented it, to be read at his establishment, to his customers, at 10 francs the perusal, making a good profit.

It was hard to escape the awful depression that is perhaps the worst part of war, even by reading "Cyrano" or by watching the sunset from the Rue des Colonies and la Montagne du Parc, and the roof of the Maison

du Roi against the rosy sky, and the Hôtel de Ville with its steeple floating, as in a golden mist shot through with fire, and St.-Michael, high in the grey clouds that came down half-way across the western sky. How lovely was Brussels in those days, and how sad—like a beautiful woman in tears! . . . What would be the effect of such depression on children born and reared under its influence? What darkling influence would it have on the mentality of the next generation of men?

One grey, dismal Sunday, a day of terrible depression, in the afternoon I had a note from a *religieuse,* a Sister of some contemplative order of nuns who lived in a convent in the Rue de la Source. She was an American, of a family whose name is famous in our history, and she was greatly alarmed. I went there, was shown into a little room, bare save for a few religious prints on the wall, and sat down before an iron grill that bristled with spikes. There was another iron grill behind this, and after ten minutes there was a rattling of keys, a tumbling of bolts, and then a dim light behind a curtain; finally the curtain was withdrawn, revealing two nuns—one, the Sister of whom I have spoken, and the other, the Reverend Mother Superior. They were full of all the rumours that had been current in Brussels; thought the convent would be bombarded, wished to place themselves under my protection. I told them that they might do so, that they might consider themselves under my protection at once; assured them that the convent would not be bombarded, that nothing could befall them, and left the simple souls quite happy.

"Qu'est-ce que nous pouvons faire pour vous, tellement nous sommes reconnaissantes?" they asked. The American had almost forgotten her English.

"Souvenez-vous de moi dans vos prières," I replied.

And I went home and read the beautiful last letter in Golden Rule Jones's book—so simple, so clear, like the Scriptures; and I thought how far we were from the realization of his dream. Of what use all the effort, all the study and toil to bring sweetness and light into the world, if, after all, this drilling foolery, as Mr. Wells called it, were to prevail; if, in the end, the standard of life, the standard of achievement, in a nation were to be that German one which, had it been practised by an individual in a western mining camp, would have caused him to be tarred and feathered and ridden out on a rail?

A scene comes back to me out of the dismal October; we were at St.-Jacques sur Caudenberg for the solemn requiem High Mass sung for the repose of the soul of the late King Carlos of Roumania. The old church was in heavy black, as on the last occasion when I had been there, that other rainy day early in the summer when a Mass was sung for the repose of the soul of the Grand Duke Ferdinand of Austria—that heir to the Hapsburg throne whose murder had made an eternal difference in the life of the world. The difference was marked even in this Mass, for while the words were the same, chanted in a quavering voice, by an ancient, tottering priest, the very atmosphere of the church was changed. There were no brilliant uniforms, no one in the chancel besides the priests and the secretary of the Nonciature; Mitilineu, the Roumanian Chargé, was the chief mourner, and the little remnant of the diplomatic corps assembled on the right of the great catafalque, with the bright little flames of the candles quivering overhead. In front were the Comte de Mérode, Grande Maréchal, and the Comte d'Aerschot, of the King's household, and on the left the

Comtess Hemricourt de Grunne, the Grande Maîtresse of the Court. But, yes, there were uniforms after all—those of the German officers over on the right of the church, General von Lüttwitz and the Baron Freys and other officers of the Staff, standing rigidly, grasping their great sabres.

But there is another Mass that I recall, on another morning; a Mass at Ste. Gudule, sung for the repose of the soul of a son of a friend. The boy, only nineteen, had been a *brigadier* in the first regiment of the Guides; he had been killed in battle and his mother had gone to fetch his body from under the bridge where it had lain for a week. There was a catafalque on which was laid the Belgian flag, its colours softened by the *crêpe* that was over it. I was listening to the beautiful music when suddenly, there in the radiant aureola of the tall white crackling candles, I was smitten by the tear stained, anguished face of the lad's father. And then I had a kind of rage at those who deliberately make war and bring about all this hideous waste of youth, this wanton cruelty to the aged. . . . In the midst of the accents of the sweet singing of the choir the old church seemed to say: "Peace, little man. I have stood here for all these ages and witnessed occupation after occupation; I was standing here before Columbus went to America. It was then as it is now—men quarreling and suffering and bowing here at my altars with tear-stained faces. The light fell through these windows as softly then as now; nothing changes, not even man."

LIV

THE C. N. AND THE C. R. B.

MEANWHILE, in anxious impatience we were awaiting word of our envoys, and one morning, from the unexpected direction of Berlin, came a telegram from Mr. Gerard saying that the British Government had agreed to let food come into Belgium provided it was sent by the American Embassy in London to the American Legation in Brussels. Had their mission, therefore, so soon succeeded or had their prayers been granted even before they were made? We waited a week; then I had a bundle of telegrams that had come through The Hague—another sign of amelioration, showing that communication by way of The Hague and Antwerp had been restored.

One of the telegrams was from our Ambassador in London, Dr. Page, who said that in pursuance of my request for aid he had asked Mr. Herbert Clark Hoover to organize a committee to raise funds and to purchase food for the Belgian civil population. There was a telegram also from Mr. Hoover, known to me then only as the American who had been at the head of the committee formed in London to assist in repatriating Americans whom the flood of war had overwhelmed; it was a sympathetic and heartening response. Mr. Hoover said that he had organized the committee, which would set up at once the machinery necessary to the purchase and shipment of the food; that the organization had been named the "American Commission for Relief in Belgium"; that it would be composed exclusively of Ameri-

cans; and that, in accordance with the condition laid down by the British Government, the food would be shipped to me as American Minister at Brussels, under the American flag. I sent a telegram expressing the gratitude of the Belgian people, of the Comité National and of myself, for this most generous response to our appeal—a response in which I could have my own patriotic pride and satisfaction; but I asked that my friend and colleague, the Marquis of Villalobar, be included as patron in a relation identical with my own, and called attention to the efforts he had made to aid the great work. And this was done.

There was another telegram, from Gibson, asking that a thousand labels in German, showing the authorization of the German Government, be sent at once to Rotterdam to be placed on the shipments of food about to be sent in. This had an encouraging and practical sound, and I went at once to bear the good news to the gentlemen of the Comité National.

The next afternoon, at last, to my delight, the Baron Lambert, well groomed and smart as ever, came in, just back from London with the good news, and far too modest over the success of his mission. Mr. Heineman, who had gone out to Holland on the same mission, and M. Francqui were to arrive in Brussels that evening; Gibson was by way of staying on in England.

Then Mr. Millard K. Shaler, who weeks before had gone to London to buy food, returned with more details of the almost insuperable difficulties that lay in the way of the prodigious enterprise we had undertaken —difficulties which, had we been able to foresee them, might have deterred us from the attempt. We were still in a state of innocence in those days, still living in the

western world as we had known it, that world of reason and helpfulness. We were soon to learn of another world, but we did not know it then. We thought that if we could procure enough food to last through the winter our troubles would be over!

However, on Saturday, the third of October, there arrived at the Legation a good-looking young American just graduated from Harvard; a lad with clear eyes and a strong, square jaw, Mr. Edward Curtis, a grandson of George William Curtis. He came through from Rotterdam with letters from Captain Lucey saying that the first shipment of food had arrived. He was a welcome guest, this quiet, self-restrained boy who, the first representative of the Commission to arrive in Belgium, was to be the last to leave when we had changed our neutrality for the belligerency that suited us so much better, and had to go. I remember his sitting there that autumn morning before the little fire in my room, and of my asking him the question that was so spontaneously on the lips of all of us in those days:

"How long is the war going to last?"

And I remember how he raised his eyes to mine and said:

"Mr. Hoover,"—he spoke with the respect that had been evident in his celebration of the many virtues of that gentleman—"Mr. Hoover is making his arrangements on a basis of three years."

Three years! It was what Kitchener had said. Could it be possible? The thought gave me pause. And yet we were relieved because Curtis had come, and the lights that twinkled far down the boulevard burned more brightly that evening.

Early in November Gibson returned from the Odys-

sey that had taken him to Havre and to that little corner of Flanders left to Belgium where, in a summer cottage in the bleak sand-dunes by the sea, he had seen the King and the Queen, living in the midst of that austere scene, with cold November winds blowing and now and then a shell screaming over their roof, supporting their fate with royal fortitude. He brought back the kindest of messages from Their Majesties and from Baron de Broqueville and from my colleagues at Havre, and he brought back the details of the great organization that Mr. Hoover was undertaking. We had been experiencing the first of those tremendous and complicated difficulties in carrying on the work of feeding the Belgians—difficulties that were destined to dog us with an almost maddening persistence during so many months and what, in their slow lapse, seemed so many years. The organization of an enterprise that had to devise ways and means of raising $10,000,000 every month, of purchasing foodstuffs in the distant markets of the world—in Argentina, in Canada, in America—find the means of transport across troubled and dangerous seas, and distribute it to seven millions of people in a land where the whole machinery of common life had been dislocated, where there were none of the ordinary means of communication, and to do all this in the midst of armies in the field, was a task that would have seemed insuperable a few months before. The C.R.B., as we were soon calling the Commission for Relief in Belgium, had offices in London, in New York and in Rotterdam, and now it was to establish an office in Brussels, and one of the first difficulties was to coördinate its relations with the gigantic organization of the C.N., as we were soon calling the Comité National. Under the conditions imposed by the

British Government the food-stuffs were to be consigned to the American Minister at Brussels and to be distributed under his supervision; he was to be the responsible witness of the fact that there had been strict observance on the part of the German soldiers of the guaranties given by the Field-Marshal Baron von der Goltz Pasha, Governor-General in Belgium. But since the American Minister, even with the best will in the world, could not be ubiquitous, he had to have recourse to representation, and Mr. Hoover hit upon the happy device of securing the services of two score young Americans just then students at Oxford, young men who had proved their mettle by winning the Rhodes scholarships. They volunteered for the work.

It would have been difficult to create such an organization in the ordinary times of peace, with everybody well disposed, but, in addition to the physical obstacles created by the chaos of war, there was an atmosphere highly charged with its various suspicions, envies, jealousies, hatreds, and all the meaner passions let loose in mad fury in the world, that made it almost impossible. That the stupendous organization, which gathered wheat from the pampas of Argentine, the prairies of Dakota and the plains of Manitoba, found ships to carry it over the seas and to deliver it in Brussels, and, in addition, the money to pay for it, was so scientifically created, was due largely to the genius of Herbert Clark Hoover, but the minor task of keeping peace in the family seemed, by some unkind fatality, to fall to the lot of the person who happened to be American Minister at Brussels, and seemed to offer a convenient human substance to absorb all the numerous shocks. Perhaps it was because that substance was of the very softness sometimes irritably

attributed to it when it declined or failed to range itself promptly and belligerently on one or the other side of the disagreements that almost daily distressed us—I do not know; all I know is that it seemed to be my rôle for a long time to induce men of various nationalities and widely separated points of view and different habits of thought to meet at the Legation and, over a cup of tea, notoriously an innocuous and soothing beverage, to compose or forget their differences and to allow those poor Belgians, who had had no quarrel with anybody, to go on eating.

The atmosphere in Brussels during those early days in November was not congenial to accords, and indeed, it did not improve in this respect as time went on. The Germans were not often in conciliatory humour; they were, in fact, just then distinctly difficult and irritable. The German Kaiser had come to town for a day and had installed himself in the dark old palace of the d'Arenbergs, there in the Petit Sablon. It was said that things were not going on well toward the sea and down near Calais and Dunkerque; and, as I heard some time later, the Kaiser had come within fifteen minutes of his death by an English aviator's bomb at Thielt. He was in a château there, so a German officer told me. He was to lunch and then leave in the imperial motor at one-thirty; the imperial luncheon, however, was finished earlier than had been expected, and the Kaiser left in the imperial motor at one-fifteen. At one-thirty the aviator was hovering overhead, and the bomb dropped and exploded in the château. We were not at that time, however, so expert in noting the reflex actions of such incidents as we became later. But, at any rate, the Belgian flag and even the flag of Brussels had been ordered down from

the Hôtel de Ville, and because a Brussels policeman in a scuffle had struck a German secret agent the Germans fined the city of Brussels five million francs and demanded that all policemen be disarmed and that they salute the German officers.

"What!" said one policeman, "salute them—after they killed my father and mother!"

But whatever the cause may have been, the authorities were difficult, even those who desired to be otherwise. We began to encounter the phenomenon, not new in the world, of the tyranny of a phrase. As Socialists, for instance, speak of class consciousness, or economic determinism, so the German officers spoke of "military necessity." We would ask that something be done, something that seemed innocent and harmless, but no, it could not be done; and when we asked why, the words "military necessity" were pronounced. Often in one of the civil departments they would shrug their shoulders and add, *"les militaires n'en veulent pas,"* and that was an end on it—no need of further discussion; it was as though a prophet of old had cried, "Thus saith the Lord."

The guaranties of the Pasha seemed clear enough, until *"Messieurs les militaires"* pronounced the magic formula *"une nécessité militaire;"* then they would become something else. If one was so dull as not to understand the subtle change that had been wrought when the phrase was pronounced the first time, it was pronounced a second time, more loudly, as though reasons, like cannonades, gained force by reiteration, and arguments potency by being shouted. We had the guaranties of the Governor-General permitting the food to enter and protecting it from seizure, but this document was as yet a life-

less thing; it had to be vivified by construction and by application. To render it practical there was implied the right of communication and free circulation for the delegates of the C.R.B. I may as well say now that as to all the food imported into Belgium by the C.R.B., during all the time we were there, the German guarantee was enforced and respected. But there were always ancillary difficulties; things were done, but seldom done graciously, or in the grand manner. If the Germans did justice they did it as though they were granting a favour, and if they granted a favour they did it with a gesture that absolved the recipient of the obligation of gratitude. Our right to circulate, for instance, to come and go, was not disputed, was indeed admitted, but it seemed to be impossible to procure *passierscheins* which when shown to stolid sentinels, would let one by. The authorities would shake their heads, shrug their shoulders and say:

"Ce sont les militaires!"

We discussed *passierscheins* for months. We had to have *passierscheins* for Curtis, who was to come and go between Rotterdam and Brussels bearing the C.R.B. despatches; we had to have *passierscheins* for the delegates of the C.R.B., who were to travel about in Belgium; we—that is Villalobar and I, had to have a courier of our own, with diplomatic immunities; and we had to have *passierscheins* for ourselves.

One morning the Marquis came saying that he had just been told that the privileges of the diplomatists were to be restricted, and that they were to have no *passierscheins* at all! There was a week of wearisome, irritating discussion; then *passierscheins* were promised. They were prepared, and then it was found that we were to

be permitted to go only into certain parts of Belgium, our petrol to be subject to requisition at all times; in fact, our covering substance of diplomatic privileges and immunities seemed to be wasting to a thin garment that would leave us ultimately as naked as other mortals. I said that if such a *passierschein* were sent to me I should return it with my compliments.

Then a few days later this was changed; Villalobar saw a sample of the new document and reported it satisfactory. But when it came, permitting us to go in automobile in all parts of Belgium east of a line drawn from Mons to Antwerp, it was *for the purpose of inspecting ravitaillement.* I refused, of course, to accept it, and the Marquis, when it was given to him, said:

"Monsieur, je ne suis pas un marchand de farine; je ne l'accepterai pas."

Finally, however, to make a long story short, after telegrams had gone to Berlin, we received *passierscheins* compatible with our dignity and our rights. When they were turned over to us and we read that we were authorized to travel where and as we liked in Belgium, Villalobar looked up and said:

"Sans farine."

He never allowed the Germans to forget that unfortunate phrase permitting diplomats to travel for the purpose of "inspecting" the *ravitaillement.*

"Oh, pour mes petites affaires je ne dérangerais pas un personnage aussi haut et éminent que vous," he said the next morning when Baron von der Lancken asked him if he could be of any service, *"moi, pauvre petit boulanger."*

"Cependant vous nous faites beaucoup d'honneur. Pendant la Révolution francaise ces républicains appe-

laient Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette et le dauphin, le boulanger, la boulangère et le petit mitron."

And every morning, leaving headquarters, he would say to Conrad: *"Je vous prie de présenter mes compliments au Baron, en lui demandant combien de sacs de farine il veut avoir aujourd'hui."*

It was on the fifth of November, after many consultations, that we gathered at last around the long oaken table, there in my cabinet at the American Legation, and had the first of those sessions that were to be so often repeated in the history of the *ravitaillement* of Belgium. There was the Marquis of Villalobar; M. Solvay, whose snowy hair and beard framed the kindly face of the humanitarian; M. Francqui, with his energy, his will, his executive force and vigor; his black eyes flashing determination or sparkling humorously in the constant sallies of his wit; the Baron Lambert, the grave banker of the old house of the Rothschilds, scrupulously elegant in attire, polished in manner, particular in little things as in big—he would never have a letter written on a typewriter, for instance; he had them all written out by hand in a script that looked as though it had been from an engraved plate—and M. Emmanuel Janssen, a grandson by marriage of M. Solvay.

M. Francqui read a *projet* in which had been outlined with order and particularity the whole organization; first of the C.R.B., with its committees and headquarters in London, New York and Brussels, its shipping station at Rotterdam; then of the C.N., with its seat in Brussels, a sub-committee in each province and in each commune, and all the vast systems of exchange for the finance of the enterprise—arranged I believe by Mr. Heineman and the Geheimrath Kaufman. Thus

slowly and with infinite pains the vast structure was reared, with as many complications and difficulties, as it seemed at the time, as there were at the Tower of Babel. The ambitious enterprise, indeed, seemed almost as presumptuous as that earlier effort, undertaken in another period of chaos in the world. There was the same confusion of tongues, which constantly produced its misunderstandings and frictions; there were the usual heartburnings over questions of precedence and honour and credit, which no doubt contributed to the failure of the soaring project on the plain of Shinar, though these feelings were suppressed in the larger hope of making our enterprise a success. One American, for instance, was offended, because he said a Belgian had written him a letter in French, "insisting" on this, "demanding" that, "ignoring" the other thing. The letter was the politest letter one could imagine, but, as was at once evident, it had been translated into English—by a Dutchman who evidently knew little of either language. The recipient, however, was mollified when I carefully explained to him that Latin derivatives did not always have the same value in French and English, and that "insist," "demand," "ignore," in French do not possess quite the peremptory significance that they do in English.

Aside from the larger physical difficulties and the political difficulties, there were those perplexing problems that arise out of the insoluble mystery of human personality; there were antipathies for which the possessors themselves could have given no reason. I shall always recall with something like horror the long hours of discussion with a certain fellow-citizen who wished everything to be done by everybody in his way and in no other; he was not quite sure just how it should be done

himself, and when in despair I told him to proceed at once and carry out his plan of organization with a free hand, it seemed that he had no plan. He would sit for hours at the Legation trying to convince me, and I never could be sure of what he was trying to convince me. The worst of him was that he used long sentences, without verbs, which was maddening. Finally, when every one else refused to have more to do with him, I said that he might be attached to me, which did not seem to be such a sacrifice since he was already that; but when Mr. Hoover came he cut that Gordian Knot in his efficient, executive manner and ordered the man back to London, where, shortly afterwards, it was discovered that the poor fellow's mind was affected.

There were troubles with stubborn Dutch skippers—four of them brought law suits against me personally—and the appalling intricacies of bills of lading; and when all these difficulties were composed, there would be articles in the press in England and America to answer—sensational stories to the effect that the food to be sent in would be confiscated by German troops, and they well-nigh wrecked the work! That the great organization, the one constructive organization left in the world, was got into such perfect and efficient order at last was due to the union of such efficient minds and wills as those of Emile Francqui and Herbert C. Hoover, though each of the others contributed his share of real ability, of patience, of good will, and of a desire to serve humanity. And it was worth all it cost of pain and effort when one evening a telegram came from Rotterdam saying that grain was being sent to Liége in charge of Captain Sutherland, military *attaché* at The Hague, and we could say that food was at last coming into Belgium!

LV

THE ARREST OF THE ENGLISH

In the first, and in many respects the best, of his short stories, "Boule de Suif," which with the remorseless precision of the author's impeccable and cynical art, depicts the incredible meanness of human nature, Guy de Maupassant sums up in a phrase the essential spiritual significance of the Prussian occupation of Normandy in 1870 when he says:

"Il y avait cependant quelque chose dans l'air, quelque chose de subtil et d'inconnu, une atmosphère étrangère et intolérable, comme une odeur répandue, l'odeur de l'invasion."

As in France in 1870 so in Belgium in 1914. It was the atmosphere, the moral odour of invasion, that was hardest to bear. To those who had been used all their lives carelessly to breathe its air, liberty, now that it was lost, became a very real and beautiful thing. It was always galling and at times maddening, even for us who were the most privileged in the land, to have every desire, every impulse, every right, obstructed by a *verboten.* At every prominent corner in town there were German sentinels with red flags, great placards labelled *"Halte!"* and guns, their long bayonets fixed. Every one must have *passierscheins* and *personal Ausweis* and we floundered in a morass of regulations that made life an intolerable burden. Much has been written of the cleanliness and order of German cities—I have written some of it myself; but I should rather live in a city as

dirty as some I might name in certain parts of the Continent, governed by a machine as corrupt as some I have heard of on our own side of the Atlantic, composed of the most renowned and reprehensible of our bosses, and have liberty as one does have it in them, than to dwell in one of those cities of Germany, clean and regulated to the last degree, of course, but with their *Ingangs* and *Ausgangs,* wholly without charm, with the institutional odour of a penitentiary.

It came on us gradually, a slow closing in of the remorseless and inflexible grip of steel. To understand it one must understand the Belgian cities, full of civic pride and civic virtue, and full of liberty, too. They are free cities, and after due reflexion I should say that they are perhaps the best-governed cities anywhere in this world precisely because they govern themselves, and what is more, because they have a pride in themselves, a conscious, collective, communal, civic pride. To understand it, too, one must take into account the Belgian love of democracy, the Belgian love of liberty. The King is not King of Belgium, he is King of the Belgians—*Roi des Belges;* there is a vast difference. This love of liberty was developed in the democratic school of the commune; it was the commune again resisting at Liége, at Dixmude and the Yser.

Each of the cities of Belgium has its marked personality, its distinct individuality; each has its peculiar charm, almost its own customs. Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, Brussels, Liége, all lovely, full of poetry and romance, are yet all different, as sisters in one family are different. And they are very proud—proud of their history, proud of their beautiful city halls and public

monuments; proud of their Burgomaster if he looks well in the red scarf, proud of their liberty and fierce in their independence. Attacked from the outside, their burgers all stand together—Catholic, liberal, socialist, Flemish and Walloon. The cities are scrupulously clean: cleanliness, indeed, is a Belgian trait; there is an ordinance or by-law in Brussels which forbids people to wash their sidewalks or the fronts of their houses after 10 o'clock in the morning, otherwise the splashing and mopping would go on all the time.

The Germans sought to introduce German ways and German regulations—tried to make them over, and to make over the people in them. The way to do this, they thought, was to issue orders and to publish them in *affiches* on the city walls, or to give paternal counsel, like that advice of the Pasha to the people to save their money and to put it in the savings banks, where, he said, it would be respected—advice given at the very moment when levies were being imposed on all the cities and provinces in the land!

Not a day passed without a new and vexing regulation. In an *affiche* posted on the sixth of November there was an *avis* which, by way of proving the paternal interest of the Government in the people, said that the German Government had done all it could to get food and fuel for the Belgians, urged the people to return to their usual employments, and advised the communal authorities not to give money to anybody who would not work, and, in the third place, announced that on and after the eighth of November the affairs of life would be regulated by *normal* time, which was, of course, German time—fifty-six minutes earlier than Belgium time, which

was Greenwich or English, and prevailed all over the west of Europe.[1]

The public clocks were duly advanced, but nobody in Brussels paid the slightest attention; every one continued to regulate by *l'heure belge* such affairs of life as were left to him. Turning into the Place de la Monnaie from the Rue des Fripiers one afternoon, I saw two women stop; one asked the hour, and the other, glancing up at the clock which marked seven o'clock, said instantly, "It's six o'clock." It was like that everywhere, though for us of the Legations there was a complication:

[1] Avis

L'administration militaire allemande a fait tout son possible en prenant soin de faire fournir et parvenir à Bruxelles des vivres et du charbon pour la population de l'agglomération. Dans ce but, les chemins de fer vicinaux ont repris le service dans les environs de la ville et on a facilité de toute façon aux personnes chargées du ravitaillement l'accomplissement de leur tâche. Néanmoins, l'invitation à reprendre l'ouvrage n'a pas encore été suivie par la population dans l'étendue désirable.

Je recommande de la manière la plus énergique aux différentes communes de l'agglomération bruxelloise de ne plus distribuer gratuitement des vivres à des hommes auxquels on peut prouver qu'ils ont l'occasion de travailler, mais qu'ils n'en profitent pas.

Puisque les chemins de fer et la poste se règlent déjà sur l'heure normale de l'Europe centrale, cette heure entrera en vigueur pour toute l'agglomération bruxelloise dès le 8 novembre 1914. Ce jour-là toutes les horloges sont à avancer d'environ 56 minutes. L'heure exacte est donnée par les horloges des gares.

Dès le 8 de ce mois, les restaurants, cafés et débits de boissons sont à fermer seulement à 11 heures du soir (heure allemande).

Bruxelles, le 6 novembre, 1914.

Le gouverneur de Bruxelles,
Baron von Lüttwitz,
Général.

when we had an appointment with a Belgian we had to remember Belgian time, and in speaking to a Belgian one must remember not to refer to *l'heure allemande.* The fact gave rise at once to a new example of *la zwanze bruxelloise:*

"The Kaiser says, 'Advance on Paris,' but they don't advance. Then, 'Advance on Calais,' but they don't advance. Then 'Advance on Cracow,' but they don't advance there either; then he says, 'Advance the Brussels clocks one hour!' "

The citizens of other countries at war with Germany were subjected to special regulations. There was a strict control; they had to report at the Meldeamt each week. But this was not enough; one evening Mr. Grant-Watson, Secretary of the British Legation, who had elected to remain in Brussels, came to the Legation from the Union Club and reported that the English, calmly sitting there over their whiskey-and-soda, were concerned by a report in the German newspapers that all Englishmen in Germany between seventeen and fifty-five were to be interned as prisoners of war. The British in Brussels thought that the rule would apply to Belgium. We heard no more of it for a week; then I was told officially that all British citizens between the ages of seventeen and fifty-five were to be arrested—this, as was said, in retaliation for the measures taken in England against the German residents there. I filed a letter of protest and spoke with the officials; they said, while personally they regretted to have to take this step, public opinion in Germany—and *Messieurs les militaires*—forced them to do so. I asked that Mr. Grant-Watson and the British Consul, Mr. Jeffes, and his son, who was Vice-Consul, be exempt, and was told that they would be.

A few evenings later, the Reverend Mr. H. Stirling T. Gahan was arrested. I succeeded in securing the release of the chaplain and of two English priests of the Catholic church who had been arrested with him, but it was all that I could do, and the arrests of the others continued, right and left, as fast as German soldiers could find them. Some escaped in various disguises—one as a vendor of mussels, a delicacy—according to some tastes—then in season, but for most of them there was no escape, and they were confined in the École Militaire. In the midst of this search German soldiers visited the Royal Golf Club of Ravenstein and, finding no Englishmen there, broke up the golf-clubs belonging to Englishmen and seized their clothing.

And then one morning at German headquarters I was told, to my surprise, that Mr. Grant-Watson himself was to be arrested at the British Legation.

"But you cannot enter the British Legation," I said; "it is under my flag."

And there was a long discussion. Finally the Baron von der Lancken asked that Mr. Grant-Watson himself come and discuss the question with him, saying that some arrangement might possibly be made to put him on his parole or even to allow him to go home to England. The official who had told me that Mr. Grant-Watson and the Messrs. Jeffes would not be molested made an apology for the treatment of the English; he told me how he detested it, and how sorry he was that he had not been more successful in securing the promised privileges. There was nothing he could do—it was a "military necessity" and *Messieurs les militaires* had been in a terrible state ever since the narrow escape of the Kaiser at Thielt a few days before.

Mr. Grant-Watson, when the other representatives of belligerent countries had left, had remained in Brussels of his own will; he had been going about town everywhere for weeks, as, of course, the Germans well knew. I had frequently urged him to go but he would not do so, and I had no quality to urge any action upon him. When the question of his fate arose I could only tell him of the Baron von der Lancken's suggestion and leave him to decide on the course he would adopt. He said he would go at once to see the Baron, and asked me to accompany him. And so we went over that afternoon after tea, and when the introduction was concluded—the meeting was cold and difficult; they bowed formally but did not shake hands—Baron von der Lancken said that the situation was very painful and disagreeable for him because he was under orders to send Mr. Grant-Watson to Berlin. I could not forbear expressions of my surprise.

"Je vous demande pardon mais je vous ai promis plus que je ne pouvais faire," said the Baron.

I asked that Mr. Grant-Watson be allowed to leave on his parole that night and return on the morrow; this the Baron accepted. Finally Mr. Grant-Watson agreed to report the next morning at eleven o'clock, and Baron von der Lancken said that he would give him the best apartment in the École Militaire and hold him there until he was sent to Berlin. I then took the Baron von der Lancken aside and spoke with him alone, and at length he promised to telegraph to Berlin in an effort to make arrangements that would make it unnecessary to send Mr. Grant-Watson to Berlin, holding him meanwhile *gardé à vue* at the École Militaire.

The Baron told me that the Jeffes, too, were to be arrested.

Unyielding as he had been, however, as it seemed to me, the Baron was reproached by the military men for not having been more severe, and for having allowed Mr. Grant-Watson to go at all. And late that night the military men sent to me asking me to give my "word of honour" for him. I gave it, of course, and with my compliments to *Messieurs les militaires* sent word to say that as Mr. Grant-Watson was an English gentleman I was perfectly satisfied with any assurances he might give. The next morning Mr. Grant-Watson went to the École Militaire.

Mr. Kimura, Secretary of the Japanese Legation, had remained in Brussels on the express understanding that no objections would be made to his presence, and now he too was to be arrested; and that same morning a German functionary came bearing the request that I "bring in" the Japanese secretary. I sent back this as a reply:

"Je vous prie de présenter mes compliments et dire que je ne suis pas gendarme."

Kimura, however, was notified from the Legation of what was in store for him, and at the news he smiled and went at once himself to the Zivilverwaltung, and was sent to the École Militaire.

The next morning I received a call from the clergymen whose release had been secured; they came to thank me, and, as one of them said, to call my attention to an outrage that was being perpetrated by the Germans. I asked, with the gravest apprehensions, what the outrage was.

"Why," said the clergyman, "they have confined the gentry with the commonalty!"

It was even so. When on that morning of dismal rain I drove to the École Militaire I found twenty Englishmen gathered in a large hall, sitting at meat at a large table. Around the walls were iron cots on which they slept. There had been, indeed, some recognition of their quality, for certain jockeys, of which there are always many in Brussels, had been removed, but commonalty or gentry, it was not pleasant to be huddled together, and the facilities for bathing were few, though they were accepting their lot with the ever-admirable British calmness and dignity. Mr. Grant-Watson, in his corner, did call my attention to the indubitable fact that he had not been given the private room due his rank; it was the result, it seemed, of his having refused to shake hands with the Lieutenant in charge: "One could not shake hands with them, could one?" But I asked Baron von der Lancken and the little Lieutenant to give him a room and to make him more comfortable, which they promised to do, and did.

I went to see Kimura, installed from the first in his private room. On one side there was an iron bed, and ranged along the floor beside it a long row of Japanese slippers and sandals. A kimono was thrown over the bed; there were cigarettes and an ash-tray on a little table at the head; and there was a table set forth with the noon day meal. I asked if there was anything that I could do for him.

"No," he said, "I have a nice apartment, a soldier's room; I have rice, meat, bread, beer." I asked him if he wanted anything. No, nothing; he had everything man could wish, even two hours in the morning and two in the afternoon to walk in the courtyard. He was smiling and cheerful.

"Have you anything to read?" I asked.

"Oh, yes."

I had a curiosity about the books that would while away the *ennui* of his honourable confinement, and he pointed to a table where two little volumes lay; I picked one of them up. It was a Japanese-German dictionary; the other was a German grammar.

"I study German," he said, and when Baron von der Lancken and the Lieutenant entered the room he saluted them in the military way, and even managed to speak a few words to them in their own tongue. A capable little race, this, which improves each shining hour!

LVI

HATRED OF THE ENGLISH

THE hatred the Germans bore the English made the task of representing British interests all the more difficult; the Germans seemed to have no such bitter feeling toward the French, and not so much toward the Belgians, though, according to the well-known law of moral reaction, the more they wronged the Belgians, the more bitter they became in their feeling toward them. But the hatred of the English was a wild, implacable thing, not to be overcome. It had a quality almost personal in its intensity.

"We are going to continue this war," said a German official to me, "until one can travel around the earth without seeing Englishmen who act as if they owned it."

"We shall destroy England if it takes twenty years," said a General to me one evening; his eyes blazed wrath and he clenched his fists spasmodically.

"When our men take English prisoners," he went on to say, "the officers dare not turn their backs an instant, lest the men kill them."

This hatred was shown even in the smallest things. There was scarcely a German officer, for instance, who, as a part of that marvellous preparation of the German nation for this very enterprise in which they were engaged, had not mastered the English language; they could speak it almost as well as they could speak French; some of them had been to Oxford or Cambridge and spoke with the accent of those schools, but

now that the moment had come to use it they made it almost a point of honour not to speak it at all.

When the prisoners at the École Militaire had all been sent to Ruhleben the agents of the Kommandantur began to interfere with the administration of the British Charitable Fund, an organization which for long years had aided destitute British folk in Belgium. The *polizei* hunted the trustees of the Fund from one place to another, and the poor could not get the little charity that was being doled out to them.

And then another complication arose which for a time threatened to be more serious. Down at Mons there was an English ambulance in charge of the Honourable Angelina Manners and of Miss Nellie Hozier, and after the retreat of the English from Mons they and their corps of eight nurses had remained on there. Late in November I arranged to secure *laissez-passer* for them to return to England, and the necessary authorization having been obtained, I asked Mr. Jack Scranton, a young American then in Brussels as a guest of Gibson, to go down to Mons to escort the nurses back to Brussels.

He went, armed with all the documents and, arrived at Mons, he showed his papers and explained his mission to the German Commandant, who snatched his papers from him, and not only arrested him but arrested all the young women in the ambulance, and threw them into a common prison. The German officer shook his fist at the poor girls, threatened them with all kinds of terror in retaliation for what the Germans were said to be suffering in England, and refused to listen to Scranton.

"As for the American Minister at Brussels," said the officer, *"je m'en f——!"*

Thus Scranton reported when, the following day, the officer's ridiculous rage—*Jähzorn*—having cooled, he was permitted to return to Brussels. I went to see Baron von der Lancken and asked him to send an intelligent officer, if one could be found, with Scranton to bring the girls back. He said he would telephone. The next morning we heard that the girls were to have a "hearing"—as though they were criminals. Then I had word from Mons that the English nurses were in very real danger. I went over to the Germans; Baron von der Lancken had gone to Bruges, but I saw Baron Freys, and told him that I had had enough of the Mons affair, that the Kommandantur there had torn up the passports which he, Baron Freys, had given, had spoken insultingly of me, and that I could endure it no longer. I showed him the Geneva Convention which plainly set forth the duty of the Germans to let these nurses go home, and I insisted upon their being brought to Brussels at once. Baron Freys was always and invariably polite, obliging and correct; he got into telephonic communication with Mons, and in five minutes had arranged it; the nurses were to be released. The Baron gave me a note to the Adjutant down there, and the next morning I sent de Leval to bring the young ladies back. It was a moment of exquisite relief when, the next afternoon, my chauffeur arrived in the car we had sent to Mons bringing one of the nurses, Miss Beatrice Waters, and assured me that the others were coming with de Leval on the tram. Miss Manners and Miss Hozier, with all the nurses, arived at tea time, all glowing with the joy of the very dangerous experience

which they would view only as a lark. Three days later, with passports for Holland, via Aix-la-Chapelle, they bade us good-bye and went away, excited with the thought of being home for an English Christmas. They reached London for the festival — though after a voyage longer than they had expected, for at Aix-la-Chapelle the German authorities had changed their route and sent them around by Hamburg into Denmark, and they succeeded at last in reaching home from Copenhagen.

It was not long afterward that the English prisoners were sent away to Berlin and confined in the camp at Ruhleben with their compatriots who had been in Germany when the war broke out. The British Consul, Mr. Jeffes, on account of his advanced years, had not been molested, but his son, the Vice-Consul, had been taken to the École Militaire, and there for a while he remained with Mr. Butcher, another Englishman, and with Mr. Grant-Watson and Mr. Kimura, until one Sunday morning I was asked to go to the Zivilverwaltung at an hour so early, even by German time, that despite their terrible capacity for early rising and hard work there was no one yet visible but a sleepy boy scout of the German variety. After a while the Baron von der Lancken appeared, and then Mr. Grant-Watson was shown in, and the Baron announced to him that he must leave at once for Berlin. The time for departure was at hand and the Baron left us a moment in the *Sitzenstall* that we might talk, and there, after I had told Mr. Grant-Watson the gossip of Brussels and given him news of his family and friends in England, and taken his message, and, I trust, given him some realization of the sympathy I felt for him, and of my admiration for his calmness, a

young German officer entered, bowed stiffly, shook hands with Mr. Grant-Watson, and then, standing with his hand at his vizor in salute, said:

"J'aurai l'honneur de vous conduire à Berlin."

The motor was waiting there in the Rue de la Loi and, like many another in those times, Mr. Grant-Watson was whirled away to an unknown fate.

I thought for a moment, a week later, that it was to be a serious fate when von der Lancken confided to me that he greatly feared that Mr. Grant-Watson had seriously compromised himself, most important secret documents had been discovered, he said; there would have to be a court martial; spying, and all that sort of thing; most alarming! At the École Militaire, I was told, Mr. Grant-Watson had been found destroying papers which on examination proved to be some sort of military plans. Then, great *affiches* on the walls of Brussels; more *Nouvelles publiées par le Gouvernement allemand,* highly sensational; no less, in fact, than that Mr. Grant-Watson had tried to destroy documents which he had clandestinely taken to prison with him from the British Legation, documents that gave the "most intimate" details about the mobilization of the Belgian army and the defense of Antwerp, a long story which, in the German view, proved that there had been foul play and a conspiracy on the part of Belgium and England to attack Germany.[1]

[1] This is the *affiche:*

"Berlin, 15 decembre.—La Norddeutsche Allemeine écrit au sujet du jeu de l'Angleterre concernant la neutralité de la Belgique. De nouvelles preuves graves ont été trouvées démontrant la complicité anglo-belge. Récemment le Secrétaire de la Légation anglaise, Mr. Grant-Watson, a été arrêté, lequel était resté à l'hôtel de

Whatever it may have been intended to be for others, the *affiche* to me was most assuring. We were beginning to learn that the Buncombe county in the German Empire was very extensive, with an insatiable appetite

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la Légation anglaise, où il essayait de faire disparaître des documents qu'il avait clandestinement emportés de la Légation. Il y avait parmi ces documents des pièces avec des données des plus intimes concernant la mobilisation belge et concernant la défense d'Anvers, des années 1913-1914, ainsi que des circulaires avec des ordres à l'adresse des hautes autorités militaires belges et portant la signature-fac-simile du Ministre de la Guerre belge et du chef de l'Etat Major Général ainsi que des notes de compte-rendu d'une séance de la 'Commission de ravitaillement d'Anvers' du 27 mai, 1913. Le fait que ces documents se trouvaient à la Légation d'Angleterre montre suffisamment que le gouvernement belge n'avait, en matière militaire, aucun secret pour le gouvernement britannique et que les deux étaient continuellement en étroite entente militaire. Particulièrement intéressante est cette note écrite à la main: 'Renseignement. Primo: Les officiers français ont reçu ordre rejoindre dès le vingt-sept juillet après-midi. Secundo: Le même jour le chef de gare de Feignies reçut ordre concentrer vers Maubeuge tous wagons fermés disponibles en vue de Frameries.' Le deux localités sont situées sur la ligne de chemin de fer de Maubeuge-Mons-Feignies à environ trois kilomètres de la frontière belge en France. Frameries, en Belgique, est à environ dix kilometres de la frontière.

Il en ressort que la France avait, dès le 27 juillet, pris les premières mesures de mobilisation et que la Légation britannique en fut aussitôt avertie par la Belgique. Parmi les preuves antérieures démontrant les relations entre l'Angleterre et la Belgique, les documents découverts constituent des complèments précieux. Ils démontrent à nouveau que la Belgique abandonna sa neutralité au profit de l'Entente, qu'elle devint un membre actif de la coalition formée en vue de combattre l'Empire allemand. Pour l'Angleterre la neutralité de la Belgique représentait en réalité seulement un 'scrap of paper' (chiffon de papier) qu'elle n'invoquait que pour autant qu'elle correspondait à ses intérêts, mais qu'elle considérait existante dès que cela pouvait servir ses projets. Il est évident que le gouv-

for sensations that could produce the soft thrill of a purring satisfaction.

Of course had any such papers ever existed, Mr. Grant-Watson could not have had them at the École Militaire, for it might be assumed that diplomats of such deep sagacity as the Germans charged the British with being would have destroyed any such documents with the other papers they were so busily engaged in burning over at the British Legation those last days before they departed for Antwerp. Truth is often exasperating in her deliberate movements and not to be hurried but she always arrives calm and unflushed at her destination, and so the papers proved, in fact, to be nothing more than old hypothetical military problems studied by the Belgian youths who were being educated as officers for the Belgian army in the École Militaire; they had been found, so it was said, in a locker in the rooms assigned to Mr. Grant-Watson after the gentry were separated from the commonalty. But they served as well as those other hypothetical problems studied by Belgian military men—and, as the event proved, with prophetic wisdom—and left to be found by the corps of professors who bent their eager, purblind gaze through their thick spectacles on all the dusty archives and waste-paper baskets found in the Ministries. There were sensational stories about these, too, published on the walls of Brussels and blazoned abroad throughout the world, in order to produce an impression that Belgium had not been true to herself, but had entered into an intrigue with England

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ernement anglais a simplement pris prétexte de la violation de la neutralité belge par l'Allemagne pour faire paraître aux yeux du monde et du peuple anglais la guerre avec nous comme équitable.

"Le Gouvernement General en Belgique."

and finally with France to invade peaceful, unsuspecting, unprepared Teutonia. It was but a part of that effort made by Germany to justify her wilful and cynical violation of the neutrality which the King of Prussia had imposed on and guaranteed to Belgium. All sorts of papers and documents found in the Ministries at Brussels were exhibited in the hope of showing that the English or the French had broken their engagements, or that there had been collusion between Belgium and England, or between Belgium and France, to attack Germany.[2]

Nothing came of it, of course; after the story had been published, and the effect it was supposed to produce had been obtained, Mr. Grant-Watson, who had been "treated like an officer" in Berlin—and of course nothing more could be asked by any one—was allowed to go home to England, by way of Denmark, long after Kimura had been permitted to go out by way of Holland, and so return by America to his far-off Japan.

[2] The Germans, in the effort to justify their invasion of Belgium, made in violation of their own guaranty, published two letters found in the Belgian Ministry of War, as proof of an understanding between Belgium and Great Britain by which British troops could be landed in Belgium. In fact, these notes were but memoranda prepared years before by military attachés of the British Legation at Brussels as to the possible intervention of England in the event that Belgium were attacked. They were merely records of conversations between the military attachés and Belgian officers, and were purely hypothetical, as their context and the time of their occurrence showed. But they were so presented by the Germans as to create the impression of an agreement between Belgium and Great Britain to attack Germany. These insinuations have been effectually denied by M. Emile Brunet in his pamphlet entitled *Les Conventions Anglo-Belges.*

LVII

VIVE LE ROI

THE fifteenth of November is the *jour de fête* of Albert I, King of the Belgians, and it had a poignant significance for his people in that tragic year of 1914. The news of the horror of Roulers had just come to town, another Louvain in the fury of its vengeance on the civil population because the Belgian army had again blocked the path of German imperialism. The King—down there on the battle line in the far corner of the land, fighting with his men behind the Yser, whose yellow waters had flooded western Flanders—older, as Arno Dorch, who had seen His Majesty at Furnes, could describe him to us, moustache grown long, a fixed sadness in his face and a steady flame in his eye, somehow like a Viking; and the little Queen, quite simple, going about on errands of mercy, a romantic picture—was never so near to the hearts of his people. And Brussels was arranging a demonstration. The people wished it to assume the solemn form of a high mass at Ste. Gudule, and the word was whispered about; every one was going. But the Germans got wind of that, as of everything, and forbade it and there was no high mass. So every one went, instead, to low mass, an enormous crowd that trooped in out of the rain mixed with the snow that was falling, to fill the old grey church and stand in silent throngs in the aisles while the low mass was said, and then at the end to shout the passionate:

"Vive le Roi! Vive la Belgique!"

At the church of St. Boniface a Belgian flag was displayed and a German soldier tore it down. The *Livre d'Or* at the house of the Grand Marechal, in which people were to sign for the King, was seized by the German police. Two boys who shouted *"Vive le Roi!"* were arrested and, since nothing was too insignificant to pass unnoticed, the little son of the Countess de Buisseret was arrested for making goose-steps in the street while a squad of German soldiers was passing. The Countess was an American and it required a week of effort on my part to have the lad released from the Kommandantur. And I heard of a man who was arrested *"pour avoir regardé une dame allemande avec insolence dans la rue."*

Some one was always being arrested; the *Polizei* were beginning to saunter up and down the streets in twos or threes and the Kommandantur there in the Rue de Louvain was soon filled, as was once the Bastille, with prisoners. They arrested high and low, from the wife of the Grand Marshal of the Court down to the man, slinking by in the twilight, who offered the *Times* for sale. The oldest and proudest names in Belgium were on the roll of patriots.

The Germans began too the seizure of property, not only public but private. They closed the gates of the lovely Parc, designed by Zinner in 1774, with its lofty trees, its pleasant alleys, its fountains and statues, the park where Brussels loved to loiter and listen to the music, and where the children played. It was all changed; in the *place réservée aux jeux d'enfants* officers exercised their horses. Already in the villages and suburbs they were seizing bronze and copper—even the door-knobs and kitchen utensils.

The directors of the Banque Nationale were sub-

jected to the first of a long series of vexations, in revenge for the action of the bank in removing all of its treasury to Antwerp and thence to England. Then the Germans began to arrest those members of the Garde Civique who had considered it a point of patriotism not to report to the Meldeamt in obedience to the German order.

Antwerp, too, was having its troubles and anxieties like all Belgium. There the German Commandant gave his word that the Gardes Civiques who had fled might return and be immune, but when they came they were immediately arrested, though later they were released on parole. The city fathers had signed a convention with the Germans to the effect that no indemnity would be demanded from Antwerp, but the paper was no sooner signed than the Germans demanded fifty million francs.

These troubles all had their reaction on us, besides that which came upon us daily with the almost inextricable complications in organizing the *ravitaillement.*

It was of course inevitable, because very human, that people should come, even across the sea, on all sorts of wild goose chases; a group of reformers actually came to me proposing to organize a committee to spray the battlefields with disinfectants.

There was trouble about our courier from Holland, who was always being arrested or stopped and searched by the *militaires;* there were troubles about the post; the Germans were opposed to our carrying letters for any one but them; and when the *militaires* heard that a Belgian had sent word to a friend in Holland to address his letters in care of the American Legation they thought that was conclusive evidence that we were re-

ceiving and delivering and despatching letters. We finally arranged the affair of the post satisfactorily, the courier going into Holland in a motor with a German soldier on the box, carrying the pouches of the Spanish, Dutch and American Legations, and though the service was now and then interrupted, as a military necessity, the Germans always respected the seals on our pouches. It was hard to refuse the poor folk who wished to send letters to their friends and relatives outside, but having given my word not to forward any letters, the constant refusals became one of the hard tasks of each day. They could see no reason why one should keep one's word when it had been given to a German, which shows what example will do.

There was no escaping trouble, one's own or those of others, whose troubles were so much worse than one's own. The universal tragedy touched one on every hand. Hermancito, distressed over the sad plight of his own land, was going to leave. The Mexican Legation did not exist any more. He made a famous *mot* of it, in his merry way, saying, of his situation:

"Je représente un pays sans gouvernement auprès d'un gouvernement sans pays."

But all these troubles faded into nothing one night late in November, when a message came from Washington in these words:

Your despatch of ————, referring to conditions in Brussels since its occupation by the Germans, has been received and read by the Department with much interest. The Department informs you that the patriotic and efficient way in which the numerous difficulties that have arisen during the past few months in Belgium have been met is appreciated.

LVIII

VON BISSING

One afternoon the Marquis of Villalobar, whose pretty red and yellow flag, with the royal arms of Spain, fluttered so gaily about Brussels on its various errands, came in with an important gazette. Von der Goltz had gone to Constantinople and was to be superseded. For days Turkish princes had been in Brussels, and there had been wonderful dinners and in the dining halls of the Belgian Ministries, *fêtes* at which the Pasha spoke Turkish with the best of them. General von Lüttwitz had gone too. It was always that way; we had no sooner got used to von Jarotsky than he left, and now that we knew von Lüttwitz he was going. Baron Freys was leaving too, and we regretted that; he had made things much easier. But the Pasha departed unwept of all I fear, without even sympathy for the wound he had received in the cheek while at his favorite sport of watching battles in Flanders, and his successor duly arrived, as the latest *affiche* announced:

Avis

Sa Majesté l'Empereur et Roi, ayant désigné un nouveau gouvernement général en Belgique, j'ai pris aujourd'hui la direction des affaires.

Bruxelles, le 3 décembre, 1914.

Baron von Bissing,
Général de cavalerie.

A few days later we went up the grand staircase of the Ministère des Arts in the Rue de la Loi, the Mar-

quis of Villalobar, M. van Vollenhoven and I, and, by the Baron von der Lancken, were presented to the new Governor-General, a man whose name, justly or unjustly, was destined to stand forth to the world as the symbol of one of the darkest, cruelest and most sinister pages of its miserable history.

General Baron von Bissing, standing there in the lofty *salon* of the residence of the Belgian Minister of the Arts and Sciences, in the early twilight of that short December afternoon, was a man over seventy years of age, old and thin, with thick greying, black hair brushed straight back from his forehead and plastered down as with water or with oil on the curiously shaped head that was so straight and sheer behind. His face was hard and its leathern skin, wrinkled and old and weather-beaten, was remorselessly shaved as to chin and throat and high lean cheeks, leaving the thick heavy moustaches of a Prussian *Reiter* to hide somewhat the thin lips of the stern mouth and then flow on, growing across his cheeks to bristle up fiercely by his ears.

He was scrupulously clean, one might almost say scrubbed; one imagines him smelling of soap and leather like an old sergeant-major in the regiment of Guards. His brow was high and the lean face tapered to the wedge of a very firm jaw; the visage of an old Prussian dragoon of the school and mentality of Bismarck. But out of it there gleamed a pair of piercing dark eyes that seemed black until one saw that they were blue; they were keen, shrewd eyes, not wholly unkind. He wore, ceremoniously, a great heavy sabre that clanked against his thin legs as he walked stiffly into the *salon,* until, as by an habitual gesture, he grasped its hilt in his aged hand.

He had on a well-worn uniform; his thin legs, on which he walked so slowly and so stiffly, as with automatic movements, were encased in tight blue trousers, caught with straps below the long, pointed boots that were made of soft leather and furnished with great silver spurs. His tunic was light grey and short, and its shabbiness was somehow accentuated by the Iron Cross of the first class that he wore, and by the enamelled star of the Order of the Black Eagle, fastened by a cravat about his collar and dangling heavily out at his wrinkled old throat.

Though he spoke French he did not like to do so, and in this audience he expressed himself with a rough voice in German, which the Baron von der Lancken, standing on his left, translated into French for us. He shook hands with me first and thanked me for what I had done on behalf of German interests, and spoke of certain American Consuls in Germany with whom he had recently had relations. He spoke then to the Marquis, expressing his regret for an incident that had occurred at Namur a few days before, when Villalobar had been insulted by a Kommandant. And then he had a few words for van Vollenhoven, to whom he spoke in German, something or other pertaining to Holland. He seemed to have prepared, or more likely Baron von der Lancken had suggested to him, something personal to say to each of us, and this said, the brief audience, which had been invested with the formality of a private presentation at Court, ended, and we drove back in the bleak afternoon, with its lowering clouds and gusty winds, under the impression of a strong and possibly a hard personality. We knew at any rate that the new

Governor-General in Belgium was *quelqu'un,* as the French say.

Two days later General Baron von Bissing came to return my call, accompanied by Baron von der Lancken and an *aide,* and by General von Kraewel, who had succeeded General von Lüttwitz as Governor of Brussels, all of them in full uniform with decorations. General von Kraewel was a little man with closely cropped hair, and a small brush of white moustache and the complexion of a man who loves the open air. He had lived in England and was something of a sporting man, I imagine, or else he thought I was, for he talked of horses and jockeys.

They stayed only long enough for a cup of tea and a cigarette, and were gone in their grey motors. I never saw General von Kraewel again, for after that, at the request of the Governor-General, we were to have our relations with the Département Politique—*Politische Abteilung*—at whose head the Baron von der Lancken was to be detailed.

The first important act of the new Governor-General was to impose on the population of Belgium, by a decree of the tenth of December, a contribution of war amounting to 480,000,000 francs.[1] Another decree, dated the

[1] Ordre

Il est imposé à la population de Belgique une contribution de guerre s'élevant à 40 millions de francs à payer mensuellement pendant la durée d'une année.

Le paiement de ces montants est à la charge des neuf provinces qui en sont tenues comme débitrices solidaires.

Les deux premières mensualités sont à réaliser au plus tard le 15 janvier 1915, les mensualités suivantes au plus tard le 10 de

eighth of December, convened the Provincial Councils of Belgium in extraordinary session for the nineteenth of December. The session was to be opened and closed in the name of the German Governor-General; it was not to last longer than one day; its session was to be held in secret committee, and the sole object of the deliberation was to be the method of raising the contribution of war levied on the Belgian population. And, furthermore, a quorum was not necessary to the validity of its acts.[2]

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chaque mois suivant à la caisse de l'armée en campagne du gouvernement général impérial de Bruxelles.

Dans le cas où les provinces devraient recourir à l'émission d'obligations à l'effet de se procurer les fonds nécessaires, la forme et la teneur de ces titres seront déterminées par le commissaire général impérial pour les banques en Belgique.

Bruxelles, le 10 décembre, 1914.

Le gouverneur général en Belgique,
Baron von Bissing,
Général de cavalerie.

[2] Arrête

Concernant la Convocation des Conseils Provinciaux en Session Extraordinaire.

Art. 1.—Les conseils provinciaux des provinces belges sont convoqués, par les présentes, en session extraordinaire pour samedi 19 décembre, à midi (heure allemande) aux chefs-lieux des provinces.

Art. 2.—Ces sessions extraordinaires ne seront annoncées que par le *Gesetz und Verordnungsblatt* du gouvernement allemand (Bulletin officiel des Lois et Arrêtés pour le territoire belge occupé).

Art. 3.—Les convocations des membres des conseils sont faites par les députations permanentes.

La présence du gouverneur de la province n'est pas obligatoire. La députation permanente nommera celui des membres de la députation par qui la session du conseil sera ouverte et close. La session

sera ouverte et close au nom du gouverneur général allemand impérial.

Art. 4.—La durée de la session ne dépassera pas un jour. La séance se fait en comité secret.

L'objet unique de la délibération dont l'assemblée est tenue de s'occuper exclusivement est: "le mode visant l'accomplissement de l'imposition de guerre mise à la charge de la population belge."

Art. 5.—La délibération se fait en toute validité, sans égard au nombre des membres présents.

Bruxelles, le 8 décembre, 1914.

Le gouverneur général en Belgique,
Baron von Bissing,
Général de cavalerie.

LIX

HERBERT CLARK HOOVER

One evening in November, as we were standing after dinner before the fire that blazed in the great chimney in the drawing-room of his home on the Avenue Louise, M. Emile Francqui gave me, in his vivid way, a portrait of Mr. Herbert C. Hoover. It was an impressionistic portrait drawn with broad rough strokes, a portrait that impelled the admiration that seemed to inspire so much of it, and he completed it finally with a swift gesture that described a half arc under his own chin, as he said:

"Une mâchoire, vous savez!"

The dinner had been arranged in honour of Mr. Hoover, but he had been detained at the Dutch frontier and had not arrived in time; we were expecting him then in the morning, and we were awaiting his coming impatiently, for the great task of organization was assuming proportions that were appalling. I had never met my compatriot as I have said, and I knew him only as the rich American who had so ably organized the repatriation of American refugees in London on the outbreak of the war that Dr. Page had at once suggested him to organize the *ravitaillement,* and I had of his personality only such impressions as might be derived from the two laconic despatches he had sent me. But M. Francqui had known him fifteen years before in China, where they had been associated in one of those vast colonial enterprises for the exploitation of the kingdom. The gos-

sips, hearing of this new relation, had it that they had not always agreed while they were in China, and that their disagreements had finally assumed the *intransigeant* quality of a conflict between two inimical and indomitable wills. Fundamentally, the gossips said, they were much alike, and they were telling a romantic tale in Brussels those days of how, when fate brought them together again after so many years, they met at the American Embassy in London to organize the largest humanitarian enterprise the world had ever seen, and the only international institution then existing on the unhappy planet; they looked each other in the eye a moment—and shook hands. Such a scene and such a situation was one the gossips could not resist, so much of romanticism is there in all of us, and the story had not deteriorated in its engaging qualities by the time it reached occupied Brussels. I do not pretend to know the details; all I know is that M. Francqui was a strong man who came from Belgium and spoke one language, and that Mr. Hoover was a strong man who came from California and spoke another, and that

> There is neither East nor West,
> Border, nor breed, nor birth,
> When two strong men stand face to face
> Tho' they come from the ends of the earth.

M. Francqui spoke of Mr. Hoover that evening in terms of admiration; he said that he was precisely the man for the work there was to do, and that Belgium was lucky to have him to its aid. His description, indeed, evoked a figure in such heroic proportions that I was prepared to see a man physically somewhat larger than the man I found nervously pacing the floor of my office

the following afternoon when I went down in response to the card that had been sent up.

He gave the impression of being tall, though he was of medium height, because he was slender, and he had extremely small hands and feet; his hands, however, as at that first moment, were usually in his trousers pockets, and they nervously jingled and incessantly clinked together the coins that he carried loosely there, as though he were of that generous American prejudice which scorns a purse because it suggests parsimony. He was dressed in modest dark blue serge, and wore a black cravat. His face, smoothly shaven, with a somewhat youthful air, was not at all the face of the sanguine type of business man, but a face sensitive, with a delicate mouth, thin lips, a face that wore a weary expression, as of one who dispensed too much nervous force and was always tired. It was a face which with its dark, sometimes intently scowling eyes, under the wide white brow, over which the abundant black hair fell in something very nearly approaching disorder, would have marked him as an idealist, had not its dominant feature set him down indubitably as a strong-willed man of force and action. That feature was the broad, firm jaw; one noted it instantly, and recalled the effective gesture of M. Francqui in describing the feature that naturally would impress him most. Perhaps the brow and the jaw might indicate the possession of both qualities without implying any conflict between them, for one could not talk with him long without seeing that there was great idealism there; it showed in the first words he spoke concerning the Belgians and their sufferings. He had them on his heart already. Idealism showed too in his eyes, that were soft and pitying when he spoke of the

Belgians, and it was very clear that his one idea was, in the words which Mr. Thomas Hardy had just written in his appeal for them, to soothe

> these ails unmerited
> Of souls forlorn upon the facing shore
> Where, naked, gaunt, in endless band and band,
> Seven million stand.

Sinking into a deep chair he spoke of them in a low, agreeable voice, but was soon turning to practical ways of helping them. I could describe to him the situation and tell him of all our troubles inside and from him learn what had been going on outside. He had had many troubles of his own but he seemed to surmount them all bravely. He had just arrived by motor from Holland and he was accompanied that afternoon by Mr. Shaler, Dr. Rose, and Mr. Bicknell. Dr. Rose and Mr. Bicknell represented the Rockefeller Foundation and came to investigate conditions in Belgium. They began cross-examining me, and for two hours I answered questions, and when I was through I was as tired as though I had been making an argument before the Supreme Court.

The work had grown even before it could be organized. Our original conception had been that the Comité National was perfectly competent to distribute food through the communes to its own people, if it could only get the food to deliver. In my own boundless ignorance I had no notion of the quantity of food required until I read the memorandum prepared by the C. N. The war would soon be over anyway, and if we could only get through the winter all would go well. The American people would provide the food, by diplomatic

negotiations we would arrange to have it pass the British blockade, and the Comité National would distribute it. But there were limits even to American charity; and now England, who was managing that blockade, imposed restrictions and conditions; there would have to be more delegates, scores of them, not Belgians but Americans, to supervise the distribution and see that the guarantees were observed; hence the Rhodes scholars, hence, ultimately, the C. R. B., that vast American organization that would work side by side with the vast Belgian organization, the C. N., each independent of the other, moving with equal dignity in their respective spheres, like coördinate branches of the government under the Constitution.

This organization, as I have told, had already been functioning, but there were many defects in the C. R. B. and it was to remedy these that Mr. Hoover had crossed the North Sea and come to Belgium.

Only a few days before, in the course of a conversation that Villalobar and I were having with the Geheimrath Kauffman, I had remarked that already the American organization had arranged to import £2,700,000 for Belgian relief, and when he had translated this into German terms—54,000,000 marks—the Geheimrath dropped his lead pencil on his desk, fell back in his chair and exclaimed:

"Sapristi!"

Sapristi, indeed! But that was only a beginning; a mere drop in the bucket.

The next morning we all went with M. Francqui in the dismal rain to visit the soup kitchens—Mr. Hoover, Dr. Rose, Mr. Bicknell, Consul-General Watts and others. It was natural that Mr. Hoover and the repre-

sentatives of the Rockefeller Foundation should be impressed by the organization which the Belgians, who are famous organizers, had already set up in their efficient, human way. They could see the effect of it in the great building, once used by an express company, in the days when there was use of express companies, as a hangar, where that morning a score of cooks were brewing the soup in great cauldrons. They could note it in that station in the Rue Blaes, near the Boulevard du Midi, in the very midst of the Quartier des Marolles, where the soup was served to the long line of hungry in waiting. The station had lately been a concert hall, and its garish decorations were still clinging in mockery to its walls. The people of the Quartier stood in a queue that trailed its misery down the sidewalk. They stood with the divine patience of the poor, there in the cold rain, shivering in shawls and old coats and wooden shoes, with bowls or pitchers and each with his number and his card, issued by his commune. The long line advanced a step at a time into the station, and paused by the tables where each received his—I wish we had a neuter pronoun, it was so much oftener her!—bit of coffee and bit of chicory, which the Belgians, unfortunately, like to mix with their coffee. He received, too, his pot of soup and his loaf of daily bread which, in answer to the old prayer that had suddenly acquired such significance, came so mysteriously from that far, dim America across the sea. The numbers were checked off, the lines inspected by persons acquainted with the neighbourhood. If one was missing the absence was instantly detected:

"Où est Jeanne aujourd'hui? Est-elle malade? Ou quoi?"

They came, hundreds and hundreds of them, in si-

lence, received their rations, paused to make a formal bow, said *"Merci!"* and passed out.

That *"Merci"* somehow stabbed one to the heart, and brought an ache to the throat, and a most annoying moisture to the eyes. One felt very humble in those human presences. It was a sight that I could not long endure, and I knew what was going on in Mr. Hoover's heart when he turned away and fixed his gaze on something far down the street. . . . The time came when, if visiting Americans asked to see the soup lines, I sent some one to show them; I could no longer bear to go myself.

It was perhaps more touching at those kitchens where the children were fed. This part of the work had been admirably organized by the Petites Abeilles, a society of Brussels women who had long worked among the children of the poor. Dr. Caroline Hedger, that noble Chicago woman whose life has been a blessing to countless thousands of children in that city, spent long weeks working in Belgium that winter, rendering noble service in the cause of humanity, and her admiration of the Petites Abeilles was to me the final proof of their effectiveness. We went to the children's feeding station in the Rue Royale, out near the Church of Ste. Marie, where the long line of women with their children was filing by. Each child in the neighbourhood was examined by a physician, the kind of nourishment it required almost scientifically determined, and this noted on cards of different colours, each colour representing a certain ration. They were given milk, usually a litre a day, a ration of bread with jam and phosphatine or chocolate, or something of that sort.

We went to one of the stations where clothes were

distributed, under the management of Madame Phillipson-Wiener; the same admirable Belgian organization, the same Belgian economy. There were new clothes and old clothes; all the principles of modern hygiene observed, each garment disinfected, washed, examined, necessary repairs made, pressed and sent out. If beyond repair it was made over into something similarly useful; even old socks were used to make caps for children.

And what we had seen that morning was being repeated all over Belgium, in every town in the occupied portion, the synthesis of that perfect organization which, based upon the Belgian commune, and impossible without the Belgian commune, had been evoked by the genius of M. Emile Francqui.

Then in the afternoon there was the meeting of the Comité National de Secours et l'Almentation, convoked in honour of the patron Ministers, and of Mr. Hoover, and of the representatives of the Rockefeller Foundation, there at the bank building of the Société Générale in the great room of the directors, an imposing hall with marble busts of King Albert and Queen Elizabeth, and long portraits in oil of King William of Holland, who had founded the Société Générale, and of Leopold I and Leopold II. The members of the Comité, representing the best of Belgium that remained inside the line of steel, were gathered around an enormous green table, and they rose when the Americans entered, and when the Spanish Minister entered, and when, with strict deference to the protocol, we were all duly seated, M. Solvay, the president, read a touching allocution to thank the Americans. When he came to the words "We are a little nation," his voice broke, and he could

not proceed for a moment—a moment of impressive silence, and not a dry eye there.[1]

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[1] Mr. Solvay's speech was as follows:

Messieurs les Ministres,

Cher Monsieur Hoover et Chers Messieurs Rose et Bicknell—

C'est en votre honneur, mûs par des sentiments de gratitude, que nous nous réunissons en ce moment.

Nous n'oublierons jamais l'émotion qui nous prit quand tout au début de notre action, on nous fit part que Messieurs les Ministres d'Espagne et des Etats-Unis, confiants en notre oeuvre et en sa constitution, voulaient bien consentir à la patronner en la faisant devenir également leur oeuvre, et en s'entourant à cet effet de collaborateurs dévoués.

Cette émotion, nous l'éprouvâmes encore lorsque, au retour du voyage à Londres de nos dévoués collègues, MM. le Baron Lambert et Francqui, ce dernier, ne réprimant pas sa vive satisfaction, nous dit: 'Nous avons la bonne fortune d'avoir à la tête de la commission de Londres, un homme d'action, dans toute l'acception du terme, Mr. Hoover. Grâce à lui, nos affaires, j'en suis convaincu, marcheront.' Et l'armation de M. Francqui est maintenant devenue un fait absolument avéré, une réalité qui nous débarrasse de poignants soucis.

Cette même émotion, toujours, se renouvelle encore aujourd'hui, en voyant ici devant nous, d'une part Mr. Hoover lui-même, d'autre part les membres de la Commission Rockefeller, MM. Rose et Bicknell.

Nous sommes un petit pays, nous avons du courage, mais la force nous manque. Et vous comprendrez, chers Messieurs américains, combien nous devons vibrer de satisfaction, par sécurité, quand nous voyons votre grande et libre nation apprécier nos souffrances et, subissant toutes les impulsions spontanées de la solidarité et du coeur, venir à nous d'enthousiasme naturel pour nous aider à les supporter, pour nous empêcher d'être terrassés par la faim et le froid.

C'est noble, Messieurs.

Vous, qui formez un peuple pratique autant que généreux, vous vous êtes fait de l'humanité la pure et haute conception qui

The Marquis said a few words and I spoke on behalf of the Americans.

We were all very tired that night after a day of so

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doit correspondre à la poussée de notre époque, celle qui créera bientôt la conscience active mondiale devant permettre aux véritables éprouvés de partout de pouvoir espérer en croyant au Droit.

Chers Messieurs les Ministres et Chers Messieurs les Américains, merci. Merci pour nous tous, et du fond du coeur, de ce que vous voulez bien nous continuer votre indispensable appui en ne cessant d'être, avec conviction profonde reconnaissance, et d'avance, la reconnaissance historique d'un pays qui connaît le devoir.

(Translation:)

"Messrs. Ministers,

Mr. Hoover, Mr. Rose and Mr. Bicknell—

It is in your honor that, moved by sentiments of gratitude, we are at present assembled.

We shall never forget the emotions we experienced when, at the beginning of this movement, we learned that the Ministers of Spain and of the United States, relying upon our work and its organization, were willing to serve as patrons, making it thereby their own and engaging themselves as earnest fellow-workers for the purpose.

Our emotion was again aroused when, upon the return from London of our devoted colleagues, Messrs. Lambert and Francqui, the latter without restraining his extreme satisfaction, said to us: 'We are so fortunate as to have at the head of our organization in London a man of action in every acceptation of the term, Mr. Hoover. Thanks to him, our affairs, I am convinced, will be well directed.' This assertion of Mr. Francqui has now become an established truth, a reality that relieves us of pressing anxiety.

This emotion is renewed to-day in seeing Mr. Hoover himself, and the members of the Rockefeller Foundation, Messrs. Rose and Bicknell.

We are a little nation, we have courage, but we have no power, and you, Gentlemen of America, will understand with what satisfaction we observe the manner in which your great and free nation

many emotions. It had been a doleful morning's business, though not without its reassurance of the goodness that still was in human nature.

Mr. Hoover went away, but Dr. Rose and Mr. Bicknell remained and, joined by Mr. Henry James, also a representative of the Rockefeller Foundation, went on a tour of Belgium and even of the invaded portion of northern France, or so much of it as then was accessible. And we resumed the interminable discussions of the organization of the interior work of the C. R. B. The distribution had been thus far directed by Mr. Heineman from his private office there in the Rue de Naples, but it was becoming evident that the work would have to take on a large scope, and M. Francqui finally put at the disposal of the C. R. B. those ample suites of offices in the building across from the Société Générale in the Rue des Colonies. And when the C. R. B., getting thus duly under way, needed some one acquainted with the languages, I had an inspiration and the thought of the little

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appreciates our suffering and, in obedience to a spontaneous and heartfelt impulse, comes with a native enthusiasm to aid us in bearing them and to prevent us from being overpowered by hunger and cold.

It is noble of you, Gentlemen, you, who as a practical as well as a generous people, possess that pure and lofty conception of humanity which expresses the best thought of our time, and that conception will very soon create a vital world conscience that will everywhere permit true and tested souls, believing in the Right, once more to hope.

Gentlemen, thank you, and again thank you for all of us, from the bottom of our hearts, for your willingness to continue to lend us your indispensable support, and to be everywhere and always with us. We express to you our deep gratitude and, in advance, the historic gratitude of a country that knows what Duty means.

Bulle—Hermancito—and just as he was about to go away I suggested him to Mr. Hoover, and we had not only the benefit of his services but the pleasure of keeping him with us in Brussels.

Finally the Rhodes scholars began to arrive, clean young fellows whom one could admire unreservedly. They came as volunteers, to work for no other reward than the satisfaction of helping in a great humanitarian cause. The work never could have been done without them, or half so well by men who had been paid for their labour. I suppose the world has never seen anything quite like their devotion; it used to amuse, when it did not exasperate, us, to see the Germans so mystified by it; they could not understand it, and were always trying to find out the real reason for their being there. *Messieurs les militaires* could never get out of their heads the suspicion that they were spies, and now and then they treated them as such. The son of the Governor-General, like Walt Whitman's learned astronomer, "lecturing with much applause there in the lecture room," explained to his auditors that the Americans were growing rich out of the work; but possibly he could imagine no other motive for maintaining it. It was, in fact, as fine an example of idealism, and I am tempted to add of American idealism, as, in its ultimate organization and direct management, it proved to be of American enterprise and efficiency. The young men were under the heaviest adjurations from all of us to maintain a strict neutrality, and this they all did. Not one of them was ever guilty of an indiscretion, not one of them ever brought dishonour upon the work, or upon their nation, or its flag, or upon the various universities whose honour they held in their keeping and on which

they reflected such credit. They showed remarkable tact, and they were all neutral, "strictly neutral," as their coterie phrase had it. Raymond Swing, a newspaper correspondent, observing them at their work, remarked, however, that some were born neutral, some achieved neutrality, and some had neutrality thrust upon them. The provocation was often very strong, what with the scenes they had to witness and that odour of invasion in which they lived. But they kept their opinions to themselves with a remarkable discretion, and expressed themselves, in public at least, only in the diplomatic phrases befitting neutrals, though I think that the classic phrase of neutrality was pronounced at my own table by Colonel Soren Listoe, our Consul at Rotterdam, who came into Brussels on one of those late days of that dark December. He, too, was under the injunction to observe a strict neutrality, and was determinedly doing so. When I asked him what he thought about the war he visibly wrestled with his feelings for a moment and then, after swallowing once or twice, with admirable restraint and sure of the mastery over himself, said:

"Well, if this war ends in the way some hope that it will, the other side will have to pay a very large indemnity!"

The Rockefeller Commission returned from their tour and I suppose there is no harm now in saying that they did not come back in a very neutral frame of mind. I had the impression that the entire fortune of their eminent patron would not have paid for a single day the interest on the indemnity they would have liked to collect from the other side if the war ended as they hoped it would. They had seen such sufferings in Belgium

and northern France as made them weep, and they urged that the work of the Commission be extended at least to that little strip of northern France which thrusts itself up into Belgium there by Givet and Philippeville, where people were actually starving.

We were already having appeals from other lands that lay outside Belgium. My colleague, Count d'Ansembourg, Chargé d'Affaires of Luxembourg, was asking us to extend the work of *ravitaillement* to the little duchy, and one morning the Mayor of Maubeuge and one of his échevins came in to ask us to help them revictual that city.

And then Mr. Hoover, to our relief, came back. He had had difficulties in London; there were folk there, as elsewhere, who took the view that the *ravitaillement* in Belgium was an unneutral act, that it was indirectly an aid to the Germans, and some of them had even made the cynical statement that if the Belgians were to be left to starve it would require more German troops to subdue the revolutions that would break out as a result of hunger, and thereby by so much weaken the German forces. But he surmounted this obstacle, as he had so many others, and he remained long enough in Brussels to install the C. R. B. in its new offices and get in motion the machinery that had been functioning with so many halts and so much creaking. He had Mr. A. N. Connett coming from America to act as manager and in the meantime Captain J. M. Lucey, who had been directing the Rotterdam office, came to relieve Mr. Heineman, who had so unselfishly sacrificed his own affairs to this cause.

And so, as the short December days were declining with the year, the great work was set in motion, with

infinite toil and pain, with many a psychological problem, with such delicate management and humouring of human feeings, jealousies, susceptibilities, and, what is worst of all in this world to endure, the irritations of *"grands faiseurs de petites choses."*

The Belgians do not make as much of Christmas as we do, or as do the English. With them the great fête day of the children falls on the sixth of December, and the night before children lie awake in the excitement of the mystery of the coming of St. Nicholas on his ass, for which they place a carrot on a plate. I suppose they celebrate that day in order to give him time to cross the ocean and be ready to descend our chimneys a fortnight later. The children could not be sure that he would come that year of 1914, for there were none but sad homes in Belgium; and yet something of the spirit of the time was abroad, too. For when I asked for a *passierschein* for a little girl of four years—one of whose grandfathers was our famous General Logan, and whose other grandfather was my friend M. St.-Paul de Sincay —I had no trouble whatever in procuring it.

We were loath, all of us, to see the baby go. She used to come to see me and only a day or so before she went she had come expressly to whisper to me a most important secret, which I am now at liberty to divulge, though that is more than I can say of many another secret whispered to me in those days by lips not quite so innocent: the secret was that she had two chocolate bonbons hidden in her muff, one for her and one for me. . . . She had been almost an international incident. Several times Mr. Herrick had sent for her to come to Paris, and Mr. Walter van R. Berry had once made the trip especially to escort her out, but there were always dan-

gers and complications. . . . The motor-car that finally took her to the Holland frontier could not cross the border, but there was another car waiting on the other side. And in her little white hood and coat, with her little white muff, she walked the rod or two alone, with no fear of the German sentinel standing there or any thought of him as an enemy; and in passing, just at the frontier, she gave him her hand with the gesture of a queen, and, smiling, he handed her gently across.

We came at last to Christmas Eve—the eve of the saddest Christmas, in some ways, I had ever known. The Germans had forbidden the sale of the little buttons bearing the pictures of the King and Queen, and the throngs that moved through the streets were depressed. There, from the Montagne de la Cour, where I used to love to look out over the lower city, its roofs touched by the soft glow of the setting sun, the spire of the Hôtel de Ville was beautiful as ever, and yet over the whole city there brooded a sadness. In the Parc Royal there was an enormous tree, blazing with thousands of electric lights in coloured bulbs, like the one in Madison Square at that season, and German soldiers gathered around it and sang their choruses. There were little Christmas-trees in all the blazing windows of the *ministères* in the Rue de la Loi; at the King's palace at Laeken a great dinner for the officers. For weeks they had been cutting down the fir-trees in the Belgian woods for their Christmas-trees; there were celebrations for the soldiers everywhere. I do not know how many were required for the Germans at Brussels, in order that they might fittingly celebrate the coming to this earth of the lowly Nazarene, the advent of peace on earth and the impulse of good will toward men, but each company had to have one,

and at Liége alone seven hundred trees were required.

But our work was organized at last, and on that Christmas Eve at the Legation, the Marquis of Villalobar and Mr. Hoover and Baron Lambert and M. Francqui and I, were agreed finally on the last, or what seemed then the last, of the troublesome details, and when he had agreed M. Francqui leaped up, crying in his amusing way:

"V'la, v'la, v'la, v'la!" and, bending his stout form over the table, wrote it down before any of us could change his mind again.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoover, Dr. Rose, Mr. James, Mr. Bicknell, Frederick Palmer and Gibson were there to dinner that night. After dinner Dr. Rose drew me aside, with many expressions of appreciation and kindness, saying that the Rockefeller Foundation was prepared to aid the *ravitaillement* to the full extent of its resources; that he and his colleagues had been everywhere in Belgium, had seen everything, had taken no man's word for anything, had been in the homes of the poorest—and he spoke with tears in his eyes of their sufferings, their patience, their forbearance, and their charity. Not a whimper anywhere, no unkindness; only that superb fortitude, that splendid faith and unwearied resistance that marked the Belgian nation then as it marks it still. I was moved and grateful, and we were all relieved by the thought that the *ravitaillement* was assured until the first of September.

Christmas day was stinging cold and sharp, the trees all white with hoar-frost, and there was something of the traditional spirit of the festival in the air, because the young Americans who had come to work for the C. R. B. tried to make the day happy for the children. Mr. Lewis

Richard, who lived in Brussels, had a Christmas-tree in his home at Forest for the children of the commune; they came, six hundred of them, clattering along in wooden shoes, while the orchestra played the "Star Spangled Banner," a tune that all Brussels musicians were practising in those days. There were screams of childish surprise and delight at the Christmas tree, the top of which brushed the high ceiling of the drawing-room, and chocolate and cake—real cake, *gâteau de beurre*—and gifts of clothing and candy and toys, and a little tot in white breathlessly reciting a little speech to express *"la reconnaissance la plus profonde de toutes les petites abeilles, vos protégées!"*

Brussels children, too, were all excited by the reports of the Christmas ship that had arrived from America with gifts for them all. There had never been a public reference in Belgium to what America was doing; there was not a word of it in any one of the journals that were springing up to replace those Belgian newspapers that had made it a point of patriotism not to appear while the Germans were there, but the news had got abroad and was known everywhere. There was even a message from M. Max in his prison at Grätz, in Silesia. And the day was profoundly touching and significant, so many and so beautiful were the expressions of gratitude and good will that came pouring in.

The toys which the American children had sent in the Christmas ship over to the Belgian children were to be distributed on Sunday, and when M. Lemonnier, the acting Burgomaster, came to tell me of it and added that the people of Brussels wished to make a manifestation in honour of America on New Year's Day, I was aghast at the idea of seeing the Rue Belliard and the Rue de

Trèves crowded, and urged M. Lemonnier to suppress both manifestations, explaining that the time was not yet ripe for such expressions; and so it was arranged that the distribution of toys should be made quietly in the schools.

LX

NEW YEAR'S DAY

I HAD asked that there be no manifestation in America's honour that New Year's Day, for, since assemblages were forbidden, it could only result in embarrassment for the officials of Brussels and difficulties for the people; the Belgians had understood instantly, and the word had gone over the city that the demonstration before the Legation was not to take place. And then a strange thing happened. In the morning, there before the door of the Legation, were two or three officers of the Brussels police in their blue uniforms, smart *képis,* great blue capes, white gloves, and their straight swords. And there on a table in the hall was a blank book, bound handsomely in morocco, lying open at the first of its white pages, with the inscription, *"1 janvier 1915."* When I asked Gustave about it he smiled and shook his head discreetly, and when I went out for a walk the agents de police merely raised their white-gloved hands in salute.

And then, all day long, the people came quietly down the Rue de Trèves, in pairs or in little groups, a constant procession. Those of the Quartier Léopold were in formal dress, frock-coats and high hats; the others were *endimanchés,* wearing little American flags as *boutonnières,* some of them buttons with portraits of the President or of his Minister at Brussels. They came, signed their names in the book, left their cards, and went away, lifting their high hats without a word. Those that had

not time to sign left their cards; the little latch in the street-door was clicking all day long. There were all sorts of cards: the engraved cards of princes and noblemen, bearing the names of old families; there were cards of trades-people, and even bits of cardboard on which *blanchisseuses* had traced their names. And on the cards were written all sorts of sentiments: the formal "P. F."—*pour féliciter*—or *"Félicitation et Remerciements"*—expressions of gratitude in all possible ways; now and then, in some honest workman's hand, in Flemish, the simple, touching word, *"Dank."* All day long the silent procession streamed by, all day long the latch in the street-door clicked, and by night the book was filled with names and there were whole baskets full of cards, literally thousands of them.

There were letters, too, and flowers—great bouquets and baskets that filled the whole Legation, turning it into a bower of roses and of those lovely orchids of which Belgium is so prodigal. Late in the night they were still coming, the latch was still clicking, the cards were still falling through that slit in the outer door—a beautiful expression of the gratitude of a whole city, a whole nation, for what America had tried to do for them in their distress.

There were many callers, too. All afternoon the drawing-rooms were filled, all the Americans in town and many English and many Belgians besides, with, of course, Villalobar and the secretaries of legation and the other Ministers left in Brussels.

And in the midst of the reception a footman brought up the card of a German officer! I went downstairs and there was a pale little officer in full uniform—sword and helmet. He came to tell me that his wife wished to help

to re-establish the lace industry in Belgium; that she would open a shop or a *dépôt,* buy the lace from the Belgians and send the lace to America—and he wished me to have the tariff taken off lace! I could tell him, as an old, though somewhat disillusioned if not discouraged free-trader, that the American Congress would hardly go as far as he wished in aiding his industry, however tender its infancy. I went back upstairs, and the Belgians had all fled as from a pestilence—not one was left, and Villalobar standing there with that humorous expression of his, heaved a heavy sigh and said:

"We are saved!"

That New Year's Day, so full of meaning for us at the Legation because of the outpouring of a nation's heart in gratitude, produced the curious amelioration that high days and holidays everywhere bring to men. In one of those currents of feeling that so mysteriously make themselves felt in whole populations there was something like a breath of fresh vital air; because it was a new year there was a new hope, a sensation of relief that an old and evil year was dead. That amazing phenomenon, which found its springs in the deep wells of the Belgian nature, that everlasting and never-tiring resiliency, lifted them up, and they felt that better times were ahead; with the spring the Allies would advance, the Germans would go, the war would end. The feeling pervaded all classes. And then an event occurred that sent a thrill of patriotism pulsing through every heart, an event that was the expression of a single great man—one of those rare and preëminent personalities, those moral heroes that somehow miraculously appear upon the earth in times of great stress and trial and sum up and express their people and their times. Belgium, for

so small a nation, was rich in two such transcendent characters: King Albert was one, then at that moment on the flooded reaches of the Yser, the symbol of a nation's unsullied honour and of his people's force and resistance; and now, suddenly, a second was revealed who resumed in his great character the moral courage of his race. On Christmas day he had sat in his austere study in the grey old ecclesiastical palace in Malines, its roof fallen in from the shells that had rained upon it during the fierce battles of August and September, penning in sorrow, but in the lofty valiance of an indomitable will, a pastoral letter to his bruised and scattered and tortured flock. It was that great prince of the Church, the power and clarity of whose intellect, like the rigid austerity of his almost monastic life, recalled the early fathers of Christianity—Désire Joseph, Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines. He was proud of being a Walloon. He had been born in Braine l'Alleud, there, near the field of Waterloo in 1851; he had been educated at Louvain, in the same university that had given Father Damien to history; and now he was the Primate of Belgium. He was called to Rome at the outbreak of the war to render the last homages to the late Pius X, and to participate in the election of the new Pope; he had returned to Belgium to find his land laid waste by the sword, his alma mater destroyed, his see-city in ruins, and the roof of his own palace open to the sky. And during the months of that autumn and early winter he had been quietly visiting the devastated pastures of his flock.

I had not seen him at that time; it was not until weeks after that New Year's Day that I had the privilege of making his acquaintance, and the ultimate honour of

claiming him among my friends. He came, in the simplicity that was an integral element of his greatness, one February morning to express his gratitude for what America had done for his nation, and to giv me an autographed copy of his Pastoral, which at that moment had somehow got out of Belgium and gone around the world and made him famous.

He entered, advanced, tall and strong and spare, in the long black soutane with the red piping and the sash, not with the stately, measured pace that one associates with the red hat, but with long, quick strides, kicking out with impatience the skirt of his soutane before him as he walked, as though it impeded his movements. He was impressive in his great height and he bent slightly forward with an effect of swooping on, like an avenging justice. But his hand was outheld, and in his mobile countenance and kindly eyes there was a smile, as of sweetness and light, that illumined the long, lean visage.

When he had laid off the low black beaver hat, with its cord and tassels of red and gold, and seated himself in one of the Government's ugly leather chairs, he adjusted the little red *calotte* that covered the poll whereon the grey hair had long been thinning, drew off his red gloves, and as he sat his long fingers played for an instant with the gold pectoral cross and chain that hung before him, then found a pair of common steel-rimmed eye-glasses and played with them instead. The detail seemed to be expressive of the utter simplicity of the man in all that concerned him personally; for if, in all that pertained to his high office as a prince of the Church, he was correct, punctilious even, in all purely personal ways he was as simple, as unpretentious, as modest as one of those rugged primeval natures to which one in-

stantly compared him. His hands were large and powerful and of the weathered aspect of his face. It was a countenance full of serene light, with little of the typically ecclesiastical about it: a high brow, a long nose, lean cheeks, strong jaw and a large mobile mouth, humourous and sensitive—the mouth of the orator, but with thin lips that could close in impenetrable silence. The eyes were blue, and they twinkled with a lively intelligence and kindly humour. Perhaps I could do no better, in the effort to give some impression of him, than to say that, had it not been for those touches of red in his black garb, he would have recalled some tall, gaunt, simple, affectionate Irish priest, whose life was passed in obscure toil among the poor, in humble homes, amid lowly lives whose every care and preoccupation he knew and sympathized with, going about at night alone in all weathers, unsparing of himself, visiting the sick and the imprisoned, forgetting to eat, accustomed to long weary vigils, and of an independence that needed none of the reliances or approvals of this earth.

There was something primal, original about him, a man out of the people yet above them—one of those rare and lofty personalities who give the common man hope because they are like him, and yet better, greater than he, and so create in him new aspirations and higher hopes because they demonstrate in their sufficient selves what a common man may become if only he have the will by devotion, by abnegation, by sacrifice, and by love. In his mere presence one felt all little things shrivel up, and wondered why small annoyances should fret and irritate; and when he had gone the impalpable influences of his lofty spirit hung for hours about one in the air. He was the incarnation of the principle that is the antithesis

of that upon which the nation that had overrun his country is founded, and because of this all, its armies and all its guns and bayonets and Kommandanturs were powerless; its minions, who had not hesitated to destroy whole cities and communities, did not dare even so much as to touch a hair of his head. Ultimate history, written at that hour when mankind shall have emerged out of the darkness and savagery of these times into the light of those better days that must come if there is any meaning or order in the universe, will celebrate the astonishing coincidence that, in the little nation which the most ruthless power of all times chose as the first and most tragic of its many victims, there was a man whose personality, alone and of itself, proved the superiority of moral over physical force.

The visit with which the Cardinal honoured me that February morning was coincidental with the hour when, in his long struggle with the German authorities, he had challenged them to submit to an impartial tribunal their evidence concerning the atrocities; he had publicly proposed a court to be composed of three German and three Belgian judges, to be presided over by the American Minister at Brussels. The suggestion had not as yet been acted upon and I thought from the twinkle in his eyes that morning that he had not much hope that it ever would be.

That, however, was in February, six weeks after the incident of the pastoral letter. We had no sooner learned of that letter than we heard that the Cardinal had been arrested. The news spread through Brussels on a Monday morning. The letter, written at Christmas, had been appointed to be read in all the churches on the first Sunday in January, and that was done. No

synopsis of the letter could give any notion of its strength, its dauntless courage, its serene and lofty spirit. It breathed patriotism, and yet it counselled patience and even obedience to the authorities. But His Eminence made it plain that the authorities then in the land were not there by right, that their authority was but passing and temporary, and that they were to be obeyed only in their efforts to execute the laws of the country as an occupying Power. And it closed in a strain of great eloquence and great sorrow—a strain that resumed all the anguish of his people and his land. When in translation it loses little of its force:

"I realize better than any one, perhaps, what our poor country has suffered," he wrote; "and no Belgian will doubt, I hope, that my citizen's and cardinal's soul has been tortured by the thought of all these afflictions. The last four months seem to have been a century.

"By thousands our brave ones have been slaughtered; wives and mothers weep for the absent they will never see again; homes are broken up; misery is spreading and anguish is poignant. At Malines, at Antwerp, I have known the population of two large cities to be subjected, one during six hours and the other during thirty-four, to a continuous bombardment and to have been in the throes of death. I have visited the most devastated regions of my diocese—Duffel, Lierre, Berlaer, Saint-Rombaut, Konings-Hoyckt, Mortsel, Waelhem, Muysen, Wavre - Sainte - Catherine, Wavre - Notre - Dame, Sempst, Weerde, Eppeghem, Hofstade, Elewyt, Rymenam, Boortmeerbeek, Wespelaer, Haecht, Werchter-Wackerzeel, Rotselaer, Tremeloo, Louvain, and the suburban agglomerations (of Malines): Blauwput, Kessel-Loo, Boven-Loo, Linden, Herent, Thildonck, Bue-

ken, Relst, Aerschot, Wesemael, Hersselst, Diest, Schaffen, Molenstede, Rillaer, Gelrode—and what I saw of ruins and ashes exceeds anything I could have imagined. Certain parts of my diocese which I have not yet had time to visit—*i.e.*, Haekendover, Roosbeek, Bautersem, Budingen, Neer-Linter, Ottignies, Mousty, Wavre, Beyghem, Capelle-au-Bois, Humbeek, Blaeveld—experienced the same ravages. Churches, schools, asylums, hospitals, convents, in considerable numbers, are almost entirely destroyed or in ruins. Entire villages have practically disappeared. At Werchter-Wackerzeel, for instance, out of 380 homes 130 remain; at Tremeloo, two-thirds of the community has been razed; at Bueken out of 100 houses 20 are left; at Schaffen, a village of 200 dwellings, 189 have disappeared; at Louvain one-third of the town has been destroyed, 1,074 buildings have disappeared; within the city limits and including the suburbs of Kessel-Loo and Herent and Heverlé, there is a total of 1,823 houses burned.

"In that beloved city of Louvain, from which I cannot succeed in detaching my thoughts, the superb collegiale of St. Peter will never recover its splendour; the old college of St. Ives; the Institute of Fine Arts of the city; the commercial and consular school attached to the University; the venerable "Halles" or market buildings; our substantial library with its collections, its incunabula, its original manuscripts, its archives, the gallery of its illustrious men from the first days of its foundation, portraits of the Rectors, Chancellors and famous professors, at the sight of which masters and students of to-day became imbued with traditional nobility of character and went at their work with renewed ardour,—all this accumulation of intellectual, historic and artistic

riches, the fruit of five centuries of toil, everything, has been destroyed.

"Many parishes were deprived of their curate. I hear again the plaintive voice of an old man whom I asked if mass had been celebrated in his dismantled church the past Sunday.

" 'It is now two months since we have had a priest; said he. The curate and the vicar were in a concentration camp at Münster, not far from Hanover.

"Thousands of Belgian citizens have thus been deported to German prisons—to Münster, to Celle, to Magdeburg. Münster alone held 3,100 civilian prisoners. History will tell the story of the physical and moral torture they endured.

"Thousands of innocent ones were shot; I do not possess the sinister necrology, but I know that at Aerschot ninety-one were killed and that there—under the menace of death—their fellow-citizens were compelled to dig the burial-trenches. In the agglomeration of Louvain and nearby communes, one hundred and seventy-six persons, men and women, old men and women with children at breast, rich and poor, the strong and the weak—were shot down or burned.

"In my diocese alone I know that thirteen priests were executed. One of them, the curate of Gelrode, fell undoubtedly like a martyr. I made a pilgrimage to his tomb and, surrounded by the flock that he had pastured only yesterday with the zeal of an apostle, I asked him to safeguard from on high his parish, the diocese, and the country.

"We can neither count our dead nor measure the extent of our ruins. What would it be if we undertook to visit the regions of Liége, Namur, Andenne, Dinant,

Tamines, Charleroi, and then toward Virton and the valley of the Semois river, all the provinces of Luxembourg toward Termonde, Dixmude and our two Flanders?"

The letter was read in all the pulpits and within a few hours many of the priests in the provinces who had read the letter had been arrested, as well as several priests in Brussels, among them the Doyen of the collegiate of Ste.-Gudule. And at six o'clock on Monday morning there were soldiers before the Episcopal palace at Malines. The Cardinal was saying mass in his chapel when a priest came saying that a German officer was waiting to see him.

"Tell him that I am saying mass," said the Cardinal.

The priest retired and returned to report that the officer said that the Cardinal must come at once. The Cardinal took off his vestments and went out, and the officer handed him a letter from General von Bissing covering eight pages and demanding an immediate answer. The Cardinal explained that since the letter was in German he would need time to reflect; he would send a reply. But the officer said that he would have to insist that the order be carried out.

"But I give you my word of honour not to leave my palace."

This would not satisfy the officer; he would have to remain with him.

"You mean in the room with me?" asked the astonished Cardinal.

The officer, abashed by the glance in the fearless eyes, said that he would wait in the courtyard of the palace. It was raining and the officer waited all day while His

Eminence, in no hurry, prepared his reply. General von Bissing in his letter put six questions to the Cardinal. He began by saying that the Cardinal had presumed too far upon what Bissing was pleased to call their "personal" relations, and the Cardinal, replying to this proposition, said that His Excellency had evidently misunderstood, or had not sufficiently understood, their relations, which were not at all personal but wholly official; aside from this he added—no doubt with a touch of the Walloon sense of humour—their relations were simply those of Christians. The Cardinal said that he was a Belgian, with Belgian sentiments, prejudices, feelings, and loyalty; that he had written his letter out of those feelings and that he could not retract it, and he concluded: "This answer will suffice as an answer equally to all the other five questions."

Freiherr von Bissing was not a patient nor always a diplomatic man, and when he read the letter which the officer, after waiting there all day in the rain, brought back to Brussels in the evening, he might have gone to forcible extremes had not the counsels of Baron von der Lancken prevailed. Lancken motored up to Malines the next morning and waited on the Cardinal. The conversation was long and courteous. The Cardinal insisted that it was unjust to punish his priests for reading a letter that he had prepared, and he refused to retract or to modify the statement in his pastoral, and the incident was assumed to be closed.[1]

[1] During that discussion this telegram, addressed "Cardinal Mercier, Brussels," came from the Associated Press in America: "Is it true that you have been arrested and are now a prisoner?"

To this telegram the Cardinal prepared a reply saying: "Some of

The next day, however, the Governor-General sent an order to the priests of the diocese of Malines in which he said that the Cardinal, ". . . on my representation as to the trouble and irritation caused by his pastoral letter among the population, has declared to me at Malines, verbally and in writing, that he had no intention whatever to provoke such an action and had expected no such result. He had merely tried to convince the population of the necessity of obeying the occupying powers, even in the case of the Belgian patriots who felt internally in opposition with the German administration! In the event of my fearing any such irritating effect the Cardinal would not persist in desiring on the part of his clergy, and in accordance with the provisions of the conclusion of his pastoral letter, a repetition of its public reading on following Sundays, or that it be any further spread.

"Now this hypothesis has arisen and therefore I repeat my prohibition of January 2, concerning the public reading and propagation of the pastoral letter. I remind the clergy that they will place themselves in op-

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my priests have been arrested because of the letter I wrote; others have been menaced with threats of prison and deportation to Germany, while others have been fined. As for me, they have done nothing more than to forbid me to leave my palace."

The Germans did not send this reply. The next day there came an officer saying that since the incident was closed it was desired that the Cardinal modify the telegram, and he wrote one which, in effect, said: You will understand that in the circumstances in which I am placed it is difficult for me to reply to your telegram. Please acknowledge receipt of this."

But the Cardinal never received a response.

position to the desire which their Cardinal has expressed to me if they act in opposition to my prohibition."[2]

The clergy were, for a moment, uncertain, but not for long. Monseigneur Evrard, Doyen of Brussels, went to Malines, and on his return sent each curé a note, which I translate:

Monsieur le Curé:

I have just returned from Malines.

Despite the prohibition received yesterday, H. E. the Cardinal wishes his letter read.

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[2] Gouvernement General De Belgique
Section Oa No 3796

Bruxelles, le 7 janvier, 1915.

Aux Ecclésiastiques du Diocèse de Malines.

Sur mes représentations au sujet de l'action irritante et troublante de sa lettre pastorale parmi la population, le Cardinal Mercier, à Malines, m'a déclaré par ecrit et verbalement qu'il n'avait eu aucunement l'intention de provoquer une telle action et qu'il ne s'attendait pas à tels effets. Il s'était précisement attaché surtout à convaincre la population de la nécessité de l'obéissance à la Puissance occupante, même chez le patriote belge, qui se sentirait intérieurement en opposition avec l'Administration allemande. *Au cas* ou je craindrais des effets irritants, le Cardinal ne persisterait pas à desirer, de la part de son Clergé, et selon les provisions de la conclusion de sa lettre pastorale, la lecture publique réitérée, aux prochains dimanches, et la propagation ultérieure de cette lettre.

Or, cette hypothèse se réalise.

C'est pourquoi je réitère ma défense du 2 janvier de cette année concernant la lecture publique et la propagation de la lettre pastorale. Je fais remarquer aux Ecclésiastiques qu'ils se mettraient dès lors en contradiction avec la volonté que leur Cardinal a exprimée vis-à-vis de moi, s'ils agissaient à l'encontre de ma présente défense.

Baron von Bissing,
Generaloberst.
Gouverneur Général en Belgique.

This written prohibition is clever and false.

"Neither verbally nor in writing have I withdrawn any, and I do not now withdraw any, of my former instructions, and I protest against the violence done to the liberty of my pastoral ministry."

That is what the Cardinal *dictated to me.*

He added: "They have tried everything to make me sign some attenuations to my letter; I have not signed. Now they seek to separate my clergy from me by preventing them from reading it.

"I have done my duty; my clergy must know whether they are going to do theirs."

I beg you to accept, Monsieur le Curé, the homage of my respect.

E. Evrard, Doyen.[3]

Brussels, 9 January.

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[3] Monsieur le Curé:

Je rentre de Malines.

Malgré l'écrit de défense reçu hier soir, S. E. le Cardinal veut qu'on fasse la lecture de sa lettre.

Cet écrit de défense est habile et faux.

"Ni verbalement ni par écrit, je n'ai rien retiré et je ne retire rien de mes instructions antérieures, et je proteste contre la violence qui est faite à la liberté de mon ministère pastoral."

Voilà ce que le Cardinal *m'a dicté.*

Il a ajouté: "on a tout fait pour me faire signer des atténuations à ma lettre; je n'ai pas signé. Maintenant on cherche à séparer mon clergé de moi en l'empêchant de lire.

"J'ai fait mon devoir; mon clergé doit savoir s'il va faire le sien."

Agréez, Monsieur le Curé, l'hommage de mes respects.

(S) E. Evrards, Doyen.

Bruxelles, le 9 janvier.

The *curés* thereupon read the letter again the following Sunday and it was not long before the world was reading it. It intensified and stiffened that moral resistance which on the part of the Belgians has never weakened or slackened.

LXI

ORGANIZATION OF THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT

THE incident might have ended otherwise if, as I have said, the counsel of Baron von der Lancken had not prevailed over the violent insistence of the military clique. It was not the first of its kind, nor was it the last, but it was one of the most serious of the many divergences of opinion between the military and the civil branches of the government of occupation that was then getting itself installed. There was a vast change from those first days when General von Jarotsky and his staff were occupying the Hôtel de Ville. As I have said, General von Lüttwitz, when he came, had removed his headquarters to the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, eight Rue de la Loi, and there the Governor of Brussels continued to reside, while next door, in the Ministry of the Interior, there was set up that institution which is the heart of the German system, the thing whose name came to have a sinister connotation every time it was pronounced—the Kommandantur. It is a large *local,* two great buildings, one the luxurious hotel of the Minister of the Interior—the Belgian Ministers live, or used to live, in their Ministries—and the other devoted to the numerous offices. There was the headquarters of the Chief of Police, in many respects the most powerful man in Brussels, for he seemed to be accountable to nobody, and to move in a wide and tragic orbit of irresponsibility that allowed him enormous latitude in the exercise of his terrible powers. Every morning there set forth from those

big doors a battalion of *polizei,* German soldiers in grey, ill-fitting uniforms, their trousers stuffed in their short, heavy, iron-shod boots, squat helmets on their heads, their rifles, with bayonets fixed, slung to their shoulders. They were distinguished from the others only by the black, white and red brassards, with the seal of the Imperial eagle stamped on them, and by the metal *plaques,* strung by chains about their necks, bearing in large letters the word *"polizei."* This gave them, in our unaccustomed eyes at any rate, a ridiculous appearance and the Brussels folk a new subject for their incorrigible mockery; they instantly suggested the little labels hung about the necks of bottles of Curaçao, and other liqueurs.

If these had left any doubt as to their authority and function, their brutish look would have sufficiently declared it. They went in twos, sometimes in threes; they were stationed at various *carrefours* and at all the entrances to the city; they tramped heavily up and down the streets, returning to the Rue de la Loi late in the afternoon dragging the latest of their luckless victims, who disappeared in the Kommandantur, not always to come out again until it was time to go in the black wagon to the prison at St. Gilles, or to the field of execution at the National Rifle Range.

There was always a long queue there before the Kommandantur stretching from the entrance at No. 4 Rue de la Loi down to the corner, and ofttimes around the corner into the Rue Royale, with *polizei* to keep it straight. Sad faces, for the most part, those in that line, and the drab habiliments of the poor, since it is always in any calamity the poor who pay first. There was something degrading and shameful in the spectacle, as

there is in any reckless and irresponsible use of mere brute force. Those people were there on all sorts of errands; many in compliance with the harassing regulations of the German system, to secure *cartes d'identité,* or passes, or maybe to ask to see some relative or friend confined there; the line was always there, in rain or frost or sun, huddled along the wall, moving slowly on, step by step, through the long weary hours.

There was another entrance to the Kommandantur, back in the Rue de Louvain, another wide portal quite as tragic and perhaps more hopeless. Often one would see prisoners taken in there, men or women, to be charged with one of the countless crimes that irresponsible autocracy invents to allege against those who even in the lightest ways run counter to its whim. Often, in walking down the Rue de Louvain—one had to go that way to get to the lower town, unless one went around the other end of the park, for the park and the Rue de la Loi were forbidden the public—I have seen four or five *polizei* leading some woman with tear-stained, tragic eyes, and the slatternly skirt and *sabots* she had on when they suddenly descended upon her, and rubbed my eyes and wondered if it were not the twelfth instead of the twentieth century.

The door at the Rue de Louvain was the more sinister and more tragic portal, in my eyes at least, because I understood that the more important prisoners were taken in that way; I do not know, and it makes little difference. Not far away, behind the Banque Nationale, a whole block of buildings in the Rue Berlaimont had been taken over by the secret police. And in and out of these doors there streamed every day the army of spies, secret-police, informers and *agents provocateurs* who infested Brus-

sels and in plying their detestable calling resorted to every mean device that the depraved and abandoned could imagine. Among them were Germans who had been merchants in Belgium before the war; others who had been received socially in Brussels and in Antwerp. A German police commissioner was there to instruct them in all the refinements of their atrocious trade. One with any faith left in humanity could not believe that so many loathsome scoundrels could be assembled in the earth; there were said to be more than six thousand of them, and they prowled in every alley and in every by-way, in every avenue and boulevard in the town; they made perquisitions everywhere; a suspicion, a hint, an anonymous letter, sufficed to send them to a private home, where they ransacked and rummaged every drawer and cupboard, searched the inmates, browbeat and intimidated them. They rode in trams, wriggled their way into little groups and gatherings, insinuated themselves into bedroom and closet, made friends and confidants in order to betray them, held out bribes and temptations; where there were no offenses, they invented them; when there was no disorder, they created it, and then lured or dragged the poor victims of their treachery and duplicity to their headquarters, where they interrogated, badgered, sweated them, and by ruses or violence, extorted avowals before turning them over to courts-martial and the firing squad or sending them to rot in German prisons or to die in German camps. They were of both sexes, of all nations and of all tongues, the scum and offscouring of the earth, the moral filth and refuse of the world.

They were everywhere. There was a questionable fellow who was the tenant of a building of three stories in

the Rue de Trèves across from the Legation. On summer evenings I noticed that in an upper room the windows, which commanded a view of the Legation, were always open, though the chamber was never lighted. In the darkness every evening I would see a coal, as of fire, that would glow bright and then fade into the blackness around, then glow and fade—a cigar, evidently; precisely the effect William Gillette used to produce in the last act of Sherlock Holmes.

Who is that man in that room in the third story? we wondered, and one morning I sent a servant across the street to inquire of the proprietor, in shirtsleeves, taking the air in his doorway.

"He's an English soldier," was the word brought back, "left behind at Mons; he's in hiding."

"He is not," I replied, "he is a German spy. Tell the man much good it will do his tenant to waste his time there."

The proprietor, at this, took his pipe from his lips, gazed—and went in. I saw the evening cigar glow and fade no more.

One always had the uncanny sensation of some one at one's elbow. There were furtive shadows when one was out at night; some one always near the doorway, or the door of the motor. Men, meeting in the boulevard, always turned and glanced about before conversing. And in the trams the wise were silent, for gossip on the rear platforms was the most dangerous of indulgences. Spies or secret agents were constantly coming to the Legation, with all sorts of questions. How could one send letters? How could one communicate with France or England? The favorite device was to whisper: "I am a French soldier, and I should like to

be sent out," or "I am a Belgian and should like to join the army; they tell me that you know the way."

We knew nothing of such things, of course; but the Kommandantur has no conception of the fact that there is, after all, such a thing as honour in this world. We had one response which in many instances it was a pleasure to make:

"Wait until you can speak French without a German accent, and then come back," we would say.

There were several who came as newspaper correspondents, and not without credentials, usually conducted by German officers, from Berlin. Two of them at least were women.

"What is your opinion, confidentially, of the German administration in Belgium? What kind of man is von Bissing?" they would ask.

Their poor ruses were so transparent! How much of the German taxpayer's money has been expended in the purchase of scoundrels! And all wasted!

There were *dossiers,* of course, for every one of any importance in town; an official *Who's Who* wherein with meticulous and intimate detail, whole lives were laid bare.

Espionage was practised not only on their enemies but on their own army. I was told that each general, each high official was watched, and that for this purpose men were selected whose personal resentment could be brought into play. Thus the spies selected to watch the actions of generals and high military officials were socialists, who could gratify their personal dislike of militarism by compromising military officials.

"Do you see that man over there?" said a German one

day in the Palace Hotel, pointing to a man who was sitting before the door of the lift. "The Government profits by his political hatred of a certain general who is now in his room upstairs. Watch awhile and you will see something."

Half an hour later the lift descended, a general came out, the man got up, approached and bespoke him; the general turned deathly pale; they two went away together.

This enormous and complicated engine of oppression and of terror was incessantly, tirelessly hunting down patriots, seeking out evidence for prosecution for what the Germans by a peculiar illogic, impossible in any western country, call treason in time of war. Any one, if it be so desired, may be convicted of treason against Germany, no matter what his nationality may be, simply by charging him with treason in time of war. Hundreds of graves where Belgians lie testify to the fact. When this was not the object sought, they were gathering information for the purpose of draining the resources and ruining the industries of the country. The Kommandantur and the secret police formed a section of the central military branch of the government, and were by far its most powerful arm.

The whole organization of *Das General-Gouvernement* is exceedingly complicated, based on a conception difficult for any one of Anglo-Saxon or Latin culture and temperament to understand. One hears much expansive admiration of the German genius for organizing, but it comes for the most part from those who have never had actual experience of German organization. Perhaps it is because there is so much of it; because it is so *Kolossal.* It is in many ways efficient, no

doubt; they get certain things done; but then, so do the French, who seem to have so little organization, and are so clever in improvisation. But the vast, elephantine deliberation of German organization would drive an American captain of industry mad in a fortnight. It is heavy, cumbersome; its complicated machinery rumbles on and on remorselessly, and once set in motion, there is no way of stopping it, of turning it aside, of adapting it to sudden exigencies. It is blindly impersonal, inhuman, taking no account of persons or of the personal equation. Wherever it touches human beings, it consists of a multitude of regulations, of *verbotens;* instead of a few simple guide posts to point the way through a wilderness, the Germans would put up myriad sign-boards telling the traveller where *not* to go; instead of barking a few trees to blaze the trail, they would hack all the trees in the forest except those along the way they wished to indicate. That, indeed, is what they did in the Parc there in the centre of Brussels, which they took from the people and closed in for their own officers. Standing at the east entrance in the Rue Ducale, near the Rue Lambermont one morning, I counted twenty-six sign-boards, of many colours, with their various *verbotens.* Before the war the only signs that I recall were those reminding the public that certain places were reserved for the children to play in. But then the Belgians had learned liberty in their communal system, and had their own pride in their own park.

In the German system there is no room for liberty or initiative, or imagination. The nation is organized like a penitentiary—with the lock-step. And the difference between the German system and the Belgian or the English, or the French or the American, is that

which is expressed so clearly in the famous illustration of Tolstoy—the man in the boat who steers by landmarks along the coast and the man who steers by compass. The one hugs the shore, the other goes forth and roves the seven seas.

Our dealings, fortunately, were all with the civil government. We found them usually much like the officials with whom one would have dealings anywhere; they were generally polite, affable, oftentimes anxious to please. They were rather slow, perhaps, and very bureaucratic; and sometimes letters, referred from one department to another, got caught in the cogs of the terrible machine, and were lost for weeks or forever. And there was a way, which no doubt had its convenience, of sending one from pillar to post, and from Peter to Paul, until one was lost in a hopeless labyrinth. But what was worst of all, the machine stopped clanking sometimes; and the explanation given with a shrug of the shoulders, was very simple, and expressed in two words, *"les militaires."* Whenever *les militaires* spoke the machine stalled, the organization was instantly paralyzed. The officials in the civil administration, Zivilverwaltung, were in mortal terror most of the time of the *militaires* and for them the *militaires* had a supreme contempt. We seldom saw the *militaires;* they were always behind somewhere, out of sight, and always there, their dark shadows over everything and everybody. The *civils* wore uniforms, but wore them clumsily, and the *militaires* used to laugh at their awkward manner of saluting.

There were thousands of these civilians; they descended on Brussels immediately after the occupation, like a swarm of grasshoppers. They crowded all the

Ministries, warming all the chairs, old bureaucrats and clerks, *ronds de cuir,* hairy professors and specialists in spectacles, filling innumerable reams of paper with their strange characters, compiling figures and statistics and reports, until the Ministries were not large enough to contain them all, and they had to seize whole buildings wherein to install themselves and their bewildering dockets and papers, and import from Germany troops of German boy scouts, who wore hats like foresters, to run their errands for them. And these were not enough; they imported hundreds of women and girls, and took over entire hotels to house them. The salaries of all these functionaries were enormous—and all paid out of the contributions and fines wrung from the Belgians. For the functionaires of the *police des moeurs* that were imported from Germany the city of Brussels alone had to pay ninety thousand francs a month.

The supreme authority and the source of all power and privilege was the Governor-General, delegated by the Emperor as his personal representative, and responsible to him alone. He wielded all political authority (*Staatsgewalt*), as chief of the government of occupation. The extent of his powers depended entirely and exclusively upon the Imperial will. The Kaiser, in his rôle of war-lord, had an absolute right, emanating from military force, in the conquered territories. This power, for occupied Belgium, was delegated to the Governor-General. At Berlin neither Reichstag, Bundesrath or Foreign Office had any authority over him; his decrees required no countersign or attestation. His will was supreme. In a word he was a dictator. As to offenses committed against the German State and the German army—which is the German State—he had the

power of life and death and yet, if there were no legal restrictions to his powers, save as the approbation of the Kaiser was necessary to them, he was nevertheless subject to the ambient military influence, the prejudices, the opinions, the whims of the military caste. The aged von der Goltz, who was there so short a time—the gossips say that he was intended for the post of Governor-General of France when the Germans reached Paris, and that when the battle of the Marne dissolved that dream he was assigned to Brussels—was not so ferocious a man as the world has painted von Bissing, and von Bissing was not so ferocious as he is generally represented. His name bears the odium of all that was done in Belgium, and, since he was ultimately responsible, no formal injustice perhaps is thereby done him, but he was not always in favour of what was done, and much was done, even by him, that was against his judgment. Like all executives he was the victim of his environment, the slave of the system that had produced him. Behind him was the formidable and powerful military machine, from whose occult influence he could not escape. And, as in the case of all arbitrary and autocratic rulers, while untrammeled by laws and principles and tribunals, he was surrounded by cliques, constantly disputing the possession of him, and, pulled and hauled, swayed this way and that by the jealous factions in his staff, he revealed himself now just, merciful and yielding, now unjust, cruel and inflexible. There was always in his staff that endless dispute that goes on in Germany between the military and the civil factions. Old soldier even though he was, I often thought that since he was by no means a stupid or unenlightened man, his feelings inclined toward the clique of civilians, but in any matter which

the military clique considered vital, they always had their way, as in Germany they seem always to do.

By decrees of the Governor-General it was announced that the powers appertaining to the King of the Belgians would be exercised by the Military Governor-General; that the powers appertaining to the Provincial Governors in Belgium would be exercised by the Military Governor of the Provinces and that the rôles of Commissioners of Arrondissements would be filled by *Kreischefs.*

The central military organization, *Das General Gouvernement,* was under the exclusive direction of the chief of the General Staff, who was *ex officio,* the Military Governor of Brussels, and the chief Quartermaster (*Ober Quartiermeister*). This was, that, to us mysterious power behind the scenes, referred to by the civilians as *"Messieurs les Militaires,"* sometimes in moments of pique or bitterness as *"les militaires,"* or again, with almost superstitious reverence, as though *ces messieurs* were some immutable principle, as *"la necessité militaire."*

This department was supreme in all military matters, in all things concerning the army or the security of the state, and it controlled the police. It was divided into numerous sub-departments, directed by officers of the General Staff, which were responsible for the troops of occupation, the lines of communication, the surveillance of the Dutch frontier and all that; there were sub-departments that controlled the foreigners, took measures against spying, directed the military courts and tribunals, the police, issued passports and permits of all kinds, provided the defense against aviators, and were responsible for the remount depots, carting, wagon-

age, and all those multiple questions of arms, equipment and supplies that concern a vast army.

The civil administration (*Zivilverwaltung*) was directed by the Herr Dr. von Sandt, the *Verwaltungschef*. The lesser officials in the departments of the Belgian government, save those of Foreign Affairs and War, continued at their posts even after the German invasion. The Belgian Ministers themselves had gone, of course, with the King to Antwerp, and then on the long and painful Odyssey to Ostende, and finally to Havre, but for the most part their subordinates remained in Brussels. The employees of the Railways, Posts and Telegraphs refused to work for the Germans because the railroads were used to serve the army, and they were replaced by German functionaries. But the Ministries of Justice, of Arts and Sciences and of Finance continued to function, though without their political heads. They did so, of course, under the German eye, and occupied themselves solely with internal questions and affairs of a routine character. It was after the defeat of the Marne, in the autumn of 1914, that, in conformity with the Hague Conventions, von der Goltz formally invited them to remain at their posts, requiring of them only a promise to do nothing contrary to the German administration, and giving them official assurances that in so doing they waived no rights as patriotic citizens of Belgium, and might resign at any time. The problem was as difficult as the relation, and there were long and scrupulous examinations of conscience, but since it was in the interest of the nation and in conformity with international usage and The Hague Conventions, the functionaries decided to remain, and the formal assurances were signed by von Sandt, on the part of the Governor-

General. The decision was wise and patriotic; it kept the nation alive and with the communal or municipal governments still in operation concerned with all those local problems that most nearly touch the citizen in his daily life, the machinery of government was kept in motion by its own people, and Belgium was enabled to survive the catastrophe that would otherwise have overwhelmed her.

Those departments were all under von Sandt's direction, and to each was assigned a German referendary through whose hands all the official documents passed. The Germans allowed the Belgian courts to continue, and to try civil and criminal cases wherein Belgians were concerned, but the moment a German was involved, as the experience of Bâtonnier Théodor was later to show, they interfered.

In addition to the departments in the Belgian Government, under which the country for three-quarters of a century had been so contented, so prosperous and so happy, the Germans, of course, created many new Departments, many of them parallel to those already existing, departments for supervising accounts, for taxes, for arts and sciences, even for ecclesiastical questions. And, in the Department of Agriculture, they organized *"Zentraler,"* as they called them, in order "to facilitate the distribution of the food products." They had a *Zentrale* for everything, with a chief and numerous employees; one for potatoes, for instance, *Kartoffelzentrale;* for fruits, *Obstzentrale;* for barley, *Gerstenzentrale;* for coal, *Kohlenzentrale;* for butter and eggs, for milk, and for many other products. As soon as one of these *Zentralen* got itself well into operation, the thing it was centralizing promptly disappeared and was no more to be had

for love or money. The most famous of the *Zentralen* was the *Kartoffelzentrale.* It directed all peasants to declare the amount of potatoes they had on hand; it forbade them to transport them from one commune to another; it fixed a maximum price, and all that, the instant result of which was that all the peasants hid their potatoes, buried them, and even sowed their fields over them; and though potatoes are a staple article of diet in Belgium, as popular as they are in Ireland, they were thenceforth no longer to be obtained.

There were other departments similar to the *Zentralen,* all with appropriate names, and each supporting a horde of officials. There was a *Zuckerverteilungsstelle,* which caused the disappearance of sugar, the *Brauerkontrollstelle,* for the breweries, and there was the *Zentral-Einkaufsgesellschaft,* organized for the purpose of buying agricultural products and selling them to the Comité National. In the Department of Industry there was organized a section of commerce and industry, which considered the labour question, and had also its assembly of *Zentralen,* as, for instance, of raw materials, the *Rohstoffverwaltungsstelle.* There were *Zentralen* for oil, gas, electricity, water, in fact for everything.

Besides these two sections, and independent of both, was the Political Department (*Politische Abteilung*). It had originally been a sub-department of the Zivilverwaltung, but after certain internal differences of opinion it freed itself from this Department and emerged as an independent and equal entity. It was a civil Department in the sense that it was not military, and so far as that could be in a situation so anomalous, it was a kind of Foreign Office, having relations with the Department of Foreign Affairs at Berlin, following its methods, and

more or less inspired by its policies. Its chief, the Baron von der Lancken-Wackenitz, was one of the most trusted advisers of General von Bissing. It was with the *Politische Abteilung* that the few diplomats in Brussels had their relations. The juridical position of the foreign legations was never defined! The legations, of course, never abandoned the point of view that they were accredited to the Belgian Government, and though they were recognized by the Government of Occupation, the status of their chiefs in Brussels remained until the end that of "distinguished personalities." Baron von der Lancken had among his several assistants Count von Moltke, a name well known in German history, a tall young man whose courtesy and reasonableness made many a hard task less difficult for us; the Baron von Falkenhausen, a young cavalry officer who had been educated at Cambridge, and was likewise polite and obliging. There was, too, the Count Harrach, of a prominent German family who, at the outbreak of the war, had doffed his sculptor's blouse in his Florentine villa to don the uniform of a German hussar. Count von Harrach was an amateur of the plastic arts who had lived long in Italy and spoke as many languages as von der Lancken, and his wide knowledge of the world made intercourse with him easy. We did not see him so often as we saw the others because his duties made him the head of another central, that of the press (*Presszentrale*). This central had the same effect on the product it sought to centralize as did the others on their respective products, so that news, like potatoes, disappeared. There was, too, Herr Conrad, a secretary, who was always and unfailingly kind, and Dr. Lorenz, a young student of philosophy who, I always felt, would have

preferred the quiet of his study to the clamour of the war.

The *Politische Abteilung* had also an economic department which examined questions concerning importations and exportations, and it had, eventually, a section that sustained relations with the Comité National and the Commission for Relief in Belgium, known as *Vermittlungsstelle.*

I think I have referred to Dr. von Lumm, who was at the head of the Bank Abteilung, which studied and regulated all financial questions, the relations, always strained and difficult, with the Banque Nationale and la Société Générale, the sequestrations of property, the moratorium, requisitions, savings banks, the Bourse, and by no mean the least of its functions, the enormous contribution of war imposed on Belgium, and on the cities and towns.

This general government in its two principal Departments extended down into all the nine provinces of Belgium, and then into the arrondissements. In each province there was a Military Governor, with the rank of General, and a president of the *Zivilverwaltung,* who replaced the Belgian Governor. The government of the provinces and of the arrondissements was thus carried on, though the small legislative bodies, or provincial delegations, were assembled only when, as under his decree of December 8, 1914, General von Bissing convoked them in order to devise ways and means of raising the heavy war contributions he had just then levied. This decree, and the others like it that followed in each year said, bluntly: "The sole object of the deliberation, with which they will occupy themselves exclusively, is

the means of paying the war levy." (*"L'objet unique de la deliberation dont on s'occupera exclusivement, c'est le mode visant l'accomplissement de l'impôt de guerre."*)

In each arrondissement there was a *Kreischef,* with the rank of Colonel. Then there was a *Zivilkommissar* who replaced the commissaire d'arrondissement, provided for by the Belgian law, and had his relations with the authorities of the communes.

The communal authorities, as I have shown, continued at their posts when they were not arrested or sent to Germany, enduring constant annoyance and ignominy from *Kreischef* and *Zivilkommissar.* The local police, however, was always subject to the military authority, and in any city or town where there was a German garrison, there was a German commandant and a Kommandantur.

The territory of the Government of Occupation (*Occupationsgebiet*) comprised the provinces of Limburg, Liége, Luxembourg, Namur, Hainaut, Brabant and Antwerp, and it was to this district that the jurisdiction of the Governor-General was limited. Beyond, toward the sea, in the provinces of East and West Flanders, was the *Etappengebiet,* or military zone, exclusively under the *militaires,* and now and then as the line wavered, or as military exigencies demanded, parts of the *Occupationsgebiet* were sliced off and placed in the *Etape* as it was usually called. In the *Etape* there was no government save the arbitrary rule of the Kommandantur. Beyond, lay the *Operationsgebiet,* the invaded portions of the north of France.

In Brussels they used to say that the *Occupationsgebiet* was paradise, the *Etappengebiet* purgatory, and the *Operationsgebiet* hell.

LXII

THE JUDICIARY

"C'est ignoble!" said de Leval as we walked down the Boulevard de Waterloo one winter afternoon. We were looking at the Palais de Justice, that immense Græco-Roman pile, the conception of the Belgian architect Poelaert, dominating the whole city there on its hill. It heaved its enormous bulk, impressive in its mere mass, into the low wintry sky and against the sharp contrasts of the frosty white and the weather-blackened blocks of its stone the German flag set its black, white, and red at the pediment of the vast portico. All around the *terrasse* and the ramp sand bags were piled, and at the four corners—grim pendants of the statues of Justice, Law, Force and Royal Clemence which upheld the lofty dome—great cannon thrust their ugly mouths out over the city. All about were soldiers; hundreds were quartered there, even in the Chamber of the Court of Cassation, which smelled to heaven of their moral, and stank of their physical presence; and when the judges of the supreme court of the nation entered the building they must reach their chambers and the advocates the court-rooms by the back stairs, where the janitors clattered with their brooms and mops; the grand stairway and the lifts were reserved for the use of Germans.

But though they had transformed the Palais de Justice into barracks, the Germans, as enjoined by The Hague Conventions, for a while respected, at least in principle, the civil and criminal jurisdiction of the Bel-

gian courts. Civil causes between Belgians were tried before Belgian judges and Belgian juries; Belgians violating Belgian laws were tried before Belgian judges, who applied the Belgian laws in the name of King Albert. In theory foreigners violating Belgian laws were to be tried by Belgian courts in time of peace, but in practice if any German violated a Belgian law, or if one were sued in a Belgian court, the German authority was sure to intervene in his favour. Crime—on the part of Belgian criminals at least—diminished during the first months of the war, partly because the criminal classes, as though by some tacit understanding, and perhaps touched by some latent sense of patriotism, were less active, and partly because the police did not take so many cases into court.

"We shut our eyes to little things," said an old commissaire de police to me one day. "Many minor offenses for which we used to arrest persons before the war we allow to go unnoticed; we seem to get along about as well."

The number of civil causes was greatly reduced; in the presence of the monstrous strife in the world men seem to have grown less litigious. Many of the lawyers were away in the army or in exile, and the absence of an attorney or of a party was agreed to be a ground of postponement; the lawyers themselves added a new section to their code of etiquette and refused to take the places of their colleagues who were away. The attitude of the Belgian bar, indeed, was worthy of the best traditions of the profession; its members refused, all of them, to accept retainers or fees for appearing in the defense of their countrymen before the German military courts, and to the common enemy they opposed a resist-

ance as heroic as that which their fellow-patriots in arms opposed at Liége, or at Dixmude, or along the Yser. In an hour of the utmost gravity for humanity the Bar of Belgium, as the Bar generally in enlightened and liberal lands has always done, stood boldly forth as the champion of the liberties of mankind.

Their spirit, like their ideal, was bodied forth in the person of their acknowledged leader, Maître Léon Théodor, Bâtonnier de l'Ordre des Avocats. The Bar in Belgium is more closely organized than it is with us. L'Ordre des Avocats is something more official than our Bar Associations; it is in fact a corporation, dating from olden times—a kind of guild, exclusive, proud, and jealous of its privileges and prerogatives. It disciplines its own members, lays down the rules for their conduct and officially prescribes the ethics of the profession and the rules for admission to the Bar; its Bâtonnier, elected every year, is the titular head of the profession. When the rights of barristers freely to defend their clients was questioned maître Théodor did not yield, even though threatened by military force; when the body of the legal profession was treated by the German power with the contempt that brute force instinctively feels for reason, he rejoined with a proud and firm defiance; when the verge of the court was trodden by soldiers he protested as against a sacrilege; and when the Germans changed the laws of Belgium so as to load the dice in their own favour he protested again, and before the courts of the land made a brilliant plea in an effort to induce the tribunals to declare the decree illegal and of no force in Belgian law. It was a superb and spirited resistance that this slender, alert and nervous man of distinguished pres-

ence, with white hair and closely trimmed beard and flashing eyes, opposed to the German military force.

The first of the occasions that provoked the interference of the Bâtonnier came in December, 1914. A German firm had been sued in the Belgian courts, and no Belgian lawyer having been found who was willing to represent it, the Bâtonnier, in accordance with the custom under the Belgian—which is the civil law, designated a Belgian lawyer, Maître Rahlenbeck, to appear and undertake the defense. The cause was heard by the judges and judgment rendered against the German firm, which thereupon appealed, not to the higher courts, but to the German authorities, and the *Zivilverwaltungschef,* Dr. von Sandt, wrote to Bâtonnier Théodor complaining that the lawyer assigned to represent the German firm had not done his duty. Maître Théodor instantly replied, resenting the imputation against the honour of the Bar, and his letter [1] was not only a clear

[1] Ordre Des Avocats
A la
Cour d'Appel de Bruxelles
Cabinet du Bâtonnier.

Bruxelles, le 4 décembre, 1914.

Excellence,

Après avoir reçu votre communication du 25 novembre dernier, relativement à l'affaire de la firme: "Temmerman & Cie de Dusseldorff," j'ai prié Me Rahlenbeck de me fournir des explications.

Me Rahlenbeck me répond par la lettre ci-jointe.

Vous y verrez avec quel soin minutieux Me Rahlenbeck s'explique; combien consciencieusement, aussi, il s'est occupé des intérêts qui lui furent confiés.

Me Rahlenbeck est, au surplus, un confrère des plus distingués, aussi soigneux que soucieux des devoirs de sa profession. Je ne puis, quant à moi, que constater que la plainte de M. Temmerman

exposé of the duties, the responsibilities and the privileges of advocates, but of the place and dignity of that great profession which in every crisis of the world's history has provided the most distinguished champions of political liberty.

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n'est pas fondée et qu'aucun reproche professionnel ne peut être retenu à charge de son avocat.

Dans la même communication, je lis: "Il m'a été dit qu'il existait parmi les Avocats de Bruxelles, de la répugnance à représenter des Allemands devant les Tribunaux. Si cela devait être vrai, alors le gouvernement Impérial se verrait dans la nécessité de soigner par d'autres mesures pour la représentation, devant les Tribunaux, des intérêts allemands."

Cette affirmation et cette menace appellent de ma part une réponse qui, je l'espère, évitera à l'avenir toute espèce de malentendus entre nous.

Je n'ai pas, comme Bâtonnier, à me préoccuper de l'état d'âme de mes Confrères et, tout particulièrement, pour ce qui concerne en ce moment leurs relations avec les Allemands. Leur conscience leur appartient, avec ses secrets, ses sympathies ou ses antipathies, sans qu'il soit donné à personne, homme ou pouvoir, d'y pénétrer.

Mais, ce que je puis affirmer, c'est que l'avocat, digne de ce nom, qui a accepté de défendre les intérêts d'un sujet allemand en justice, soit qu'il le fasse spontanément, soit qu'il en ait été chargé d'office par le Bâtonnier de l'Ordre, se fera un devoir et un honneur de ne rien omettre et de tout faire pour le triomphe de sa cause.

L'avocat, dans la pratique de ses devoirs, ne connaît ni les défaillances, ni les rancunes; pour lui, il n'y a ni ami, ni ennemi; son souci de probité professionnelle n'est pas livré aux hasards des évènements. La guerre elle-même, dans laquelle nous sommes engagés, ne saurait entamer son esprit de loyauté et d'élémentaire justice.

Sans doute, depuis qu'elle nous a envahis, l'Allemagne est devenue notre ennemie. Menacés par elle dans notre existence, nous

la combattons avec toute l'âpreté d'un patriotisme enraciné. A elle nous ne devons rien. En revanche l'Allemand, sujet de droit, justiciable de nos tribunaux, est sacré à nos yeux. Qu'il comparaisse devant nos jurisdictions, civiles ou répressives, il peut être rassuré: il ne connaîtra ni deni de justice, ni parti-pris, ni malveillance, ni vexations. Que si sa liberté, son honneur ou ses intérêts étaient injustement menacés, le Barreau serait là pour le protéger.

Quant à la menace qui nous est faite, de "prendre des mesures" —mesures dont je ne devine ni la nature ni la portée—elle est superflue. Elle ne saurait modifier en rien notre attitude. Nous agirons à l'avenir comme nous l'avons fait dans le passé, sans préoccupation d'aucune espèce et sans autre mobile que celui de bien faire.

Ce sera l'éternel honneur du Barreau Belge, et sa raison d'être, de n'obéir dans l'exercice de sa haute mission qu'à sa conscience; de parler et d'agir sans haine et sans crainte; de demeurer, quoi qu'il puisse advenir, sans peur et sans reproche. Qu'il me soit permis d'ajouter que le Barreau n'est pas un corps administratif. Il constitue un organisme autonome et libre. Placé par la loi aux côtés de la magistrature pour réaliser avec elle l'oeuvre commune de la justice, protégé par des traditions séculaires, il ne connaît ni la tutelle ni le contrôle d'aucun pouvoir politique. Il règle sa vie et son activité comme il l'entend; il ne reçoit d'ordre ni d'injonction de personne.

Cette liberté sans entraves il l'exerce, non pas par l'intérêt de ses membres, mais dans l'intérêt de sa mission. Elle a développé, dans son sein, plus de discipline que d'orgueil; elle a crée un code de règles sévres d'honneur et délicatesse qu'une élite seule peut supporter.

Toucher à cette institution serait toucher à la justice elle-même, c'est-à-dire à ce qui constitue le suprême rempart de notre vie nationale.

Placé à la tête du Barreau de la capitale belge par la confiance de mes confrères, je manquerais à mes premiers devoirs si je ne revendiquais pas, les voyant menacées, nos prérogatives contre un pouvoir étranger avec la même respectueuse liberté que je le ferais si je me trouvais en face d'un ministre belge.

Je prie Votre Excellence d'agréer l'assurance de ma haute considération.

Le Bâtonnier de l'Ordre,
LÉON THÉODOR.

A Son Excellence Monsieur von Sandt,
Gouverneur Civil Allemand en Belgique.

(Translation:)

ORDRE DES AVOCATS
A LA COUR D'APPEL DE BRUXELLES.
Cabinet du Bâtonnier — Brussels, December 4, 1914.

Excellency,

After having received your communication of the 25 November last relating to the case of the firm of Temmerman and Company, of Dusseldorf, I requested Maître Rahlenbeck to furnish me with a statement of the facts of the case.

Maître Rahlenbeck replied to me by the enclosed letter.

You will see from it with what infinite care Maître Rahlenbeck explains his conduct, and how conscientiously he cared for the interests that were confided to him. Maître Rahlenbeck is, besides, one of the most distinguished of my colleagues, as careful as he is conscientious in the duties of his profession.

As for me, I can only state that the complaint of M. Temmerman has no foundation, and that there can be not the slightest ground for any professional reproach against his attorney.

In the same letter I read: "I have been told that there existed among the lawyers of Brussels a certain repugnance to representing Germans before the courts. If this should be true, then the Imperial government would find itself compelled to take other measures for the representation of German interests before the courts."

This statement and this threat call on me for a reply which, I hope, will avoid in the future every sort of misunderstanding between us.

It is not for me, as Bâtonnier, to concern myself with the state of mind of my colleagues, especially so far as their relations with the Germans are concerned. Their conscience belongs to them,

with its secrets, its sympathies or its antipathies, without the right on the part of any one, man or power, to penetrate it.

But what I can affirm is that the lawyer, worthy of the name, who has agreed to defend the interests of a German subject before the law, whether he do so spontaneously or whether he be entrusted with that duty by the Bâtonnier of the Order, will consider it a duty and an honour to omit nothing, and to do everything for the triumph of his cause.

In the exercise of his duties the lawyer is influenced neither by frailties nor by malice; for him there is neither friend nor enemy. His regard for his professional probity is not given over to the hazard of circumstances. The very war itself in which we are engaged could not impair his spirit of loyalty and of elementary justice.

Undoubtedly since she has invaded our soil Germany has become our enemy. Threatened by her in our national existence, we combat her with all the bitterness of a deeply rooted patriotism. To her we owe nothing. On the other hand, the German, subject to the laws, amenable to our courts, is sacred in our eyes. Should he appear before our courts, civil or criminal, let him be reassured: he will know neither denial of justice, nor partiality, nor ill-will, nor vexations. That if his liberty, his honour or his interests were unjustly threatened the bar would be there to protect him.

As for the threat which is made against us—"to take measures" —measures of which I can imagine neither the nature nor the extent—it is superfluous. It could not modify our attitude in the least. We shall act in the future as we have done in the past, with no sort of preoccupation and no other motive than that of doing right.

It will be the eternal honour of the Belgian bar, and its reason for existing, to obey, in the exercise of its high mission, only its conscience, to speak and to act without hatred and without fear, to remain, whatever befall, without fear and without reproach.

May it be permitted to me to add that the bar is not an administrative body. It is an autonomous and a free organization. Placed by law at the side of the Magistracy to accomplish with it the joint task of justice, protected by its secular traditions, it knows neither the guardianship nor the control of any political power. It regu-

lates its life and its activity as it wishes, it receives orders or injunctions from no one.

It exercises this liberty without restraint, not in the interest of its members, but in the interest of its mission. It has developed in its heart more discipline than pride; it has created a code of severe rules of honour and of conduct which only the chosen can endure.

To touch this institution would be to touch justice herself, that is to say, that which constitutes the supreme bulwark of our national life.

Placed at the head of the bar of the Belgian capital by the confidence of my colleagues, I should be lacking in the first of my duties if I did not, seeing them threatened, uphold our prerogatives against a foreign power with the same respectful liberty that I should employ were I to find myself before a Belgian Minister.

I beg Your Excellency to accept the assurance of my high consideration.

Le Bâtonnier de l'Ordre,
LÉON THÉODOR.

A Son Excellence Monsieur von Sandt,
Chef de l'Administration civile prés du
Gouverneur Général en Belgique.

ORDRE DES AVOCATS
A LA COUR D'APPEL DE BRUXELLES.

Bruxelles, le 12 janvier, 1915.

Excellence et Honoré Confrère,

A la suite de ma lettre du 4 décembre dernier, addressée à Monsieur le Gouverneur Civil Allemand, celui-ci a répondu ce qui suit:

"L'Administration civile a le droit et le devoir de protéger le public allemand demandant justice.

"Si, dans ma lettre du 25 novembre dernier, j'ai manifesté cette manière de voir, il n'est pas possible d'y voir raisonnablement une menace pour le Barreau de Bruxelles. Ceci répondra d'une façon définitive à vos considérations concernant l'indépendance du Barreau."

D'autre part, Monsieur le Gouverneur Civil a communiqué à Me Rahlenbeck une lettre de M. Temmerman, par laquelle ce der-

nier déclare retirer sa plainte et exprime ses regrets de l'avoir déposée.

L'incident peut donc être considéré comme terminé et tout danger d'intervention de l'autorité civile allemande, dans l'organisation du Barreau, comme définitivement écartée.

Je vous remercie encore de l'accueil si encourageant que vous avez bien voulu me faire et des sentiments de haute confraternité professionnelle que vous avez bien voulu m'exprimer. Je les reporte sur le Barreau de Bruxelles dont je suis heureux et fier d'avoir été, en ces moments graves, le représentant auprès de vous.

Je prie Votre Excellence d'agréer l'assurance de ma haute considération.

Le Bâtonnier de l'Ordre,
L. Théodor.

A Son Excellence
Monsieur le Ministre des Etats-Unis d'Amerique
à Bruxelles.

(Translation:)

Ordre Des Avocats
A la Cour d'Appel de Bruxelles.

Brussels, January 12, 1915.

Bureau du Bâtonnier
Excellency, and Honoured Colleague,

In reply to my letter of the 4 December last, addressed to the German Civil Governor, he has replied to me as follows:

"The civil administration has the right and the duty to protect the German public seeking justice.

"If, in my letter of the 25 November last, I indicated this point of view, it is impossible reasonably to perceive therein a threat against the bar of Brussels. This replies definitively to your remarks concerning the independence of the bar."

Furthermore, the Civil Governor has transmitted to Maître Rahlenbeck a letter from M. Temmerman, by which the latter withdraws his complaint and expresses his regret at having commenced action.

The incident can therefore be considered at an end, and all danger of intervention by the German civil authority in the organization of the bar as definitively averted.

Dr. von Sandt replied briefly, disclaiming any intention to threaten the independence of the bar, and in addition he wrote another letter addressed to Maître Rahlenbeck, forwarding to him a letter from M. Temmerman, in which the latter withdrew his complaint and expressed his regret at having made it. The incident was considered closed, though it had its effect on the incidents that followed.[2]

Whilst recognizing the Belgian courts, however, the Government of Occupation reserved to itself the power of what it called, it would seem with accurate nomencla-

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I thank you again for the encouraging reception that you were good enough to extend to me, and for the sentiments of intimate fellowship in the profession which it has pleased you to express. I accept them on behalf of the bar of Brussels, of which I am happy and proud, in these grave moments, to have been the representative near you.

I beg Your Excellency to accept the assurance of my high consideration.

Le Bâtonnier de l'Ordre,
L. Théodor.

A Son Excellence
Monsieur le Ministre des Etats Unis d'Amérique à Bruxelles.

[2] Si, dans ma lettre du 25 novembre dernier, j'ai manifesté cette manière de voir, il n'est pas possible d'y voir raisonnablement une menace pour le Barreau de Bruxelles. Ceci répondra d'une façon definitive à vos considérations concernant l'indépendance du Barreau.

(Translation:)
To His Excellency the Minister for the United States of America at Brussels.

If, in my letter of the 25 November last, I indicated this point of view, it is impossible reasonably to perceive therein a threat against the bar of Brussels. This replies definitively to your remarks concerning the independence of the bar.

ture, "extraordinary justice," and created military tribunals with seats in the principal cities to administer it. The theory on which these courts were erected was that they were to judge only offenses against the security of the German state and the German army. These courts judged without appeal and, of course, without juries, and rendered judgments and imposed penalties at their will—whether fines, deportations, imprisonment at hard labour, or death.

Military courts had sat in Belgium, indeed, almost immediately after the occupation, but it was not until the fifth of February, 1915, that von Bissing, in a decree defining the powers of Chefs d'Arrondissements, inserted an article—Number 9—stating that he reserved to himself the unlimited right to issue such decrees, ordinances and orders, and to take such repressive or disciplinary measures as he chose. Under this article, on the twelfth of June, 1915, the Governor-General pretended to chalk out the jurisdiction of the German military tribunals. They were recognized as competent, in conformity with the Penal Code of the German Empire, to exercise criminal jurisdiction in cases of "treason in time of war" (*trahison en temps de guerre*), for all cases punishable by the law of the German Empire directed against German troops or soldiers, for all infringements of decrees of military authorities, (including orders emanating from the local Kommandant), and for all infringements of edicts issued by the Governor General, by Provincial Governors, by Governors of fortified places, by the Governor of Brussels, and by the Kommandants of Maubeuge and the Camp of Beverloo. In cases of violations of decrees issued afterwards the authorities were to be entirely free in the choice of penalties to be applied.

Thus were erected those terrible tribunals that set at nought every principle of right and justice and liberty that had been won for mankind by the struggle during those long centuries through which Latin and Anglo-Saxon civilization with such toil had been reared. They were exceptional tribunals indeed, organised to render "extraordinary justice" and to apply the German laws of war. In theory they were to try persons who had committed crimes against the German state or the German army, but under the almost unlimited powers given them by the decrees that had created them they assumed jurisdiction of, and presumed to try and to punish a thousand offenses that were not envisaged either by criminal law or even by the German military Penal Code itself. They tried men for assaulting German secret agents in civilian garb, for harbouring wounded soldiers of the Allies, for preaching patriotic sermons, for peddling prohibited newspapers, for trying to cross the frontier into Holland, for aiding or permitting and even for not having prevented men from joining the Belgian army, for distributing *La Libre Belgique,* for doing the goose-step, for "looking at a German woman insolently in the street," for whistling the "Lion of Flanders," for refusing to work for the Germans, for refusing to continue the publication of a newspaper, for aiding in the work of *le mot du soldat* (an organization that undertook merely to obtain and transmit to their families news as to the health of soldiers). In one year over 600,000 persons were either fined by these tribunals or condemned to prison, to deportation, or to death. The most terrible of all these exceptional tribunals, perhaps, was the one that sat at Hasselt, and the very name of the town

came to bear in Belgian speech a sinister and fatal connotation.

The German military code is a complex mystery that no lawyer of the western world, no lawyer of Latin or of Anglo-Saxon culture, would attempt to explain. The military authorities, under the vast powers conferred by the Governor-General's decree, were constantly adding to it to suit their convenience or their whims. Whenever Parliament has nothing else to do, said an English wit, it makes a new crime, and the untrammeled autocratic power in Belgium made new crimes daily, simply by posting an *affiche* beginning *"Il est défendu,"* announcing thus the latest thing *verboten.* There was a new one on the walls of Brussels every morning; the long and tragic and sometimes ridiculous series of them was unending. It was *verboten* to display the Belgian flag; *verboten* to take photographs; *verboten* to sell newspapers not expressly approved by the Military Governor; *verboten* to approach "in a suspicious manner" any railway, telegraph, or telephone line; *verboten* to make, distribute, placard or expose any pictures not approved by the censor, or to give any theatrical representation, recitation, concert or cinema act not so approved; *verboten* to hold open-air meetings or any assembly where political questions were discussed; *verboten* to sell game; *verboten*—unless one were a German officer—to hunt; *verboten* to sing or to play "la Brabançonne" or "la Marseillaise"; *verboten* to wear or to show in public any Belgian insignia or that of any other country at war with Germany or her Allies; *verboten* to use automobiles or bicycles without express authorization; *verboten* to pass the frontier or to go from one town to another without a permit. These are but a few of the

hundreds of prohibitions decreed by the military authority and visited, after a summary trial, by such penalties as the whims of the ruling mind of the court might decide.

Trials for treason were frequent—trials of Belgians, that is. Just how a Belgian could be guilty of treason against Germany is difficult to comprehend, but that was what the Germans called it, even though they did qualify it in the phrase *trahison de guerre* in the *affiches* that announced the judgment, often to death, of those who were guilty of this crime. For those whose legal conceptions were all Anglo-Saxon or Latin this did not throw much light on the legal mystery. To be sure, it might make little difference to the victim whether he was shot for spying or for treason, or for "treason in time of war"; but to the student, who is apt to judge the cultural development of a people by its code, the distinctions are not without significance and value. There was also the practice of deporting persons as "undesirable"; this was done by the secret police, without preferring charges, without trial, without judgment; a man might be going home at evening, and at his door be arrested; he might leave his house and not return, nor be seen again—a few days at the Kommandantur and he would be sent to Germany. No one knew, when the door-bell rang, that it was not the *Polizei* come to ransack the house and to bear off some of its inmates.

The trials were often mere *comédies.* They were conducted in a room in the Ministère de la Marine, and in important cases in the Senate chamber before a court of high officers, with whom at times the Governor-General himself would sit. The prosecutor would bring in his evidence, sum it up, and ask for a certain penalty,

which was usually accorded. The accused in many cases were allowed no counsel, and when they were, the attorneys were not permitted to see their clients before the hearing or to be informed of the charges against them. They would appear in court and do what they could, which was not much, since any vigorous defense was apt to be considered as wanting in respect to the court or to the German uniform, or some such thing.

The trial of the Count and Countess de Merodé was one such comedy. The Countess was charged with having carried letters, I believe, and she and her husband, after their palace had been rummaged by the agents of the Kommandantur, had been confined with German sentinels at her door for weeks. The name de Merodé is one of the oldest and most aristocratic in Belgium. Because of the high station of the accused the Governor-General himself came to honour with his presence the pronouncement of the judgment. The prosecutor had badgered and browbeaten all the witnesses, but, strangely enough the court acquitted the de Merodé unanimously. But on this General von Bissing interfered, and in a long address said that despite the unanimous acquittal it was his duty to condemn the accused. The maximum punishment for the offense with which they were charged was death, and the minimum confinement in a fortress, but inasmuch as de Merodé was an old name in Belgium and inasmuch as von Bissing had been presented to the Queen of the Belgians, he would let him off! Having thus in the space of a few minutes been acquitted, then convicted, then pardoned and set free, the distinguished prisoners thought the farce was ended; but no, to make the vaudeville complete the Gov-

ernor-General announced that he would impose a fine of three hundred francs!

These courts did not always convict; now and then they acquitted, and perhaps at times they did do substantial justice: the reproach to be made against them is the reproach to be made against all lynch law—namely, that it is founded on no juridical right and is guided by no fixed rules or principles. No theory of evidence, for instance, was applied. Suspicion sufficed for arrest, and accusation for proof, hearsay and conclusions were admitted, and the accused forced to testify, to submit to terrible interrogatories, in prison and in court. Informers were encouraged and personal revenge thereby easily gratified. Any one with a private grudge had only to go or to send an anonymous letter to the Kommandantur; there he would be avenged. The Countess de R—— refused a beggar a pittance in the street and the beggar denounced her, saying that she had referred to the Germans as "pigs." She was arrested, taken to the Kommandantur, released, and then when she again encountered the beggar on the Boulevard there was a disagreeable scene. The beggar was accompanied by an *agent-provocateur;* the *agent* had talked with a German who had a shop near by, and the shopkeeper just then ran out and cried:

"You call me a spy, do you; and the Germans pigs?"

"I never said such a thing," protested the Countess; but she was again arrested.

The case was brought to the Legation and, while we could do nothing for her, Maître de Leval, *en galant homme,* tried to aid her. He thought he had arranged it all: the judge had decided to let her go; von Bissing had been gracious, had heard her statement, told her she

could go, had bowed and kissed her hand; but the shop keeper on the Boulevard refused to withdraw her charge The affair dragged on for weeks, the poor Countess half sick with worry and fear; finally she was tried, only witnesses against her being heard, and she was fined three hundred francs; and to this the Governor-General added one hundred marks, so that her fine in all amounted to four hundred and twenty-five francs.

Down in Luxembourg there a boy was arrested. He was tried before a court-martial, and when it was shown that he was not yet sixteen years of age he was set free because of his infancy; but a year later, having attained the age of sixteen, he was arrested, condemned and imprisoned for the original offense.

There was a young woman who kept a little shop in the Rue de —— who was sentenced to ten days in the Kommandantur for selling picture post cards, which the Germans had forbidden, one of the very few praiseworthy things they did in Belgium. She served her time was released, and then two days later was rearrested and sent back to prison to serve another term for the same offense.

Another dealer in such things was summoned to the Kommandantur and told that he must not sell portraits of King Albert in the uniform of a Grenadier, or of the Queen in the costume of an *ambulancière* of the Red Cross. When asked "Why not?" the Germans said that the Queen had never worn such a costume and that they could not permit any one thus to misrepresent the facts.

The *patronne* of "Le Chien Vert," a restaurant on the Avenue de Tervueren, had as customers one evening some German officers who, after supping, gave her a five mark piece in payment.

"C'est l'image de notre Empereur même," said one of the officers.

"Eh bien," replied the *patronne, "empereur ou pas empereur, cà vout six francs cinquante, c'est tout,"*—a bit of Brussels repartee that cost her a pretty fine.

Such things were happening every day.

Near Liége a man named Braconnier was arrested and kept at the Kommandantur for twenty-four hours. His brother went to ascertain why he was arrested, and was told that he was charged with having violated the laws against poaching. He was of a prominent name, with a preserve of his own.

"Mais il est braconnier," said the German officer, and orders had been issued that all *braconniers* [3] were to be severely punished.

It was not long after Bâtonnier Théodor's first encounter with the German authorities that he felt again called upon to protest. However much it might be pretended that the incident created by the letter to Herr Dr. von Sandt had been closed, the inevitable conflict in that moment began. From that time on, Maître Théodor did not fear or fail, whenever the principles of liberty were violated by German intolerance, or German tyranny, to protest to the very face of the authorities. He wrote a series of letters to the occupying Power that are classics of the literature of the law and of liberty, setting forth in clear and stately, and often eloquent, words not only the imprescriptable rights of courts and of advocates who plead before them, but of peoples who look to courts as the guardians of free institutions. No lawyer can read them without a glow of pride in his profession and a nobler conception of its dignity and its re-

[3] *I.e.*, poachers.

sponsibility. There is in them something universal, as there is in all great truths, and they apply as well to the Common Law as to the Civil Law.

Maître Théodor did not content himself, however, with filing protests; he opposed an active resistance to the encroachments of the invaders who were trying to subjugate his land, and it was his great service to his nation that he discovered and pointed out the first of those legal encroachments that were so subtle and insidious, that they might have passed unnoticed among the tragic events of the times. For his resistance he entrenched himself behind a principle of law, and in four great pleas before the courts of Belgium he exposed the designs of the invaders, pointed out the consequences that would result if they were allowed to pass unchallenged, and warned his own land of the danger of acquiescing inadvertently in its own destruction. In so doing, to use one of our old American expressions, he blazed a trail for others to follow—a trail that was found plainly marked when, two years later, the magistracy of Belgium had to enter upon an even more difficult way.

LXIII

THE BATONNIER THÉODOR

The Governor-General issued a decree changing the manner of fixing damages sustained by individuals in riots and tumults. There was an old and salutary law in Belgium that gave to those who in such circumstances had been injured in person or in property an action against the commune where the disorder occurred, and the damages were fixed, in the usual way, by experts testifying before the courts of Belgium. But the Germans ordained another method. Instead of leaving to the jury the assessing of damages they were to be fixed by a board of arbitration, one member of which was to be appointed by the Governor-General in Belgium, another by the German-Governor of Brussels, and the third by the municipality involved. The object was at once apparent; there were Germans in Belgium who asserted that in the first days of the war they had been set upon by Belgian crowds and injured, and now they would claim vindictive damages under a method that was very much like loading the dice. Belgian lawyers were forbidden to appear before these arbitration boards. The indignity to the Belgian bench and the Belgian Bar was not allowed to pass unnoticed, and it was Maître Théodor who courageously resented it. If the change, wrought by the decree of the Governor-General of the third of February, 1915, was noted at all by the people, they saw in it only another evidence either of the *naïveté* or of the cynicism of the invader. A week later another

decree—that of the tenth of February, 1915—created boards of arbitration composed of justices of the peace flanked by two unsworn assistants as "assessors," to determine disputes in matter of rent and to hear and determine what we would call in our law, cases of forcible entry and detainer. This decree excited little, if any, comment; it was very long, and very complicated; I doubt, indeed, if it—or the other, for that matter—was ever posted on the walls. Materially and practically it was perhaps of little consequence. But Maître Théodor at once recognized the two measures as ominous precedents; he saw in them not only a rather clumsily concealed device for despoiling Belgian communes, not only an affront for the profession he represented and defended with an ardent feeling, but the first blows in an effort to undermine the independence of the Belgian judiciary, and to destroy the nation itself. Most people, no doubt, in and out of Belgium, saw in the tragic calamity that overwhelmed the little land only the brutal deeds of the German army, and their imaginations were struck only by the physical resistance to it and to individual deeds that were done by those who came creeping in its wake. Distinctions, and refinements on the distinctions, to be made in the relations of "occupying Power" and "occupied territory" meant little to them; Hague Conventions to the most were what they seemed to be to the Germans, when they referred to embarrassing treaties as scraps of paper. They did not know that, under conventions signed at The Hague by the principalities and governments of the world, the powers which a von der Goltz or a von Bissing might exercise in Belgium were defined and limited; that the laws of the occupied country were

still in force, and were not to be changed except in case of an imperative necessity arising out of the exigencies of war. But Maître Théodor saw, and when these two decrees were issued, he tried to move the Courts of Belgium, as the one representative of Belgian sovereignty intact in the nation, to oppose a resistance. I have said that there was nothing to strike the imagination, nothing of the theatrical, in Maître Théodor's defiance of the German power, nothing that could be used in the cinema, but there was a fitting stage for the drama, and the scene was set, judges and lawyers in black silken robes, there in the Palais de Justice on the hill dominating Brussels, while German sentinels were tramping up and down before the door of the chamber where the court was sitting, and the German flag was flying from the dome. The arguments in which Maître Théodor showed the two decrees to be *ultra vires,* beyond the power of an occupant, was made on the eighteenth of March, 1915, before a bench of three judges in the first chamber of the Tribunal of First Instance. The case was that of Piron *v.* de Ridder, and it came on for hearing before the Justices Benoidt, Leclercq and Oliviers, Judge Benoidt presiding. M. Holvoet, the Procureur du Roi, was there to represent *l'ordre public;* Maître Bihin represented the plaintiff and Maître de Vadder the defendant. The action was one in which it was sought to recover twelve hundred francs rent for a house in the Chaussée de Wavre, to which demand the defendant demurred to the jurisdiction, pleading the decree of the Governor-General of the tenth of February and claiming the right to have the case referred to the tribunal set up by the decree. In the space behind the bench there were seated nearly all the judges of the tribunals of First Instance,

many judges of the Court of Appeal, and some of the Court of Cassation. The entire chamber was filled with lawyers in their black robes, their toques, their white *rabats,* among them several former bâtonniers of the Order. When the slender, alert Bâtonnier, with the white hair and the brilliant eyes, approached the bar he was accompanied by Maître Bia, the Bâtonnier of Liége, who, by reason of his years and services, was the dean of the bâtonniers of all Belgium. With Bâtonnier Théodor there appeared also the Council of the Order—an imposing representation intended to show the patriotic solidarity of the lawyers of Belgium.

The judges and the lawyers, in the consciousness that they were present at a scene which had its historical interest, sat in that silent intensity which marks such moments. The case at bar was, in its immediate effect, of small importance, involving as it did a mere question of the occupancy of premises, and the immediate issues were simple, but when Maître Théodor approached the bar and began his argument it was to show that it raised an issue in which the destinies of the nation were involved.

"I present myself at the bar," he said, "escorted by the Council of the Order, surrounded by the sympathy and the confidence of all my confrères of Brussels, and I may add, of all the Bar in the country. The Bars of Liége, Ghent, Antwerp, Mons, Louvain, Charleroi, Namur, have sent to that of Brussels the expression of their professional solidarity, and have declared their adherence to the resolutions taken by the Council of the Order of the capital.

"The question raised is grave; it is the breaking out, in its critical stage, of the conflict which has existed since

the beginning of the occupation between the occupying power and the judicial power of the occupied country. This conflict we have neither created nor desired. Leaders of the bench and of the Bar have done all, in the measure of legal possibility and within the limits of their dignity, to live in peace with the occupying Power. The German decrees of the third and of the tenth of February, 1915, have put an end to all hope of a definite understanding. They are no longer legislative acts; they already mark certain intentions as to the nature of which it is no longer possible to have any illusions. They are the first strokes of the spade that would sap our judicial institutions; they are the first steps toward the seizure by the occupying Power of the Belgian judicial power; they touch the very depths of our rights and our prerogatives; they have wounded us to the heart. To keep silent, and to let this be done would be abdication on our part and treason to our country; more, it would be to break our oath.

"It is this conflict which is to be decided before you. I shall discuss the validity of the decrees. I shall do it with the decorum due to so grave a question. I shall have a constant regard for the respect I owe to a Power legally established. I shall be careful, above all, not to lack deference toward the man of high value who represents the German civil government on our soil. But I shall speak freely. My words will be the echo of my conscience. I shall not shrink from the expression of any of my convictions. My words may sometimes seem harsh. My thoughts will never be offensive. I wish His Excellency Mr. von Sandt to know from me all about this hearing. He has the right to the truth. I shall cause him to know it. Perhaps he will judge, after

having read me, that he has not always been well informed in regard to us.

"I take up the argument."

I shall not follow Maître Théodor, interesting as it would be to do so, through the more technical portions of his long and closely reasoned legal argument. Its interest is professional, legal. His contention was that the decrees were judicially inexistant; that the source of the power of the Government of occupation, so far as legislation was concerned, was in the Convention of The Hague, and that the Convention, far from conferring the power to issue the decree in question, formally forbade it, because there was no absolute military necessity for innovation. The Convention of The Hague regulated the rights of the occupying Power. It limited them in the interest of the occupied country. Article 43 of the convention says:

> The authority of the legitimate power having passed *de facto* into the hands of the occupant, the latter shall take all the measures in his power to restore and to ensure as far as possible public order and safety, while respecting, unless absolutely prevented, the laws in force in the country.

He traced the growth and progress, in international law, of that theory which had substituted, in modern times, the notion of occupation for that of the ancient right of conquest. Under the empire of the ancient notion the invaded territory fell under the absolute sovereignty of the invader; it changed masters. Under the empire of the new doctrine of military occupation, the political regime of the occupied territory subsists, it is not annuled or modified; the exercise of the existing political power only is suspended and passes into the

hands of the occupant. It was this new conception, this modern doctrine rising slowly into being, which the Convention of The Hague finally acknowledged, ratified, and consolidated into treaties signed by all the Powers—Germany among them. The Bâtonnier's argument was exhaustive, legally and historically, and his contentions might have been maintained by his citations from German international lawyers alone.[1]

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[1] When he came to apply these principles which he had so clearly brought to the case at bar, he said:

"By this decree of the 3rd February, the occupying power has taken out of the jurisdiction of our tribunals all cases arising under the law of Vendemiaire, relating to pillages committed against Germans in the month of August, 1914. It is an act of defiance to our magistrature. To believe a Belgian magistrate, called upon to judge a German soldier, capable of acting from motives other than those of his own conscience and of justice is to believe him unworthy to sit at all. The decree of the 3rd February offers him this affront."

But the decree had also forbidden lawyers to appear before the courts of arbitration it created, and this touched the corporation of lawyers on a sensitive point.

"The decree of the 10th February is inspired by the same hostile thought, but it is the bar which it attacks," he said. "They might have taken radical measures against it, they preferred to mutilate, in trying to diminish it. Vain effort! You do not diminish an institution to which have appertained such men as Paul Janson, Bara, Charles Graux, Charles Duvivier, Beernaert, Demot, Jules Le Jeune, Dupont of Liége, Neujean, to recall among the dead only those of whom the memory is so near to us—Edmond Picard, to cite only him among the living. They can not overturn that which is the work of time. The bar has come up as a necessity out of our history and out of our national customs. A lawyer is not only a professional competent to represent the interests of parties before justice and to defend in a courteous and honourable struggle the interests of the client: he is a necessary auxiliary of

The Bâtonnier closed his long argument by a moving appeal. "To recognize the situation that is pre-

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the judge, to whom he brings his learning, his probity and his labour. To accomplish his task he sustains a long and costly preparation. For three years he must practice gratuitously for the indigent. During three years he is initiated into the virtues of delicacy and of honour that will render him worthy to wear the robe. The bar has extended into the political field. In this domain also it counts its illustrious representatives. It carries there not only its aptitude, but its love of independence and of liberty. It keeps and develops in its breast this ideal of men and of peoples. When the image of liberty is deformed without in the fierce struggle of politics it rectifies it and restores to it the purity of its eternally beautiful features. It is this need of independence and of liberty which despite itself pushes it on in hours of danger, which makes it speak when peoples, bowed under the iron hand of a master, find themselves dumb and discouraged. It is this which helps him to draw himself up in his pride when he feels the menace come and the storm growl. They may not love that institution, but they owe it respect."

"And now I ask you," said Bâtonnier Théodor, "where is the absolute necessity for an innovation? What is the menaced public interest that requires this modification of our old laws as to the competence and organization of the judiciary? Will there be found one Belgian magistrate to believe it? Will there be found a single one to decide that it is absolutely necessary to have that bizarre institution composed of a judge and two chance assessors not under oath, but with a deliberative voice? Will there be found one to judge it indispensable to the public interest that the right of defense be suppressed to provoke a renewal of the regime of brokers? Will there be found a single one willing to associate himself with the combinations, I was going to say with the complicities, to which the decree of the 10 February owes its birth?"

As to the need of judges to pass on legal questions, and to decide disputes Maître Théodor said:

"The functions that he exercises are delicate. To be a good judge it is necessary to know the law, not only a part of the law,

sented to us simply because it is imposed upon us," he said, "would be to accept annexation before it had even

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all the law. It is necessary to be acquainted with the interpretations of the law given by the courts and tribunals. It is necessary to be capable to interpret a convention. It is necessary to know how to dose equity and law there where the law permits the judge to depart from the rigour of principles. It is necessary to know how to untangle the facts of an inquiry, to appreciate the value of the testimony, to penetrate into the soul of a pleader or of a witness. All that is delicate, difficult and sometimes troubling for the conscience of him who is called upon to decide. When it is a question of an assessor nothing of the sort is necessary. The most ignorant of men, the least competent to judge, perhaps the moment he owns a piece of ground, with or without a building on it, or when he has put his name at the bottom of a lease, is considered worthy to put on the robes of a judge. *Dignus intrare.* Oh! if only Molière were living!"

The issues between Maître Théodor and Governor General von Bissing, was that the laws in force in Belgium, as the Germans indeed had recognized, could not, under The Hague Convention, be changed unless there was some absolute obstacle to their application, created by the conditions of war, and he contended that the occupying Power alone was not the sole judge of the necessity of innovation.

"Now in what text," asked Maître Théodor, "in what possible judicial interpretation does the occupant draw this unilateral faculty of judging of the case of necessity? By what title does the occupant claim this preeminence? The Convention of The Hague makes no difference in treatment between the co-contractants. The signature of His Majesty the King of the Belgians is the equal of that of His Majesty the German Emperor. The Convention makes no distinction in the juridical situation between the occupying Powers and the occupied country. It stipulates no subordination on the part of one to the other. Both have an equal right to arm themselves with the Convention, to invoke it, and to profit by it. The tendency which consists in attributing to the occupant the predominant situation is only an instinctive return to the ancient

been declared. We are not annexed. We are not conquered. We are not even beaten. Our army fights.

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conception of the right of conquest and an unmerited and superannuated homage to the predominance of force over law. That is my first plea.

"Here is the second: To give to the occupying Power the right to interpret the Convention as it understands it is to submit in advance the occupied country to the good pleasure of the occupying Power. It is to concede to it the faculty and the right not to observe it or to violate it. It is to make even the existence of the Convention depend on the will of the occupant. Our civil law, the expression of reason, in accord with that of all legislations, German law included, declares that such a condition would render the Convention null and void. It is called the potestative condition.

"If the Convention of The Hague admitted such an interpretation it would merit only a shrug of the shoulders. It would be no more than a diplomatic fiction, an illusion and a sham for the occupied country. Such was not the intention of any of the contracting Powers. Neither the German Emperor nor the King of the Belgians could have wished by his signature to cover a sham convention. They wished that Convention to be a living reality. If, in spite of all, the occupying Power arrogates to itself the right to interpret and to apply the Convention in its own fashion, and consequently to legislate in a manner contrary to the conditions laid down by the Convention, what will be the situation for the occupied country?

"If it is a question of measures to be applied unilaterally by the occupant the occupied country will have nothing to do but to bow before it; the occupying Power being the stronger is then the master. But if for the application of measures edicted by it the occupying Power solicits the concourse of the occupied country it will belong to the latter to determine whether the Convention has been violated or not, and if in the affirmative to refuse it.

"In the case at bar the occupying Power solicits the aid of the Belgian judiciary power to carry into effect its edict of the 10th February. The Belgian judicial power will examine in all conscience the question as to whether the Convention of The Hague

Our colours float beside the French colours, the English colours, the Russian colours. The nation lives. She is

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has been observed, that is to say, if the case of necessity exists. If it is convinced to the contrary not only it may, but it must refuse to apply the law and the occupying Power has no legal or legitimate means to compel it to do so.

"Has the Belgian judiciary power really this right? In accordance with Belgian law the judiciary power is one of the three powers established by the Constitution. These powers are the legislative power, the executive power, and the judiciary power. Together they represent the national sovereignty. These powers are independent one in respect of the other in the sphere of their action and in the limits traced by the Constitution. The Constitution gives the right to the judicial power to judge of the legality of royal decrees, but the Constitution does not recognize its right to judge of the constitutionality of the laws. Such are the relations, regulated by the Constitution, between the judicial power and the legislative power. The legislative power exercises its right to legislate to the fullest degree without any possible intervention from the judicial power. In the matter that we are considering it is not a question of a Belgian law. It is a question of a law emanating from a foreign Power, a Power *de facto,* provisional, in no way substituted in its sovereignty to the Belgian legislative power, neither drawing its right to legislate from our Constitution nor from itself, but holding it from an international convention concluded between Belgium and Germany. It is that convention and not our Constitution which determines the nature and the limits of its action; it is that convention and not our Constitution that regulates the relations of the Belgian judicial power with the occupying Power. In relation to this foreign Power the Belgian judicial power does not represent one part of Belgian sovereignty only, it represents all the sovereignty, it represents the nation, it treats as an equal with the occupying Power. To act otherwise would be to abdicate the rights of the Belgian people and to place them in the hands of the occupant, to invalidate the royal signature put at the bottom of a treaty, to suppress by a stroke of the pen the guarantees stipulated in favour of the occupied country, the end

simply unfortunate. More than ever we owe her our devotion, body and soul. To defend her rights, that is also to fight for her.

"*Messieurs:*

"We are living the most tragic hours that any people ever knew. All about us are destruction and ruin. Everywhere are signs of mourning. Our army has lost half of its effectives. Its percentage of dead and wounded will not be equalled by the belligerents. There remains to us only a bit of land down there close by the sea. There the Yser rolls its waters across an immense plain dotted with tombs. They call it the Belgian cemetery. There by thousands our children lie. There they sleep their last sleep. There the struggle continues, bitter and without mercy. Your sons, Mr. President, are at the front; my son is there also. For months we have lived our days in the anxiety of what the morrow may bring forth. Why all these sacrifices; why all these woes? Belgium could have avoided these disasters; she could have saved her existence, her riches and the lives of her own. She preferred honour. Shall we do less than our children? In defending our secular institutions do we not defend, we also, our national honour?

"When the decree of the Governor-General in Belgium, von der Goltz, appeared on the twentieth of November, 1914, relating to the revocation of leases and the reduction in rents I was asked by one of my colleagues of the Belgian Bar if the Bar of Brussels did not intend to protest. My response was that the Bar of

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and aim of the Convention, to enforce instead of to limit the powers of the occupant, to put irremediably the occupied country at the mercy and under the power of the occupant. Such is the judicial verity."

Brussels would not protest. It was not that the question of the legality of the decree could not at that moment be raised. We thought that there was no primordial interest in doing so, no essential principle of our laws having been affected. In that moment we were conciliatory, and in fact we have never assumed toward the occupying Power a hostile or a combative attitude. After the decree of the tenth of February to refrain from protestation, even passively, was no longer possible. To accept that decree would have been to accept our downfall. Called to choose between risking what remained to us of our prerogatives or to sustain a humiliation, the Bar decided that it would not be humiliated. In your turn you have to assume an attitude. You will do it in the independence of your conscience. You will pronounce the law. When the supreme decision of justice shall have been rendered, stating the law, whatever may be that decision you will find the Bar at your side. Between you and us there will be no separation. Sons of the same soil and of the same nation, we shall not present the spectacle of disunion. Our national device is: *'L'union fait la force.'* It has not always been respected in the happy times of our history. To-day when the nation is gasping under the load of its misfortunes, yet living all the same, with hope in its heart, union becomes a sacred duty. To violate it would be a crime that the bar will not commit."

LXIV

THE DECISION

THE moving argument in which the Bâtonnier, speaking for the Bar of Belgium, defined his country's rights before the tribunals of international law, and impeached one of the greatest Powers in history of having violated that law, was crowned, on the twenty-second of April, 1915, by a decision of the court in which the decrees of the Governor-General were declared null and void and of no force in Belgium. This decision, however, was reversed by the Court of Appeals, and when the case was carried to the Court of Cassation the decision there, coming, so the gossips in the corridors of the Palais de Justice said, out of divided councils, was against Maître Théodor on the merits of the case at Bar; that is, the court decided that the Occupant, under international law, had not gone too far in creating the tribunals it had set up. But the decision did lean toward Maître Théodor's contention that the occupant's powers were limited by international conventions, and it left the door open to that decision two years later, when the entire magistracy of Belgium resigned as a protest against the inroads on Belgian sovereignty and independence which the Germans had gone on making. If Maître Théodor was not immediately and entirely vindicated by the court at the time, he may be said to have had a moral victory when the courts, or the judges of the courts, adopted in that other emergency the attitude he had asked them to adopt in this. But whatever view may be taken of that aspect

of the matter, Maître Théodor's attitude was as great and courageous an act of resistance as any ever made by patriots. It set a lofty standard for official attitude and conduct in those later crises which menaced the very existence of the Belgian nation. Other deeds were more sensational, more dramatic, others more deeply impressed the popular imagination, but without in the least detracting from their courageous quality or their moral beauty, they were not of the fundamental and lasting importance of this which honours the name of Léon Théodor.

I used to meet Maître Théodor occasionally; he would come to the Legation now and then to see me. He realized, of course, precisely what he had done; he knew that punishment was inevitable, and the thought of leaving his home, his family, and of going into prison and exile, was saddening to him. But he was always smiling, always brave, and I think his slender figure, with the habitual scholar's stoop, was resolutely held a little more erect during those last few weeks he spent in Brussels waiting for the end he knew to be certain.

He sent a copy of his argument to Dr. von Sandt, and he wrote two other letters, or protests, which must be noticed in order to complete the record of his patriotic services. One of those letters, addressed to Dr. von Sandt, relates to the same subject as the argument of the *loyers,* as it was always referred to, and was the reply of the lawyers of Brussels to the gratuitous indignity that had been offered them. The Council of the Order of Advocates, at its sitting on the nineteenth, had adopted this rule:

It is forbidden to all lawyers and to all *stagiaires* (law students) to contribute by whatever means, even by the simple recording of

adjournments, conclusions, memoires or notes, to the functioning of the exceptional jurisdictions instituted by the decree of the German Government, dated the 3 February, 1915, modifying the decree of the 10 Vendémiaire, Year IV, and that of the 10 February, 1915, creating tribunals of arbitration of disputes in the matter of rents.

The Council of the Order of Advocates, not wishing any doubt of its intentions to exist, charged the Bâtonnier to transmit its resolution to Dr. von Sandt with a statement of the motives that had led to its adoption, and the Bâtonnier sent to the chief of the *Zivilverwaltung* with a fearless letter.[1]

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[1] "It is hardly necessary to say that the decision taken is in no way an act of hostility against the exercise, by the occupying Power, of the rights which international law and the convention of The Hague confer upon it. The bar knows the rights of the occupant, respects them, and will scrupulously avoid interfering with their exercise. The feeling that has guided the members of the Council is entirely otherwise. They are inspired only by the oath which the law requires, and which those who aspire to wear the robe solemnly take. The lawyer, on being called to the bar, takes an oath of fidelity to the Constitution and to the laws of the Belgian people. This oath is not a vain formula; it binds the conscience.

"Now our Constitution says, 'nobody can be deprived against his will of the judge which the law assigns him. (Article 8.) There can be created no commission nor exceptional tribunal under any denomination whatsoever.'

"The decrees of the German Government of the 3 and the 10 February, 1915, violate these provisions. The Convention of The Hague, far from excusing these violations, forbids them. According to the terms of the Convention, the occupying Power, in taking into its hands the authority of the local power, 'will respect, except in the case of absolute impossibility, the laws in force in the country.' The text is as precise as it is imperative."

The Bâtonnier quotes from German legal authorities to sustain his point, cites the case of the occupation of Alsace-Lorraine before its annexation to Germany, and continues:

"The inevitable exigencies of the war, such is the condition, *sine qua non*, of the modification of the existing laws of the occupied country. Outside this case, the occupying Power is without mandate, and any disposition to take it, if the Convention of The Hague is not a dead letter, must be held as illegal and null and void.

"Do the decrees of the 3 and the 10 February respect the laws in force in Belgium?

"The decree of the 3 February modifies the decree of the 10 Vendémiaire, Year IV, which is a Belgian law. The decree of the 10 February, 1915, modifies profoundly our laws on the competence of the courts. Both are in derogation of our laws as to the organization of judiciary power and violate our fundamental pact. Was there any inevitable necessity which brought about these decrees?

"The decree of Vendémiaire has been in operation in Belgium for more than a century. Frequent applications have been made of it in the case of victims of pillage without any complaint from them. Communes alone have complained. The decree of Vendémiaire creates for towns and communes a very difficult situation; many times they have tried to escape its application for legal reasons; invariably the Belgian tribunals have decided that the decrees would continue in force.

"The decree of the Governor-General introduces a considerable change in this decree. It takes away from civil tribunals the right to apply the decree of Vendémiaire, it establishes an exceptional jurisdiction, with a number of measures that literally place the communes at the discretion of the executive power. The decree of the 3 February invokes 'obstacles of law and of fact.' What are these obstacles? No one discerns them. The decree does not try to define them, it contents itself with affirming them. The text of the decree removes all doubt as to its interpretation and denotes the thought that inspires it.

"The decree aims at 'the excesses that were committed in the month of August, 1914, in several communes of Belgium.' Now the

greater part of those who suffered from these excesses were German subjects. The tribunal, said the decree, will be composed of three judges, of which two will be designated by the German authorities, and the third by the Belgian authorities.

"The end sought is clear; it will reflect on the moral authority of the decisions which will be pronounced by the tribunals to be instituted; it is an insult to our bench. The bench does not merit this blame; it has never failed in its duty; it has treated the stranger with impartiality and has always given him good measure. The Germans have never complained. Our justice has been as hospitable to them as we have been ourselves. The war has in no way diminished this desire to be impartial; perhaps it has been accentuated by a scruple of professional delicacy, easily explained, and very natural.

"Does the 'inevitable necessity' required by the framers of the Convention of The Hague exist so far as disputes as to rent are concerned? Not at all. Since the beginning of the occupation the good will of the court and of the bar has manifested itself in the desire to facilitate, with the minimum of cost, the transactions between landlord and tenant. A new jurisprudence has been inaugurated by the President of the referees to decide on cases of evictions; a special chamber has been arranged for the amicable adjustment of disputes born and to be born. The public prosecutor has given instructions to the bailiffs not to intervene except when forced to do so; and to avoid as much as possible the creation of costs. The justices of the peace are inspired by the same desire. The bar has created an office of free consultation, a section of rents. Where does the absolute necessity for change appear?

"And what necessity is there to surround a justice of the peace with two assessors? Why place him under this tutelage? Does there exist in Belgium a person better situated to settle alone the disputes which our law gives to his jurisdiction? What competence, what light will the assessors, landlord and tenant, bring to him in a matter where everything has been settled by good sense, law, and custom?

"The decree excludes the lawyers from these arbitrary tribunals. The bar does not complain of this exclusion. Had the decree not

done so the bar itself would have forbidden its members access to these courts. That which it recalls to this provision of the decree is its principle and the intention which dictated it. The bar is aimed at in this decree as was the bench in the other. In this sense the decree will mark a date in its history. For the first time since the Order existed it will have suffered, on account of the legislator, a real stigma. This stigma it has not merited. The Belgian legislator, the Belgian public, the stranger, have rendered it on many occasions the most striking homage. The Belgian bar is a great and splendid bar. It will continue its task and hold to its motto: 'All by Right. All for Honour.' (*'Tout par le Droit. Tour pour l'Honneur.'*)"

Maître Théodor had written another letter, on the seventeenth of February, 1915, addressed to the Governor-General himself, which while of a more general nature, so boldly and so clearly describes the German judicial system in Belgium, and the German attitude in the administration of justice, that it is worthy of more than a casual reading.

"Looking at this question without passion and without prejudice," Maître Théodor said, "the man of law can not fail to recognize that everything in the German judicial organization is contrary to the principles of international law. The first principle of all, the most essential, without which one can not conceive either the legitimacy or even the possibility of a judicial power is that of publication; that is to say, giving notice to the public of everything of a nature to enlighten it as to the institution of established power, the laws of its functioning, its competence, the prescriptions which it authorizes, and the measures that should guarantee their efficiency.

"Before giving the order to a citizen the Power which commands must reveal its existence. Before imposing a penalty on a punishable act it must make known judicially the act which it punishes and the penalty that it prescribes for it. This is commanded by common sense, this is in conformity with international law, this is required by the Belgian Constitution, which is obligatory on the occupying Power in the same way that it is obligatory on the national Power."

The Bâtonnier cites the terms of the Belgian Constitution which provides that no tribunal, no jurisdiction can be established except

in virtue of the law, that no penalty can be established and applied except by virtue of the law, that no law is obligatory until it has been published, and continues:

"Contrary to these imperative requirements the Belgian public has not been advised by any publication of the establishment of German military tribunals on our soil. A vague allusion was made to it in an *affiche* of the Baron von Lüttwitz in the month of September, 1914, where very incidental mention is made of a 'tribunal legally constituted.' In what consists a tribunal legally constituted, what is its composition, what is its competence, what is the extent of its jurisdiction? Are its sentences sovereign or are they susceptible of remedy or appeal? What are these remedies? Is it true that besides this tribunal legally constituted there are others represented by single magistrates, temporary and revocable at pleasure, sovereign judges of fact, of procedure, of the offence, and of the penalty; at once legislative, executive and judicial power, able to pronounce the gravest penalties?

"Is it true that between these two jurisdictions there exists no line of demarcation, that for the same act the culpable may equally have to respond before each of them, and that thus the guarantee offered by the establishment of a tribunal legally constituted is no more than a vain appearance?

"Of all this the public knows nothing. The lawyer himself, called by his mission to enlighten the public, can not say anything definitely. Questioned as to the possible consequences of an act from the German repressive point of views he will find neither in the laws, nor in the works of jurisconsults, nor in his conscience, the elements of an accurate response.

"The necessity of a publication, legally organized, imposes itself in a way much more imperious when it is a question of infractions and penalties. It is a principle admitted and proclaimed by all the jurists of every country. How many infractions, however, have been brought to the knowledge of the Belgian public by simple *affiches,* without having been made precise or definite in any of their constituent elements? How many acts have been punished, the unlawful character of which is unknown to the population? How

many times has not the penalty been announced by this brief formula 'The guilty will be punished' or 'I will punish'?

"This absence of certitude is not only the negation of all principle of law; it weighs on the mind and on the conscience. It confuses the imagination; it seems to be a permanent menace for all, and the danger is all the more real because these jurisdictions admit of no public procedure, because the accused is not told what is alleged against him, and no right of defense is assured to him. It is justice without control, it is the judge left to himself, that is to say, to his impressions, to his prejudices, to his surroundings. It is the accused abandoned in his distress, alone, grappling with an all-powerful adversary. This justice without control and without warrant constitutes for us the most dangerous and the most oppressive of illegalities. We can not conceive of justice as a juridical or moral possibility without free defense.

"Free defence; that is to say, the light thrown on all the elements of the proceeding, the public conscience making itself heard in the bosom of the court, the right to say all in a most respectful manner, and the courage as well to dare all, placed at the service of the unfortunate, of justice, and of right. It is one of the great conquests of our internal history, it is the corner-stone of individual liberty.

"What are our means of information? Besides the police magistrates,* who are men of integrity and of high conscience I am profoundly convinced, I see two sources of judicial information, the secret police and the informer. The secret police, without external mark, mixing with the population in the street, in the cafés, on the platforms of trams, eavesdropping, listening to conversations, lying in wait not only for acts but for intentions. And the informers—the race of them, it is said, has multiplied. Of what value can be their declarations, inspired by hatred, by rancour, and by base cupidity? Such auxiliaries can not bring to the work of justice any useful collaboration. If one adds to this total absence of verification the preventive arrests, the long detentions, the domiciliary searches (*perquisitions*), one will have an idea of the

* The *Bâtonnier's* generous allusion is to German police magistrates.

moral tortures to which our aspirations, our thought, and our liberties at this moment are subjected.

"The Belgian, free by atavism, accustomed to think and to speak freely, without constraint in the intimacy of his home as in the public place, exercising the right of criticism against men, things and institutions, sparing no one, no matter how highly placed, nor himself, watches himself henceforth, trusts no one, not even himself. He empties his drawers of the most inoffensive papers. Thinkers hesitate to gather facts for the purpose of history for fear that one day an indiscreet hand may take possession of them and there uncover a crime, the crime of intention.

"Will you say that we live under martial law, that we endure the hard necessities of war, that all must give way before the superior interest of your armies? I understand martial law for armies in the field. It is an immediate reply to an aggression against troops, repressed without phrases, the summary justice of the army chief responsible for his soldiers. But our armies are far away; we are no longer in the zone of military operations; nothing menaces your troops; the population is calm. The people have resumed their work, as you have invited them to do. Every one applies himself. Judicial magistrates, provincial magistrates, communal magistrates, the clergy, are all at their posts, admirable in their civicism, united in the same glow of national fellowship and of fraternity. However, this calm is not oblivion. . . . The Belgian people used to live happy in this corner of the earth, confident in its dream of independence. It has seen this dream broken. It has seen its country ruined and devastated, its old soil, so hospitable, has been sown with millions of tombs where sleep our very own. The war has caused tears to flow that no hand will ever dry. Its bruised soul will never forget. But this people has a profound respect of its duty; it knows the laws of war, and your rights as occupant. It will respect them. Is not the hour come to consider as closed the period of invasion, and to substitute for exceptional measures the régime of occupation such as is defined by international law and the Convention of The Hague which traces the limits of the occupying Power and imposes obligations on the occupied country?

"Is not the hour come also to restore the Palace of Justice to the judiciary body? The military occupation of the palace is a violation of the Convention of The Hague. It has been stated in this connection, and with reason, that the occupying Power is only a tenant. Whoever says tenant says care of the thing and usage in conformity to its ends. But to my way of thinking the question is still higher.

"The Convention of The Hague protects establishments consecrated to religion, to science, and to art. It likens them to private property. It is the homage which it renders to the great moral forces of which these establishments are the visible expression. For the same reason the Palace of Justice should enjoy the same immunity. Among the moral forces, exists there one superior to justice? This dominates all. Old as humanity, eternal as the need of man and of peoples to be and to feel themselves protected, it is at the base of all civilization. Art and Science are its tributaries. Religions live and prosper in its shadow. Is it not itself a religion?

"Belgium has erected a temple to it in her capital. This temple, which is our pride, is transformed into a barracks. A slight part, growing smaller every day, is reserved to the courts and tribunals. Magistrates and lawyers have access to it by the back stairs. However painful the conditions under which they are called to render justice, the magistrates have decided, nevertheless, to stay. The bar has placed itself beside the magistrates. Used to an atmosphere of deference and of dignity, they do not recognize each other in this scenery of the guard-room. And, in fact, justice surrounded by so little respect, is it still justice?

"It is not the proximity of your soldiers that offends us; we honour their courage and their patriotism; what offends us is the contact with bayonets and the thousand indefinable things that accompany all quartering in barracks. That which wounds us is the small regard that they seem to have for our persons and for our functions.

"You have your legitimate pride of the soldier, we have our professional pride. They are inspired by the same high sentiment of our duties and of the mission which we are called upon to fulfill. They have the right to an equal respect.

"Excellence:

"You represent among us one of the most powerful empires that the world has known. You are might. Might does not exclude right. You hold from your Sovereign and your conscience the task to conciliate them in such measure as the necessities of war will permit, and as the respect of imperishable right and of human conscience commands.

"I know no mission higher or more beautiful.

"I beg Your Excellency to accept, etc. . . ."

LXV

THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE OCCUPATION

THERE was, in this régime, the remorseless grip of which was only faintly indicated by the cries it now and then wrung from its victims, something that went deeper, something that goes to the very core of the human heart. Death itself is soon accomplished, but it was not only what the soldiers had done to the dead, it was what they were doing to the living; it was the violation of all personal right, the contempt of all personal dignity, the incessant, calculated, studied humiliation that was inflicted. What the judges and the lawyers felt when they climbed those back stairs, in the palace where once they had swept in their robes, every citizen felt in the presence of some similar indignity. To see that lovable people, once the gayest in the earth, humiliated, trodden upon, stripped of every right, was to feel the vicarious shame of a stupendous and unprecedented insult. It was not immediately apparent; one had to live in it and be of it; one had to breathe that atmosphere for a while, to realise it in all its utter shame and degradation. It was curious and interesting to note its effect upon strangers. An old friend, Mr. Albert Jay Nock, came across the sea to visit me, but after a few days he went away; the atmosphere choked him. Dean Howard McClenahan, of Princeton, spent a fortnight in Brussels, and saw Tamines, and could find no words to express his horror. Senator Lafayette Young, of Iowa, was there and went

away with the outraged feelings of one who knew and loved liberty.

But for us who could not go away there was no escape. Toward evening, when there was a lull in the importunate visits, I used to flee the Legation and go for a walk alone, trying to forget for awhile; I would walk to *les étangs d'Ixelles,* where Samuel's statue of Eulenspiegel would be brooding in the winter twilight, the young hero of Flanders sitting there wistfully gazing afar, while a maiden of grace and charm and dignity —the Nele of the legend that is the personification of the spirit of the land—whispered in his ear; the lamps sent their long, glimmering reflections over the dark waters, two ducks moved along swiftly, leaving in their wake two long, diverging ripples, a scene for Whistler's hand! The moist air was pleasant to the lungs, and the grey skies, according somewhat with our sombre spirits, diffused a soft light, restful to the eyes, though a day of sunshine, rare in our experience, was welcome for the cheer it brought. Sometimes I would go far out the Avenue de Tervueren, where a year before we used to see the amiable Belgians at the Trois Couleurs taking their ease at their inn; and the château of the Duc d'Orléans just showing over the trees, and the line of the Dark Forêt beyond.

There was, of course, the Avenue Louise and the Bois, like an English park, beautiful at sunset, a swan gliding across the shining surface of the little lake; if it was raining, as it was apt to be, here was another picture, the great trunks of its trees a vivid green, their boles glistening with moisture through a veil of mist, and far away in the depths of the woods, down a distant road, a woman

laden with bundles of fagots, and some men cutting trees.

And there were the charming streets of the lower town; with the *pignons* of the old Spanish houses, and dark Spanish eyes, too, glowing in the evening lamp light; and the market near Ste. Catherine's and the fish-market near the Quai-au-Bois-à-brûler. And, what few ever go to see, the smallest street in Brussels, or in the world, perhaps, la Rue d'Une Personne. I walked thus alone, in the late afternoons, over all Brussels, and I retain in memory innumerable impressionistic pictures of the city that I came to know so well, and loved the more as she opened her soul to me; I came to love every stone, every roof, and every chimney-pot in the whole agglomeration, though with little shadows of apprehension, for I knew, alas! that loving always includes losing. De Leval went with me now and then; he knew where the old engravings were, and he was himself a famous collector of *boites hollandaises,* those curious old Dutch tobacco-boxes of copper, prettily carved, sometimes with religious subjects, sometimes, what seems to have been more to the taste of the soldiers to whom they were presented by Kings during the Hundred Years' War, with scenes of a more secular character and appeal. The Kings used to present these boxes to their soldiers, and they seem to have been all that the soldiers ever got out of the war, if they survived it at all. . . . It was disturbing, however, to talk of the Hundred Years' War. Would our war last so long?

La Rue d'Une Personne, to be sure, is but a gloomy little alley, with a lamp burning over it, and it leads back to some dubious *congeries* of buildings where illusion ends; for in all the little streets of that quarter various

cabarets had been turned into dives where German soldiers caroused, as though they were in a western mining town.

So there was after all no escape, either there or in the opposite direction, for on the way in the Avenue de Tervueren, there on the arch of the Cinquantenaire, the German flag floated on the quadriga.

I had been under an intolerable depression because of the sudden news of the death of a younger brother. But everybody was depressed in Brussels. The strain grew more and more tense, what with the closed houses, the sad, deserted appearance of the streets, the idle populace, and the still more idle soldiers who infested the town—their idleness was so vacuous and vicious, born of the utter lack of all human responsibility. There was, too, the lack of all diversion, all movement, all gaiety. There was nothing for most of the people to do but to wander up and down the melancholy streets; the shops were darkened because they must economize in light; they could not renew their stocks, and the few lighted lamps only intensified the gloom that settled more and more upon the world.

Then a day of mild weather would steal into the late winter calendar; there would be a touch of spring in the air. Ah! If spring could only come and mean what it once had meant! But what could spring or anything be without liberty? And how could one be otherwise than depressed in the daily presence of the great injustice with which the very air was reeking?

No, there could be no escape so long as that endured. Better that the light of the sun go out and the earth turn cold and dead, and the heavens be rolled together like

a scroll, than that mankind be ground under the heels of swaggering officers ignorant of all the essential things in life, with Iron Crosses and ribbons of dirty white and black, and their brutal soldiers swarming everywhere, lifting their legs at the *"Achtung!"* of a *sous-officier* in their graceless and ridiculous goose-step.

"Pourquoi les soldats font-ils comme cà, Maman?" asked a little boy of his mother, as they stood on a corner waiting for them to pass.

"Ah, tu sais," responded the mother, *"les Allemands saluent toujours avec le pied!"*

One scene resumed it all one cold morning. There had been a new *affiche* that day saying that all political discussion must cease in Belgium, no meetings were to be held, no one was to discuss political matters or criticize the Germans or the war they were waging. Along the boulevard a company of German troops, old men of the Landsturm, trudged wearily. And then, suddenly, around the corner hove into sight a German officer, large and fat and smoothly fair, his pink jowls glowing, his light blue cape floating in the wind, revealing his enormous paunch and the revolver swinging in its holster. The under officer commanding the company shouted out his *"Achtung!"* and the old men of the Landsturm with that docile, submissive, bovine expression, looked up at the officer, and straining their old legs in the ridiculous goose-step, passed on. And there, not far away, the long waiting line at a soup kitchen, shivering in its rags, stretched in woe and misery and hunger far down the street.

No, there was no escape. One could not banish from the mind that line of pinched, pathetic faces, those huddled forms in old clothes. And during the remainder of

my walk I had to combat an inward rage and rebellion at the whole miserable business, the stupendous insolence, the appalling insult to human dignity and intelligence. Those swinish soldiers, with their thick bandy legs, their brutish necks and little piggish eyes, and that conception of respect—the goose-step. And this was Germany after forty years of blood and iron and discipline and government to the last degree, Kultur, and so forth, its own people the first to be conquered and enslaved, surrendering their own liberties and ready to help deprive other people of theirs, like the elephants in Siam that are first captured, then trained to lure their kind into chains.

LXVI

RESISTANCE

Yes, this was Germany, after forty-four short years of blood and iron—Germany's iron, and Europe's, and in the end, America's, blood. For the aims of modern Germany, the nation founded on the lie of the despatch of Ems, and the ideals of America, a nation founded on the truth of the Declaration of Philadelphia, could not long abide in a world as small as this had been made by steam and gas and electricity and steel.

Strange, too, as Golden Rule Jones used to say, they are all people, "just folks." Occasionally, in those passing troops if one looked closely one did see fine faces, ruddy old visages, crowned with white hair and adorned with majestic beards, something patriarchal and dignified about them. But the goose-step seemed to degrade them. Now and then, too, there was a sad face among them; they did not all relish the glory of war.

A Belgian once made a curious confession to me. In the early days of the occupation, half mad with hate and hot for revenge, he used to imagine himself some day killing a German soldier; he said that he did not allow himself to go to the length of forming any such intention, but he used to find a peculiar satisfaction as he strolled along the streets in dramatizing himself in the act of killing one of the men in field grey. In his walks, playing with this dangerous idea, he would select his victim, say to himself, "Suppose that I were to decide to kill one of them, which one of them would it be?"

He would see one, but on coming up, on looking closely, he would say to himself, "No, not that one; I couldn't kill him." He would meet another, but no, he would say, "I couldn't kill him." And so on; it was always thus, always something in each one of them with its human appeal, something that moved him to pity if not to forgiveness, and in this odd psychological experience he never once saw one whom he could have brought himself to slay, never saw the victim of his desperate imagining.

The older Germany had meant so much that was good and pleasant to think upon—all the various connotations of such names as Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Wagner, Schiller, and Goethe. There had been Carlyle's vast enthusiasm, too, his translation of Schiller's works and his tremendous book on the Great Frederick. Then the Rhine, the legends, the songs, and all that, and the traditions of 1848, Carl Schurz, Franz Sigel, and their like. All this had passed away. There comes an hour, as Mr. Guglielmo Ferrero has said, in the lives of nations as of men, when a choice must be made between moral and material success. Germany had made the choice, and the old Germany was gone, never to return.

But in Belgium resistance was mounting steadily; not the foolish and impotent resistance of blind force, the *franc-tireur,* the concealed assassin and the flaming revolt, but, what is so much stronger, so wholly irresistible, baffling to bayonets and *mitrailleuse,* the moral resistance of a whole united people. Belgium had forgotten the old quarrels, the old divisions of politics and race, even those more acerbic differences of religion. The old saying that "Walloon and Flemish are but given

names, the family name is Belgian" had become a verity, testified by a thousand acts a day. The old social cleavage was not so wide; men of all ranks worked together. Despite the prohibition, many little patriotic medals were being sold. The numismatic art is carried farther in Belgium than in any country in the world, save France; the whole history of the land is told in medallions. There were portraits of the King and Queen; one of them bore the profile of the King and on the reverse the words *"Belge toujours!"*

Even the children resisted. There is a word, considered highly improper in the French language, which, in the human need for human expression began to have a tremendous vogue; a gentleman inadvertently uttered it in the presence of Cardinal Mercier one day, and then instantly begged his pardon. But the sensitive face of the great man lighted up with its sweet, humorous smile, and he said:

"C'est un mot qui vole de bouche en bouche maintenant, et tout le monde s'en sert."

It does not sound so terrible in the English ear. One afternoon a little girl of six years, the daughter of a noble family, was in the tram with her nurse, and seeing a German soldier eating a sausage, remarked,

"Maman, voilà un cochon qui en mange un autre."

Thereupon a German officer who was in the tram leaned over and said to her very seriously and severely, that he could speak French, English, Italian, and Spanish, and the child gravely looked up at him and said:

"Ah! Comme çà doit être commode pour voyager!"

When toward the middle of January orders were issued to the effect that all foreigners—except Germans —should report at the École Militaire to be enrolled,

and the turn of the English women, for the most part governesses or nurses, came, they did not forget the splendid injunction to "be British" and sang "Rule Britannia!" in the face of the officers.

There were always "incidents." Down in the Place Ste. Catherine, near the church of that name, there was a statue of Ferrer, placed there, I believe, by the Socialists, a great bronze figure in the nude, a man holding aloft a flaming torch. Suddenly one day the city authorities received a letter from the Military Governor of Brussels, saying that he had been told that the statue had been "soiled in a grievous manner by a malevolent hand." (*Ainsi qu'on me l'annonce, le monument Ferrer a été sali, en des proportions fâcheuses, par une main malveillante.*) Therefore the city authorities must at once remove the monument. The city authorities, Catholics, independents, liberals, socialists, unanimously refused; there was a long correspondence, and excitement for a week; the local authorities refused to move in the matter, and finally the Germans sent soldiers down to the Place Ste. Catherine, built a scaffold and took down the bronze statue, while a number of curious Belgians, held at discreet distance by armed guards, looked on in amusement. The statue was removed with the greatest difficulty; they had to use flaming chemical lamps to melt the poor man's feet in order to get him off his stone, and then the bare pedestal stood there, a much more eloquent monument to liberty of conscience in the world than the statue had ever been. And then the Germans took away the pedestal, and levelled and smoothed over the spot where it had been, and thousands, gazing on the vacant scene, who had never thought of

Ferrer, might erect a monument as high as they pleased.

The Cardinal's pastoral was read Sunday after Sunday in the churches; and it was in the churches that the patriotic fervour oftenest broke out. Each Sunday, for instance, at St. Jacques sur Coudenberg, one might witness a beautiful and touching scene, if one chanced to be there just at noon. My memory goes back to a cold Sunday in January; the church was crowded, the portico was filled with a great mass; men, women and children standing there, leaning forward, straining their ears as if to catch some sweet and significant sound. I stood there in the cold; beggars were gathered in the Place Royale, awaiting for the congregation to come out; far over the heads of the worshippers I could see the priests at the altar, the elevation of the host, and hear the sound of the sacring bells. But this was not why all the people were there; many of them were not Catholics. For still they leaned forward. . . . Presently the mass was over and the great organ of the church rolled out its deep tones, and all those faces suddenly lighted up. The organ was playing "Vers l'Avenir," one of the patriotic hymns of Belgium. The faces were expectant; but that was not what the people were waiting for; that was not then prohibited. And then, from the last chord of "Vers l'Avenir," the organ rolled very softly into the strains of "La Brabançonne," the proscribed Belgian national air, and an expression of delight, of some sweet and comforting reassurance, instantly informed all those eager faces. The organ played it once very softly, then played it again peal on peal, in loud, triumphant, stately tones. Every man had uncovered; I glanced at all those faces, rapt, or

drawn with intense emotion, or pathetic with quivering lips, and then all wet with a sudden rain of tears. The strains of "La Brabançonne" ceased, and all the agony, all the sorrow, all the patriotic longing and the strange nostalgia from which they suffered was, in the instant, an agonizing cry of *"Vive la Belgique!"*

LXVII

ART AND WAR

I HAVE already in these pages spoken of the phenomenon that occurred when the Germans ordered down the Belgian flag; everywhere a Belgian flag came down an American flag went up. It was a beautiful tribute to our ideals, and a pretty compliment besides, though not without its embarrassments and its dangers even, for while the Germans said nothing, they did not altogether like it and when their quick intuition apprehended this the Belgians displayed American flags everywhere, more and more, until Brussels looked as though it had been decorated for the Fourth of July. Le Jeune, the barber, said to me one day, speaking his French slowly with the savoury Brussels accent:

"I am going to buy me an American flag."

"Why?" I asked.

"To show in my window," he said.

"And why do you want to show the American flag in your window?"

"Oh," he said, "to rile the Germans." (*Pour embêter les Allemands.*")

Poor Le Jeune! He was terrible against the Germans, yet forever hopeful; he always had the most important information; the Cossacks were already overrunning Germany, the Allies were coming in the spring; then he would have his revenge.

The Belgians at that time had rather vague notions of American holidays, though they know them all now,

and, hearing that the fourteenth of February was Valentine's Day, they seemed not to have associated it with the amiable Saint of that name, but to have concluded that it was the American national holiday. And so on the thirteenth, the city blossomed forth in our colours, our flag was displayed in the windows and the people wore the red, white and blue; and another shower of cards fluttered down at the Legation door, with letters, and flowers, and all sorts of pretty souvenirs, poems, banners—Valentines indeed!

And then they learned that the day was not a national holiday. A week went by, and one morning, to my surprise, the Commissaire de Police came to ask what arrangements we desired him to make for the great festival on Monday.

"Cà sera quelque chose de colossal!" he exclaimed with wide eyes.

I looked at the calendar; and what with troubles about the Japanese Legation, and the English colony, and the arrest of British consuls, and the status of our own consuls, and the *ravitaillement,* and a merchant at Liége who had offended the Germans by printing a card with the American flag and the Belgian flag side by side, with some appropriate sentiment, and difficulties incident to Germany's reply to the President's notes about the submarine blockade, and all the nervous feeling in the air, I had forgotten that Monday was Washington's Birthday.

It was all very touching, and yet it made me nervous for I feared the possible effect upon the situation, already made difficult enough by the exchange of notes between the American and German Governments, and so I asked Gibson to see M. Lemonnier and to explain

the situation to him, and while assuring him of our entire and grateful appreciation, to ask that there be no demonstration. The Burgomaster made a public announcement of my desire,[1] and Washington's Birthday dawned—and almost the first thing I saw in the morning was the Commissaire de Police, in white gloves, very fine, with his sword, in front of the Legation, managing the crowds that came up the Rue de Trèves. They made a veritable procession on our side of the street; there were scores of passers-by gazing on, men and women waiting patiently, to say nothing of German spies. The little leaf in the door kept clicking incessantly, and cards poured in, with masses of flowers, great bouquets knotted with our colours and the Belgian colours entwined, and letters from everybody, even from the little children in the schools. And there were crowds everywhere, along the boulevards and the Avenue Louise, in the brilliant

[1] Pas de Manifestation

M. Maurice Lemonnier, ff. de Bourgmestre, a adressé la circulaire suivante aux gardes bourgeois de Bruxelles:

Des manifestations en l'honneur des Etats-Unis d'Amérique se préparent pour lundi prochain, 22 février, jour anniversaire de la naissance de Washington.

"Cette date n'est pas celle de la fête nationale des Etats-Unis, qui se célèbre le 4 juillet.

"M. le Ministre des Etats-Unis est très touché des sentiments de reconnaissance que nos compatriotes expriment pour son pays. Il *demande instamment* qu'aucune manifestation ne soit organisée dans les circonstances actuelles et surtout lundi prochain: ni cartes de visite, ni drapeaux, ni insigne américain.

"Je suis convaincu que nos concitoyens voudront bien déférer à ce désir, qu'ils ne manifesteront pas personnellement et déconseilleront toute manifestation. Ils rendront ainsi service aux Etats-Unis et à la Belgique elle-même."

La Belgique, February 22, 1915.

sun, and every one wearing the American colours, and little children playing with the American flags. There were German sentinels posted about, too, but that may have been because some prince was passing through, or for some other military reason. And the evening came, and the day ended with a visit from Madame Carton de Wiart and a band of children dressed as Red Indians, very charming!

The day, as we heard later, in the slow way in which news got about Belgium, had not passed off so quietly at Liége. A woman, who it seems had been authorized by the Germans to do so, appeared on the streets selling rosettes of the American colours and little American flags, and was met by a non-commissioned officer, who tore her colours from her and threw them on the ground. And immediately there was almost a riot, and the German troops were ordered out. They cleared the streets, made some arrests and forbade the wearing of the American colours. Thereupon the Kommandant telephoned to Brussels and was told that he had made a terrible *"kaffe"* and that it must be atoned at once. Then the Kommandant sent for the Burgomaster who, poor man, went to the Kommandantur thinking there was more trouble in store for him, but the Kommandant was exceptionally polite, was delighted to see him, called him "my dear Bourgomaster" and, in a word, fawned where he had frowned. He asked the Burgomaster to return the letter he had written forbidding the wearing of the American flag, told him that he might now wear it, even pinned one on the breast of the Burgomaster himself, and then pinned one on his own breast; and the officers went out and invited the woman who sold the flags

to come in, and all members of the German staff adorned themselves with the American colours.

However, a new decree was issued that evening ordering the entire civil population to go to bed at 7 o'clock.

The Collège des Bourgmestres et Echevins of Louvain in a touching resolution declared that:

"In the new quarters of the city, rising from its ruins, three streets or squares will receive the illustrious names of President Wilson, General George Washington, and of the American Nation.

"Not wishing to allow to pass any occasion for manifesting the imperishable gratitude that the whole population of Louvain, victim of an atrocious war, holds for the generous citizens of the great and free nation of the United States of America; to those who contributed from afar, by their liberality, to relieve the frightful misery, and to those who, in order still better to devote themselves to this great work of humanity, have not feared to expose themselves to many dangers, and who go so far even voluntarily to share all the hardships of the destiny of a people martyred for their loyalty to their word of honour, decide solemnly to associate themselves, in the name of the ancient city, formerly so prosperous and overwhelmed for centuries with such precious liberties, with the *fête* that the noble American nation celebrates on the 22nd February, in memory of the illustrious founder of its independence and its grandeur, General George Washington, who so justly merits the title of 'Father of His Country,' the most glorious that a statesman can desire.

"The cradle of a university five hundred years old, and to-day partly ruined like herself, the town of Louvain can not let pass the opportunity to associate with one of

the greatest of soldiers the name of the learned professor, the brilliancy of whose teachings and the great value of whose political works, no less than the firmness of his character and the admirable dignity of his life, have borne him successively to the Presidency of the University of Princeton, to the governorship of the State of New Jersey, and finally to the Presidency of the United States.

"And finally to perpetuate for future generations the testimony of its sentiments of fervent gratitude, the Collège des Bourgmestres et Echevins decides to-day that in the new quarters of the city, raised from its ruins, three streets or squares shall receive the illustrious names of President Wilson, of General George Washington, and of the American Nation." [2]

[2] "Voulant ne paisser échapper aucune occasion de manifester la reconnaissance impérissable que toute la population louvaniste, victime d'une guerre atroce, gardera aux généreux citoyens de la grande et libre nation des Etats-Unis d'Amérique; à ceux qui contribuent de loin, par leurs largesses, à soulager son affreuse misère, et à ceux qui, pour mieux se dévouer encore à cette grande oeuvre d'humanité, n'ont pas craint de s'exposer à maints dangers et vont même jusqu'à partager volontairement toutes les rigeurs du sort d'un peuple martyrisé pour la fidelité de la parole d'honneur; décide de s'associer solennellement, au nom de l'antique cité, autrefois si florissante et comblée depuis des siècles de si précieuses libertés, à la fête que la noble Nation Américaine célèbre le 22 février, en mémoire de l'illustre fondateur de son indépendance et de grandeur, le général Georges Washington, qui merita si justement le titre de "Père de sa Patrie," le plus glorieux qu'un homme d'Etat puisse envier.

"Berceau d'une université cinq fois séculaire et aujourd'hui en partie ruinée comme elle-même, la ville de Louvain ne peut manquer d'associer au souvenir d'un des plus grands capitaines le nom du savant professeur que l'éclat de son enseignement et la haute

There was a graceful and a charming deed, what the French would call a *beau geste,* which was so nearly coincidental with the day that it had the effect of being a part of the celebration. It was the generous and spontaneous impulse of Mr. Charles Léon Cardon, the distinguished amateur and connoisseur of art in Brussels. In the curious old house where he lives alone, on the Quai-au-Bois-à-brûler, near the Marché-aux-Poissons, there are the results of two generations of art collecting, for Mr. Cardon's father was a painter and a collector before him. In the elder Cardon's day the Quai-au-Bois-à-brûler, was a quay indeed, for the canal was there in those times, with its panorama of life and colour, its boats with the softly tinted sails, tempting the brush at any moment. The canal has been filled in and now there is only a wide and vacant square, with no scenes such as used to charm the eyes of Alfred Stevens and Messonnier, and the painters of those days. They were all friends of the elder Cardon, and during the war of 1870 many a Paris painter found a pleasant asylum in Brussels; some of them lived in the Cardon home, where they could sketch all day if they wished, those red and green and brown sails that drifted in the changing light along

valeur de ses études politiques, non moins que la fermeté de son caractère et l'admirable dignité de sa vi portèrent successivement à la présidence de l'Université de Princeton, au gouvernement de l'Etat de New-Jersey, et enfin à la présidence des Etats-Unis.

"Et afin de perpétuer pour les générations futures le témoignage de ces sentiments de gratitude ardente, le College des bourgmestres et échevins décide aujourd'hui même que, dans les quartiers nouveaux de la cité relevée de ses ruines, trois rues ou places recevront les noms ilustres du Président Wilson, de général Georges Washington et de la Nation Américaine."

La Belgique, February 22, 1915.

the smooth waters of the old canal. But the old house within remains much as it was, save for the treasures that Mr. Cardon has added to it. One enters a hall hung in tapestry and feels at once the atmosphere of the house, the furnishings and decorations of which are the result of two lifetimes of devoted, intelligent and artistic care. It is filled, not crowded, with all sorts of *objets d'art,* paintings, bronzes, sketches, wood carvings, brass, old furniture, even the doors and wainscotings and ceiling having their individuality and their relations to all the rest, and without confusion of styles. There is a beautiful spiral staircase that leads up to a nobly vaulted room where there are canvases of Rubens, of van Dyck, and of Rembrandt, and all the masters of the Flemish school.

It was out of all these treasures that Mr. Cardon chose, as a gift to express the gratitude of Belgium to America, van Dyck's sketch of his great painting *"Le Manteau de St Martin."* It is one of the finest canvases from the brush of the master, and in his grand style, glowing with all the colours of his brilliant palette. It had often been sought after by American connoisseurs, and the late J. Pierpont Morgan tried to persuade Mr. Cardon to part with it. It was one of the most beautiful of the many evidences of the warmth of the Belgian heart, that simple little ceremony at the Legation when Mr. Cardon came to present it. He had asked M. Lemonnier, the Burgomaster, to make the presentation on behalf of the city of Brussels, and there in the presence of the échevins and of the Legation staff, M. Lemonnier made a graceful little speech, in which, in thus presenting Mr. Cardon's gift, he compared America to St. Mai in, and his own city, to the jay in

Le Fontaine's fable of "Le Geai qui s'est paré des plumes de Paon." Mr. Cardon read a letter as a deed of gift, in which he stipulated that the painting was to be hung in the Art Museum of my own city of Toledo.

Mr. Cardon is a gentleman of taste and culture and a charming companion. We used to go now and then to the little restaurant "Le Vieux Sabot" on the quay near his house, he and Devreese the sculptor, and I, and later Alfred Madoux, the editor of *L'Etoile Belge,* who found his distraction in painting. He had a great talent for the art and I used to tell him that it was too bad that he had not been obliged to make his living by practicing it. I came eventually to know nearly all the painters and sculptors of Brussels. Victor Gilsoul, who with his vigorous brush and broad manner has rendered the poetry of the Flemish scene in his landscapes, was in his studio in Paris when the war came on and remained there of course; Alfred Bastien was in the army, and Jean Gauweloos in Holland. Old Jan Stobbaerts, in some ways the greatest of Belgian painters, died shortly after the war began; and Strobbant, the oldest of them all—he had seen the revolution of 1830—died before the war ended, and the fate that had overwhelmed his country was, by a kindly conspiracy of his friends, mercifully kept from him. There was the landscape painter Franz Courtens, the dean of Belgian artists, and Léon Fredericq, who has concentrated in his canvases the pathos of the lives of the peasants, the laborers, and all the poor. There was Franz van Holder, the portrait-painter, in whose studio deep in the charming garden of his home, I spent many pleasant hours. There was Ferdinand Knopff, delicate, enigmatic, indubitably of the school of the pre-Raphaelites, who lived

in a house near the Bois that made one think of Burne-Jones. And there was Henri Thomas, with his pictures of *grisettes* and *cocottes,* painting those terrible subjects of Felicien Rous with the brush of Alfred Stevens. There were Count Jacques de Lalaing, the portraitist and sculptor, and Thomas Vinçotte, the sculptor, who belongs to a somewhat earlier day. I spent pleasant moments in the studio of Guillaume Charlier and in the studio of Charles Samuel, the sculptor, who made the de Coster memorial with its figure of Eulenspiegel there at the ponds of Ixelles. Then there is Marcette, who has done the Yser and the Belgian littoral in such broad, dashing style; and Géo. Bernier, the animalist, and van Zevenbergen and Philippe Swynkop, and Henry van Haelen, another portrait-painter; and René Janssens, who does such charming interiors; and Lucien Wolles, whose portraits in pastel have such an original and delicate charm, Joseph François, who lived and painted in the Forêt, and Firmin Baes, whose pictures came to have such a vogue during the war, and Pinot, and C. J. Watelet, the portraitist; and Madame Cailleux, the sculptor, and Jules van den Leene, and Lefebvre, and Herman Richir, and L. Titz and Toussaint, A. Crespin, A. Lynen, Ramah, Leempoels, Taelemans, Omer Coppens, G. M. Stevens, Laermans, Mathieu and many another. I cannot give them all; there are about two thousand painters in Brussels, and they produce 38,000 paintings a year—not all of them, perhaps, great works of art; I used to go to see them, or some of them, in their studios with Gustave van Zype, the critic, or with Fernand Wicheler, the playwright, and we would go now and then to see the paintings that old Jan Stobbaerts at his death had left in the studio of his little

house in the Rue Vifquin. Stobbaerts was a great painter, and an interesting, pungent and original personality, whose genre works, for colour and facture, will one day have a high rank.

He was born in Antwerp and had studied with de Braeckelaer under the great Lys there. *"Il y avait en Belgique,"* he used to say, speaking French slowly with his broad Flemish accent, *"trois peintres, Lys, de Braeckelaer et moi. Et Lys et de Braeckelaer sont morts."* He and de Braeckelaer, early in the sixties, had revolted from the schools and gone into the open air to paint and for the last forty years of his life Stobbaerts sat in the barn-yard of a farm at Woluwe, there on the outskirts of Brussels, painting cows and pigs and the mysterious interiors of stables. But such pigs! Such cows! Such colours, such lights and shadows!

But what has painting to do with the German occupation of Belgium? For the first six months after the war none of the artists could work; their spirits were overwhelmed, beaten down by the great calamity that had befallen their land. Then slowly, a little at a time, they took up their brushes and went to work again; perhaps it was the spring that wrought its miracle in their souls, and then, to their disappointment, when the spring came they could not go out of doors in its pursuit. For the Germans would allow no one to sketch out of doors unless he had a written permission from the Kommandantur, and that the painters scorned to ask. What, demand of a German Oberleutnant permission to sketch those lovely and familiar scenes of their own Brabant? Not they! And so they did their part, spontaneously, in the passive resistance.

One painter however, a Frenchman, one afternoon,

unable to resist the temptation of the country, went out near Uccle and set up his easel. A German sentinel appeared, and the painter thought he had come to take him to the Kommandantur. But the sentinel stood silently by and over his shoulder watched him paint; finally the sentinel sighed and said, in French:

"I should like to see the interior of a studio once more."

The Frenchman looked up suddenly.

"I am a painter in times of peace," the German said. And ere long they had forgotten that they were enemies, and were mere citizens in the great democracy of art, whose influences, because they are not of this but, of another and a better world, pervaded the hearts of the Frenchman and the German; and when the German said that he would be off duty in a quarter of an hour, and that he should like to visit the Frenchman's studio, the Frenchman promised to wait. They went and talked a long time there in the atmosphere of the studio, littered with sketches and studies and easels and palettes, until the German sighed again and said that it was a shame that there should be a war thus to derange men's plans.

"Yes," replied the Frenchman, "the Kaiser has much to answer for."

And then instantly they were back in this world once more, and because they were in this world they began to quarrel and to squabble, and came near to blows.

Brussels, contrary to her experience in the war of 1870, was no refuge for painters during this latest war that Germany forced on the world, despite what the German who was only a sentinel, when he might possibly have been a painter, may have said. There were

many who suffered, though in their pride they were ashamed to reveal their suffering, though there was a committee of which M. Khnopff was the head, to seek them out and discreetly and, without any one knowing, to help them over the road that had grown so rough.

It was not, perhaps, at the first, the very poor who suffered most; they were as well nourished, as they had been in former times, perhaps better, or at least more regularly and scientifically nourished. It was the middle class—or the lower middle class, if one wishes to refine upon the distinctions we make, even when we try not to make them, in our society. It was the clerks and small tradesmen who suffered most, and those of the *pauvres honteux,* who were required, or thought they were required, to keep up a certain appearance. There were many obscure and touching tragedies from beneath that were growing shabby. It was a greater mystery than ever as to how the other half lived, and as savings and economies were used, the situation of large numbers became desperate. A young man working with one of the departments of the Comité National, one day, in the midst of his labours for the very organism that was directing the feeding of the country, fell in a faint from lack of food—a condition he was too proud to confess to those who so gladly would have helped him; he was of that class who were ashamed to go into the soup line. I recall a pathetic picture drawn for me by an employé of a large company. The clerks all brought their lunches to the office to eat at noon, and they had been used to eat there in company; little by little, one after another of the clerks withdrew at noon, and ate his luncheon alone—it was too meager to be displayed to the others. To meet this most delicate situation, two charities were

organized, both affiliated with the Comité National, but receiving private donations as well; the one of them was known as *Les Pauvres Honteux,* the other as *L'Assistance Discrète,"* whose motto was *"Donne, et tais toi."* Many persons who had never known want, and many too proud to expose their condition to the world, would have perished had it not been for that society, so marvellously organized.

What they gave was given discreetly; no one ever knew.

The food imported by the C.R.B.—the "Cey Air Bay" as the Belgians pronounced it—was delivered to the C.N. and by the C.N. through its provincial and communal committees, sold to the communes; and if the communes had not the means to buy it, the C.N. loaned them the money to do so. The communes sold the food through communal stores, and to the poor who had no money they gave food gratis, either in rations, or at the *soupes communales.* Those who had money, therefore, had to buy their food as in ordinary times, and they had to pay a profit which paid for the food consumed by the poor. Naturally there were always certain delicacies of indigenous production, which the rich could procure by paying large prices, and there were certain articles that were imported from Holland; and so, after all, it was the poor, who were at a disadvantage, and, as usual, suffered in the end.

LXVIII

IN THE CHATEAUX

Brussels, as I have so often said, had changed; from the gayest it had become the dullest, saddest city imaginable. The Quartier Léopold was as though deserted, and the boulevard and the avenue were no longer bright with the daily promenade. Men walked there, it is true, at noon, for the exercise, or to pick up a bit of gossip—if possible some good news, some hope—and in the afternoon the avenue took on something of its old air; but it could never be happy any more. I went walking there one day with a friend; we had agreed not to mention the war, but we had hardly gone a block when a woman in new deep mourning, coming out of a house, met some friends and ran toward them crying:

"Mon fils est mort!"

They were always receiving such news; it was almost the only news they could receive.

I have spoken of dining out, but I should not like thereby to give the impression that there was anything like social gaiety. Brussels was in mourning, and it was only occasionally that a few friends were asked to dinner, and then most informally. Evening dress was laid aside for the war, and by some tacit, common understanding men paid deference to conventions only by donning dinner-jackets, even when ladies were present. The great houses were closed, and when one went to see one's friends those houses always gave the effect of closed shutters and drawn blinds. The women had spon-

taneously laid aside jewels and colours; they were always in black, and most of them, ere long in deep mourning. Many persons, indeed, made strange vows—to wear black, not to drink any wine, to impose this or that little personal sacrifice, until the war should end. Perhaps some could make such vows because of a belief that the war would not, could not, last very long; it may have been because they could not endure the thought of it lasting very long. And, of course, the want of food, the restrictions imposed, and what amounted to rationing, imposed an economy, so that in general dinners were of the simplest; and finally dinners were almost never given, for it was too difficult to go about at night—there were only a few sorry old *fiacres* left in all Brussels. Then the few who entertained their friends at all—and most of the houses were closed—asked them to what they called a *"déjeuner de guerre."*

To appreciate the contrast wrought by all the changes of the war, one must have known Brussels in the days before the war. In the population there was a fine joviality, that joyousness that came down from the days when Rubens and Jordaens and Teniers were painting *la vie plantureuse* of Flanders. This same gaiety was reflected, in more refined forms, in the lives of the upper classes. At dinner nine or ten wines were served, one with each course, not to be drunk but to be tasted; *déguster.* The guests would take pride in guessing at the year of the wine, merely by inhaling the bouquet; it was none of your vulgar champagne, which the *nouveaux riches* "open," as they say, but rare old *Bourgogne.* Men were proud of their *caves;* it had been a custom in Belgium, when a child was born, to lay away a barrel or several barrels of the vintage of that year;

it would be left to mellow through the years, and not be decanted, until the child came of age—or perhaps not until her wedding day, if the child were a girl; then the wine would crown the feast. The *caves* were handed down in families. I recall a dinner in a château down in Hainaut, where the guests were tasting with the leisurely, appraising motions of the connoisseur, whose sense of taste had been artistically developed, as the sense of hearing is developed to music or the sense of sight to painting. One of the guests seemed to remember that peculiar vintage—it was of some famous year—and spoke of it with the fear that not much more of it could remain.

"Alas," replied the master of the house, "not much," and then turning to the butler he said:

"Charles, combien nous reste-t-il de ce vin?"

"Malheureusement, Monsieur," replied the butler, *"il ne nous reste que dix huit mille bouteilles."*

A rich man at Brussels brought a suit against the tramway company because its trams in rumbling by his house, he said, troubled the slumber of his *Bourgognes,* and unsettled them.

The German soldiers, of course, when they came into Belgium did not allow these joys to go untasted; they did not *déguster* the *Bourgognes,* they guzzled them, and when it happened to be a new wine, the Belgians relished the illness and the pain it caused them.

The Germans emptied the cellars of M. Hubert, the Belgian Minister of Industry and Labor, when they occupied his château d'Ircholwelz-les-Ath.

In one day four hundred German soldiers consumed the contents of forty-six hundred bottles of wine; they then mixed the other wines in barrels and shipped them

to Germany. The Belgians enjoy telling stories of the fearful concoctions German officers made by mixing various wines and then guzzling them in their formidable drinking bouts. There were always tales of such scenes; and tales, too, of *caves* that had been bricked up. I know of a man whose house was occupied by an Oberkommandant. The house had a cellar renowned throughout the whole of the province, and the neighbours saw German soldiers going out from it day after day bearing bottles. The man complained to the Oberkommandant who, ordering a few hundred bottles of *vin ordinaire* set out for his own use, sealed up the *cave*. But the temptation was too great and, no doubt in his capacity of superman, he broke his own seals, and the loot of the *cave* continued until a protest was made to General von Bissing, who reprimanded the Oberkommandant.

The dinners during the war were always sober functions, and afterwards, before the fire in the *fumoir*, while the ladies were knitting those things that ladies were always knitting in the early stages of the war, the talk was inevitably of the conflict—usually speculation as to how long it would last. Every one would give his opinion, speak of Kitchener's dreadful prophecy that it would last three years—they were all bitter against Kitchener for saying such a thing—or of the spring drive of the English. Then they would go over all the gossip of the day.

"The German Governor at Ghent has ordered the town to change all the street signs from French to German, at a cost to the city of seven thousand francs!"

"Dear me!"

"And von Bissing is out with a new 'law' that pro-

vides that any business found to be adverse to the interests of Germany will be taken over by the Germans."

"And it is *défendu* to sing or to play the 'Marseillaise'—two years' imprisonment!"

"Then may one whistle it?" said the witty Baron, and they would try to laugh.

"And did you know that Reseis—(the Baron Reseis was the Italian Chargé—went to German headquarters and demanded an interview with von der Lancken, and was refused?"

"That means that Italy is going to declare war!"

"And Roumania is going to enter the dance, because Mitilineu—(The Roumanian Chargé)—has received orders to hold himself in readiness."

A French paper, or a copy of *la Revue des Deux Mondes,* was a godsend. Any one with a bit of news, or even a rumour, was welcome; and any one with a piece of good news, in a town and time when good news never came, or never stayed long if it did come, was assured of a popularity all evening long. And any one from the country was welcome because that meant new incidents, for it was in the country, in lonely châteaux where German officers quartered themselves, that *la mentalité allemande* was best exemplified. I knew a charming old dowager whom no German general could daunt. One of them with his staff came to lodge in her château; they remained several weeks and when they left the General asked the *maître d'hôtel* to request the *Douairière* to be good enough to receive him for a moment. The old *grande dame* in her white hair came slowly down the stairs, and, pausing at the bottom, stood there with folded hands, and in her mild voice asked what he wished of her. The General said that during

their stay there they had been so kindly treated that he wished to thank her for himself and for his staff. The old lady looked at him a moment and then said calmly:

"Vous n'avez pas à me remercier; je ne vous avais pas invité."

Madame W——, having been at her château near Mons with her husband, who was ill, on her return to town told this story: The Germans came in numbers to be quartered in the château; she protested and said that her husband was very ill and confined to his bed with heart disease—his brother had dropped dead from the same cause in the summer, and W—— himself did not know that the land had been invaded. She was ready to let the Germans lodge in her house, but she asked that they respect her husband's apartments. The officer said that it would be necessary to examine W——. Then she asked to be allowed to inform him gently and to prepare him for the ordeal, so that he would not suffer from the effects, but no; a military doctor with a squad of soldiers tramped heavily down the corridor, burst open the door of the sick-room; the doctor threw back the bed clothes, opened poor W——'s shirt, clapped a stethoscope over his heart, listened, and exclaimed *"Ganz schlecht! Ganz schlecht!"*

One of the B——'s had received a visit at his château from the Germans, headed by Prince H——. The soldiers were ransacking the palace, and the Prince told her to place the *objets d'art* that she held most dear in a certain cabinet and that thus they would be safe. She did this, and when she had finished, having selected the articles she prized most, they bore the cabinet away with all its contents!

Madame Q—— described to me the pillaging of

her château; the whole place was in a shocking condition, bestial outrages had been committed, the piano scribbled over with chalk—*Deutschland über alles,* besides phrases that one does not repeat. And S—— told me similar incidents that had happened to his château near Tervueren. It had been occupied from the beginning; 60,000 bottles of wine had been taken, and those that they—the Germans; when one says "they" in Belgium it means the Germans—could not drink they had broken and emptied of their wine. He had spoken of the fear of the soldiers, how they would skulk behind trees with guns, fearing to enter the houses, and how at night they would not go out nor sleep in rooms alone, so that when his brother said:

"Are you not afraid to go to sleep at night?" he could answer:

"No, that is the safest time; they are afraid to go out at night."

Mme. R—— had been ordered to be in her château in the country on a certain day to receive a visit from the Governor General, who was looking for a house for the summer; the poor woman was afraid to go and more afraid not to go. She had been to the Pass-Zentrale to secure permission to go to Holland, and there had talked with Major von der M——, who said that the German officers whom she had known before the war complained that she did not notice them or recognize them in the streets, and then he asked her why it was that the German officers were not liked in Brussels!

To be seen speaking to a German was enough to send a Belgian to Coventry; and when officers went along the boulevards in their striking colours, and their grey cloaks bellying in the wind, those who passed them affected

not to see. The Nonce was obliged to insert in *la Belgique,* perhaps the principal of the subsidized newspapers that had come into existence—*journaux embochés,* the Belgians called them—a note officially denying that he had given a dinner to the German authorities at the Nonciature.[1]

The attitude of the Belgians conveyed in itself a reproach under which the Germans seemed to smart. With their war at that time "fresh and joyous," they did not like the assumption of mourning, the absence of all life and gaiety. They displayed, as a nation, every one of the characteristics of the parvenu; they had expected not only to impress, but to astonish and dumbfound the world when they overran it—expected to be the objects of gaping wonder and awe; and it piqued them to find themselves rated pretty generally at their real merit.

The theatres were all closed and declined to open; Belgian actors refused to appear; Belgian singers would not sing; Belgian playwrights would not permit the

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[1] "Depuis quelque temps circulent dans le public et dans la presse certains bruits tendancieux relativement à l'attitude de la Nonciature en Belgique vis-à-vis de l'autorité occupante.

"On prétend, entre autres, que le Nonce aurait donné un dîner aux autorités allemandes, et cela à l'Hôtel de la Nonciature.

"La Nonciature Apostolique tient à opposer à cette nouvelle le démenti le plus formel."

"For some time there have been circulating among the people and in the Press certain rumours relating to the attitude of the Nonciature in Belgium toward the occupying authority.

"They say, among other things, that the Nuncio has given a dinner to the German authorities, and that in the house itself of the Nonciature.

"The Apostolic Nonciature categorically denies this rumour."

presentation of their plays. The usual carnival at Mardi Gras, with the great mask-ball at the royal theatre of la Monnaie, had been forbidden by the city authorities; la Monnaie had been dark all winter long. Then one day, among the usual rumours, there was one to the effect that a concert was to be given at the Opera; it proved to be true, and a few days later great posters were on the walls announcing it. Artists were coming from Germany, with an orchestra and a chorus, 350 persons in all; they were to give the "Leonora" overture and an act from *Die Meistersinger*. And Brussels loved music so! The question was, would any one go?

The day came, and the town was in excitement. There was even a rumour that the German Kaiser was to be in the royal box. But by universal tacit consent it was made a point of honour not to go, a sign of patriotism—that touching patriotism that was mounting in intensified resistance. It was said that the only Belgian who would be present was an old functionary of the Monnaie, who for nearly forty years had been at the door, and knew every one in Brussels. He was the only one of all the employees who would consent to work that night, and he would make a report afterwards on the attendance. I was walking back from Devreese's studio. The red sun, sinking behind the city, reminded me that we had German time, and that the sun was setting an hour too soon; I would have time to take a turn down by the Monnaie. I went through the narrow, twisting streets, idling along, feeling as I always did the charm of the old city. Crowds were gathered, and finally, at the Rue du Fossé aux Loups, turning into the Rue Léopold, three policemen stopped me.

The street was barred, and a cordon of soldiers was

around the theatre; I had to make a détour. The Rue Neuve was impassable, so great was the crowd; I had to go down then to the Boulevard Anspach and around that way. Everywhere there were the immense crowds waiting, not to go to the concert, but to see who did go! The atmosphere seemed charged with trouble. But then the Germans seemed to like trouble. . . .

At times it seemed as if one could no longer endure it, that one must get out of the suffocating atmosphere. As I passed the Park, the gates of which were barred and locked, with sentinels on guard, a bird was singing in the twilight, like the darkling thrush in Mr. Thomas Hardy's poem:

> So little cause for carolling
> Of such ecstatic sound
> Was written on terrestrial things
> Afar or nigh around,
> That I could think there trembled through
> His happy good-night air
> Some blessed hope, whereof he knew
> And I was unaware.

I went on around by the Palace and past the Ministry of Industry, where von der Lancken had the enormous German imperial flag with the black eagle floating from the staff over his window, and in the sunset there were thousands and thousands of starlings, a great aërial army of them, spread out like an enormous fan; they rose and fell in graceful manœuvres, and whirred and turned round and round over the Parc. I was glad that there were no sentinels for the starlings; they could fly up and away. . . .

They were the only beings who could fly away, though there were always stories of boys and men who had

succeeded in crossing the frontier, and stories of boys and men who had been shot by sentinels or killed by the highly charged electric wires in trying to do so. Every mother in Brussels with a son growing up was dreading the day when he would be big enough to serve, dreading the night when he would go away. Besides these lads, whose patriotism was so beautiful, there were soldiers of other armies; after the battles of August near Mons, hundreds of English and French soldiers were left behind in the retreat, and all winter they hid in the woods, enduring untold miseries, and now they were escaping too; one man was said to have shown two hundred the way across the frontier into Holland.

There was another movement, coming in the opposite direction, groups of men in utter misery—the Belgian civilian prisoners who, having been sent to prison camps in Germany during the atrocities, were now being sent back. They came, pale and spectral figures, wasted beyond recognition, having subsisted in those German camps on beet soup—tatterdemalions in the rags of the summer garments they had worn when they were herded into cattle-cars for their exile in that terrible August, and, as a last indignity, with one side of their faces shaven, the other heavily bearded.

LXIX

VEXATIONS

There was but one Belgian at the concert at the Monnaie that evening, though there were enough Germans then in town to fill the theatre; and if the Kaiser was not present the Governor-General was there to represent him, surrounded by a brilliant staff, and all the boxes were filled with officers. Le Jeune, the barber, who had an all-wise air of knowing everything, confided to me that they had committed all kinds of indecencies; and though in this, of course, he was mistaken, he did represent the attitude of his class toward the auditors of that music, which a year before all Brussels would have crowded to hear. The one Belgian who was present was a professor—curiously enough of moral philosophy, a great lover of music, who had perhaps forgetfully gone that night, and the day after paid for his thoughtlessness, if it were that, by having his position in a school instantly taken from him by the directors.

It was about that time that M. Lemonnier, the acting Burgomaster, was having some of that trouble which was so constantly his in the hard position he had to fill. He filled it gallantly, simply and well, even if there were always many to criticize—those, numerous in all human agglomerations, who feel themselves better qualified to discharge public functions than those invested with them. It was difficult enough of itself to be the successor of M. Max, whose popularity grew each day of

his absence, and at the same time successfully to resist the incessant encroachments of the Germans and to assure the continuance of that independent communal life which was the pride of every Belgian. But M. Lemonnier bore that unequal burden patiently and bravely—bore it for two years and a half, until, broken in health, he too joined that patriotic colony in German prisons.

The trouble M. Lemonnier was having just then had no relation to the concert; it concerned the Belgian *émigrés*. The German authorities had imposed a special tax on all the Belgian citizens who had left the country, and the college of échevins had protested against the measure. There was always in Belgium much talk and some criticism of those who had gone to England—the *francs-fileurs,* some one called them. The Governor-General had just issued an order that they were to return or be heavily taxed.

The Germans, of course, would not yield, and had ordered the Burgomaster to prepare and to deliver to them a list of all the absent, which he had refused to do.[1]

[1]The Burgomaster's letter, refusing to give the names of the absent:

City of Brussels, Office of the Mayor, U.2005.

Brussels, March 10th, 1915.

Monsieur le Directeur,

By its letter of January 29th, 1915, the College of Aldermen of Brussels, in agreement with the Common Council and the administrations of the surrounding towns, protested to the German Governor-General against the establishment of a tax on the absent.

The German authorities replied to this protestation on the 20th of February by a letter which has not convinced us.

We continue to believe that such a law is against the law of Belgium and the Hague Convention and the agreements made with the City of Brussels and the provinces.

Then too, the question of the salute to be given by the policemen to the German officers had come up again. In ordinary times the Belgian policemen do not salute anybody except their own superior officers, not even the Burgomaster, though during the occupation they always saluted the American flag when it passed by. On the demand of the German authorities, as will be remembered, instructions had been given to them to salute Ger-

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If taxes are deemed necessary to furnish means for the administration of the territory, Article 48 of the Hague Convention stipulates that the occupying power must impose them as much as possible according to the rules of assessment and the existing apportionment.

It does not appear to us that the German authorities have been so situated that they could not understand the existing rules of taxation and apportionment which apply to them.

If, on the other hand, this tax is a measure of obstinacy, having for its object the punishment of Belgian citizens who went away, which they had the undeniable right to do, it is a restraint upon individual liberty, and we can not coöperate in its execution.

And, moreover, since this concerns a tax on the STATE, we consider that it does not come within the province of the CITIES to participate in the negotiations relative to its collection.

Under these circumstances we regret that we are not able to assist in the preparation of the lists, of which we return to you the blank forms.

This letter is addressed in the name of the districts making up the City of Brussels.

Please accept, Monsieur le Directeur, the assurance of our high consideration.

MAURICE LEMONNIER,
Alderman, Acting Burgomaster.

A Monsieur Maurice Maloens,
Directeur des Contributions,
Entrepôt de Bruxelles.

man officers, but the Germans complained that when they did salute, they did not salute properly—the hand was not held in the correct position, or something of the sort; the policemen did not understand the technique of the matter at all.

Life indeed was made up of such vexations, whether one was Burgomaster or *agent de police* or minister, and if one were minister one could scarcely go to see a friend without being called out from one *salon,* where, there was a discussion of the troubles of the day before or those that were anticipated for the morrow, into another to hear the latest trouble of that very moment. It was usually some one who had just been arrested, and sought aid before he could be taken off to Germany. Perhaps it was a banker, as in the case of M. Goldschmidt, who was sent away without trial or any judgment—other than that the secret police pronounced before they seized him; or perhaps it was only the boy from Dinant who had his foot shot off during the horrors there, and had been arrested for telling what he had seen.

There was little, and in most cases nothing, that one could do, but in the endless succession of tragedies there was a constant call on the sympathy that I should like to think was not often failing. There were always delicate ladies whose country homes had been occupied; their stories were chiefly a repetition of the same boorishness or nastiness, but there was one about that time whose husband had been arrested by the Germans for some petty offense, and taken away; after many days of ignorance and uncertainty, they reported to her that he had committed suicide in prison, which she did not believe, but suspected a darker tragedy.

There was, too, the Chevalier von Z—— standing there in the hall one morning, just released from the Kommandantur, where he had served a six weeks' sentence for having written letters to some one at Havre. He had come to thank me for the effort I had made in conjunction with Villalobar to have him released. The poor little Chevalier was much shaken by his experience, and he had had, from all accounts, a terrible time. He was confined in a room where there were no comforts or conveniences, with all sorts and conditions of men, many of them with loathsome diseases. After some weeks of this he complained, and was then confined with those who had what are called "nervous diseases" which he said meant that they were half mad; and that was even worse, so that he nearly went mad himself.

"Et tout çà," he said, *"pour une bêtise."*

I was very sorry for the poor little fellow. The Kommandantur was a terrible place, and long years will not suffice to assemble and recount all its horrors and injustices; some of them indeed will never be told, but be lost in that dark oblivion where it sent so many scores and hundreds of its victims.

LXX

THE RAVITAILLEMENT

It would be an ungrateful task, savouring no doubt of querulousness, to attempt to recount all the difficulties and all the obstacles that the great work of relief encountered, then and always, for the trouble was never at an end; no sooner was one problem solved, one difficulty overcome, one complication untangled, than a new one promptly took its place. It could not, of course, in the nature of things, have been otherwise. To attempt to rear such a structure when the world was in chaos all around, with all its machinery and all its functions quite broken down, was a piece of temerity that no one but a set of God's own fools would ever have undertaken, and the atmosphere then prevailing in the world, the hatred, the suspicion that had darkened men's minds everywhere, produced such effects as would have made any others despair. Captain Lucey, as I have said, was the first director of the C. R. B. after its more formal organization. He had accepted the position with some reluctance, for his own affairs at home, neglected while he had been working so untiringly at Rotterdam, were calling to him to return to America, but at the insistence of Mr. Hoover and of myself—Captain Lucey and I found that we had many old friends in common in Ohio—he consented to remain long enough to effect an organization.

The morning when he at last consented to make this additional sacrifice remains very vivid in my memory,

not only because of the strong personality of Captain Lucey himself, but because of what I could be proud of as his American way of going at the task.

"Very well," he said, rising to his splendid height of six feet. "I'm going now; one week from to-morrow I shall return and report to you that the organization is accomplished."

Comforting words, after all the difficulties and endless debates! The Captain went and I did not see him for a week. He cut all the tangled knots at once, and on the day and at the hour he had named, he returned, and said:

"I've come to report that the organization is complete; will you come and look it over?"

Captain Lucey had installed the organization of the C. R. B. in its offices in the Rue des Colonies; it might have been the general offices of a transcontinental railway, with its departments, and sub-departments, its directors, and chiefs, and corps of clerks; it had the aspect of American corporate organization in most ways. Captain Lucey laid the foundations of what became an almost perfect organization, and, setting the machinery at work, went back, to our great regret, to America. He was succeeded by Mr. A. N. Connett, another one of those splendid executives whom Mr. Hoover seemed to have a genius for discovering.

The new Govenor-General had not only reaffirmed all the assurances given by von der Goltz Pasha, but when Baron von der Lancken returned from a visit to Berlin he brought welcome news. On the day of his return he told me that the Governor-General would enlarge the assurances given by his predecessor. Not only would none of the imported foodstuffs be seized, but no

foodstuffs of any kind that would have to be replaced by imports would be requisitioned, even for their horses and cattle. The Governor-General had already issued orders to that effect; he was ready to put it all in writing for us, and the Baron concluded, spreading his hands wide in a gesture that seemed to offer every facility:

"You may establish any sort of control you desire."

I said, of course, that the word of the Governor-General would be sufficient, without any written engagement.

The new assurances came at a fortunate moment, for there was criticism of the work outside, and constantly reiterated statements that the Germans were seizing all the food brought in, and that the work ought to be stopped. Over in London, as the telegraph was constantly informing us, Mr. Hoover was having as great difficulties as we were in Brussels. There were those who thought that it was inexpedient to feed the starving Belgians, because if they were allowed to go hungry long enough they would revolt against the Germans, and they were saying that it was an unneutral act on America's part to feed them, since by so doing we were rendering a service to Germany, not only by removing the danger of Belgian revolt, but by relieving Germany of the responsibility imposed by the Conventions of The Hague.

If the Germans considered the relief work as in any wise an aid or comfort to them, they never said so; in fact they, or many of them, seemed to hold to the view that in some way it was a great favour to the Americans to let them do the work at all.

The Germans were already beginning to show feeling against the Americans; they resented the selling of mu-

nitions by Americans, which they always insisted upon representing as the sale of munitions by America; and they did not hesitate to bring up the subject with almost any American they met, although none of the Americans in Belgium then were, so far as I know, manufacturing any munitions. If this feeling against the Americans was not allowed to show itself in the attitude of the diplomats, it was shown by others to the delegates of the C. R. B.; if they were not treated as spies, they were often made to feel that they were suspected of being spies, or at least potential spies. The German officers with whom they were oftenest brought into contact seemed not to understand or not to appreciate the work America was doing; perhaps it was because they had an obscure feeling that somewhere in the vast scheme there was involved a certain reflection on them, some vague reproach, though the Americans, in their carefully guarded neutrality, tried to let no such sentiment appear. Mr. Hoover himself, in one of those visits he made to Belgium, went to see the Governor-General himself, and came away outraged in feeling, threatening to withdraw from the work and to leave the onus on the Germans. That interview concerned passports—it was before the question was settled—and about the same time he had an interview with a certain Captain of the Pass Zentrale, who said to him, point blank:

"What do you Americans get out of this, I should like to know?"

Mr. Hoover looked at him an instant, and his eyes flashed, but he said only this:

"It is absolutely impossible for you Germans to understand that one does anything with pure, disinterested,

humanitarian motives, so I shall not attempt to explain it to you."

There was nothing to be done, of course, but to try to realize somehow, and if possible to ignore, the vast gulf that yawned between two irreconcilable points of view, two antipathetic attitudes toward life, and to keep on with the work of feeding the Belgians.

The control which the Governor General had so generously offered to permit us to establish as we pleased was to be exercised by the delegates of the C. R. B., who, under the original theory, were delegates of the American Minister for that purpose, but they could not make their inspections without the *passierscheins* necessary to enable them to travel about.

The trouble about the *passierscheins* seemed likely never to end, and one of the men of the C. R. B., having occasion to meet the Governor-General, took advantage of the opportunity to raise the subject, saying that the passes given them were often disregarded. The old General pooh-poohed the idea, said it could not be possible; his *passierscheins* must be and were respected.

"Very well," said the American, "I am going to Bergen-op-Zoom to-morrow; if Your Excellency would send a man with me to see."

His Excellency would be glad to do so, of course, and the learned Herr Doktor P—— was detailed to go in civilian clothes. The American and the Herr Doktor were furnished with the latest thing in passports, and near the frontier they were promptly halted by soldiers, who ordered them out of the car, and began to search it. The Herr Doktor protested, showed the *passierschein,* but the officer only said:

"Halt dein' Mund!"

The Herr Doktor protested more strongly, and told the officer in more explicit detail who he was, but the only effect of this was to cause the officer to strike the Herr Doktor in the face with his fist. Then the Herr Doktor was arrested, and when at the Kommandantur he began once more those explanations, the officer in charge there shouted:

"Heraus!"

The Herr Doktor was sent into Antwerp, where after more explanations and more insults he was finally forwarded to Brussels, where at last he was not compelled to hold his mouth. The authorities threatened all kinds of courts martial and punishments. I never heard whether the courts martial were held or not, or what was done to the truculent officers, but things did go better after this illuminating if trying experience of the poor Herr Doktor. Every one in the C. R. B. was ultimately provided with great passes of the Governor-General himself—"G-G's" they were called, and they were much sought after for the sedative effect they exercised on sentinels.

Ere long we learned that it was not enough to feed the Belgians; the French in the invaded portions of their own land were in a condition worse than that of the Belgians. One day a gentleman dressed in black, with white hair and a squarely trimmed grey beard, came to the Legation to tell me of their pitiable condition. The gentleman was M. Louis Guerin, a prominent citizen of Lille. He sat there at my table with a dignified sadness in his face, speaking with sympathy of the sorrows of his people, and now and then leaning forward in his eagerness to aid them; they were near starvation in his city. Could we help them to obtain food?

It seemed impossible; the task of feeding Belgium was almost beyond human power, and that work seemed to be hanging by very slender threads, with almost insuperable difficulties surrounding it. Even the C. R. B. could not follow in the wake of the German army as it passed over the earth, and victual the citizens left behind it! And yet—there was this dignified, saddened gentleman, pleading for his people! I could promise no more just then than to discuss the question with the others, and I advised him to see the Marquis and M. Francqui and Mr. Connett, of the C. R. B. I spoke to them all myself and they all, of course, were most sympathetic, but the problem seemed at first insuperable.

M. Guerin returned to Brussels, later, accompanied by two citizens from Lille, and with M. Francqui, Mr. Connett and me, discussed the situation again, and he enlisted the sympathy of Villalobar, who was charged with French interests. We discussed it in all its difficult phases; it demanded not only a new series of guarantees from the Germans, not from the Governor-General this time, for his jurisdiction did not extend down into the north of France; that was the *Operationsgebiet,* where the *Hauptquartier General,* the great general staff, ruled supreme; it demanded new assents from the British Government, and the money to buy the food, and the machinery to distribute it. Mr. Hoover was already interested, and while we were at our discussions there came a telegram from him saying that "certain charitably inclined persons" were ready to assure the *ravitaillement* of northern France. M. Francqui and Mr. Heineman came, and again we discussed it, M. Francqui with that optimism of his which always kept our spirits up, saying that now that the funds were

forthcoming it would be mere child's play, *"simple comme un jeu d'enfant,"* to extend the work of the organization to northern France under Mr. Connett.

There were numerous discussions of the subject there at the Legation, and around the long green table at the Société Générale, where the National Committee met, and in the pretty little Ministère de l'Industrie et du Travail, at the corner of the Rue Lambermont and the Rue Ducale, overlooking the Park, where the Politische Abteilung was just installing itself. It had just then succeeded in detaching itself from the Zivilverwaltung and in setting up as an independent department and governmental entity, no longer responsible to any Zivilverwaltungschef or Excellenz whatsoever, save Excellenz von Bissing, and no longer subject to external influence of Geheimraths, Herr Professors and Doktors. One morning while it was leaving the Ministry of Agriculture to settle itself more comfortably and more permanently in the Ministry of Industry, Villalobar and I were in the old Ministry which they were just leaving, and while Villalobar was talking to some one I wandered over to the end of the room and looked at some rather fine English prints that were there on the walls, and Villalobar said.

"Are you taking a look around before the general *déménagement?*"

"I am admiring the English prints," I said, though it was not diplomatic to admire anything English, and then one of the German officers said, rather bitterly:

"If we were the barbarians they say we are, I should take them away with me."

The Ministry of Industry is an old residence, built in the middle of the last century, in that broad and elegant

style then in vogue, with wide, hospitable doors and large windows, its smooth walls coloured a cream white. It occupies a corner of the great grounds around the Palais des Académies, and it has a little courtyard with verandas enclosed in glass.

The charming old house, in the days of its first occupant, had been the scene of a tragedy, some long-forgotten suicide, and later it became the residence of the Belgian Minister of Industry, in turn to be taken over by such strange, uninvited guests. In the bright little Louis XVI *salon,* done in yellow satin, we were destined to hold numerous sessions, and to watch through the broad windows the seasons work their miraculous changes in the park across the way, without changing the sad condition of the world.

The discussions in that yellow *salon* were not facile. One had the persistent impression that the representatives of Germany had been moved to study Machiavelli as a text-book, and that in any given exigency they paused and sought out from The Prince the maxim appropriate to the present moment and to the complication then in hand. Only it was not given quite the Latin touch of delicacy and spontaneity that Machiavelli would have his pupils give to their works.

One never went to see them with a complaint that they did not have a complaint also, a Roland for an Oliver, and this they would produce before one could advance his own.

When, for instance, I went, on second thought, to have the assurances lately given by the Governor-General made precise and reduced to writing, it was to learn that there was some difference of opinion as to just what those assurances were. The Governor-General had been

offended because Mr. Hoover had himself gone to Berlin, and hence was not disposed to give official recognition to the Commission for Relief; he recognized only the Comité National de Secours and the patronage of Villalobar and myself. Furthermore, he wished me to know that a ship called the *Aymeric,* flying the American flag, bound from New York to Rotterdam with a cargo of food for the *ravitaillement,* had put into a British port and there discharged arms and munitions, that the wife and daughter of our Consul-General at Brussels, Mr. Watts, had made statements against the Germans, in consequence of which Mr. Watts, just then in Holland, would not be allowed to re-enter Belgium; and, as if this were not enough, that the Commission for Relief in Belgium cars were flying too many American flags in the faces of German soldiers.

Then it was charged that the steamship *Doria,* of the Commission for Relief, *en route* from Halifax to Rotterdam, had debarked arms and ammunition in England. Also the steamship *Calcutta,* likewise from Halifax to Rotterdam, had stopped at an English port and there discharged arms and munitions. These were a few of the obstacles in the way of a precision of the new guarantees. I had the conviction even then that these reports were all erroneous, but I assured Lancken that my Government would make an investigation, and observed that it would be easier to feed a lamb confined in a cage with a lion and a tiger, than to try to feed the Belgians with the Germans and the English supervising the task. I told Lancken also that I should not be surprised at any moment to hear that the English had stopped the *ravitaillement* altogether. "Why?" I was asked.

"Because," I said, and I put it bluntly, "because there

are those who say that it is your duty, under the Hague Conventions, to feed the Belgians, and that if you allow them to go hungry they will revolt and rise against you, and thus make your task all the harder."

The Baron raised his hands in horror:

"Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, quelle sauvagerie!"

I said no more, but left him with this thought to mull over.

In the end, however, the matter of feeding the north of France was arranged, very largely without our direct mediation. M. Guerin had been allowed to make the long journey around from Lille to Paris, and the *ravitaillement* for the north of France had been arranged. Mr. Hoover had been to Berlin and an agreement was secured directly with the General Staff, which as the ruling power in Germany could discuss questions with authority and settle them promptly. The details were arranged by the C. R. B. in its new international capacity of a treating power with a flag of its own, and it was to carry on the work alone.

The C. R. B., rapidly growing into the amazing institution it later became, almost the one international organization in working order left in the world, soon had its own flag flying on the seven seas, and Mr. Connett put this flag on the motors, and thereby settled one point of delicacy, though I was able to arrange that the American flag continue to fly on the provincial depots of the Commission.

And, despite all the difficulties, the food was coming in, and now and then some American, whom it was a pleasure and a comfort to see, came with it. One of those who brought us most cheer was Mr. William C. Edgar, of Minnesota, publisher of the *Bellman,* who

had brought over a ship load of provisions he had collected, and could tell stories of his perilous passage among the mines of the North Sea, and of the old skipper, nearly seventy years of age, who, after having turned over the navigation of the ship to the river pilot, came down into the cabin and poured out his glass of grog, lighted his pipe, and began to talk about his wife's vegetable garden, as if there was nothing in the world more exciting—quite worthy of Joseph Conrad.

Mr. Edgar made a tour through Belgium with Mr. Connett, saw Dinant and Tamines, and the crosses in the churchyard with the date of August 22nd, 1914, and went back home to do excellent service in the cause of the brave people who were only three weeks from starvation, and in the cause of liberty in the world.

And there was a noble woman, Dr. Caroline Hedger, of Chicago, who, with her secretary, Miss Hall, to aid her, did such heroic work among the poor, stamping out a typhoid plague in the village of Willebroeck, near Antwerp, and contributing so much to the saving of the babies. She had the usual difficulty of the times—the Germans at Antwerp thought that her charts showing the typhoid infection were some sort of cipher maps destined to the Allies.

"They are all abnormal," she said, speaking of the Germans. "In dealing with them I always remember that I am dealing with the insane; their suspicion kills me; I begin to feel like a criminal myself, and now I know how the neighbours feel when the police are after them."

She said it wistfully. "The neighbours!" I could see

all those poor in Chicago, among whom she had laboured so long and so devotedly.

There proved to be, as I had anticipated, no foundation for the belief that the Commission ships were carrying munitions; investigation soon cleared up that point; and the members of our Consul's family were duly exonerated of the charge of speaking against the Germans, whatever they may inwardly have felt, and Consul-General Watts could return to Brussels to resume the duties he so bravely and ably discharged in the midst of such trying circumstances.

The Commission even added another to the list of services it was rendering. Lace in Belgium means lace, "real" lace, as we have to say in lands where there are cheap imitations made by machinery; most of the real lace of the world was made in Belgium, and before the war Queen Elisabeth had interested herself in the plight of the lace-makers. They were Flemish women who worked at home in odd hours, each wearing out her eyes in repeating monotonously over and over the same design or part of a design—a single star, or a leaf. These parts of designs were collected and assembled by the patron who exploited these women. These *dentellières* made, perhaps, a franc a day, and when the war came on and no more thread could be obtained, and no lace could be shipped out, there were forty-four thousand lace-workers nearing starvation. The Queen was gone, and the ladies of the Committee Her Majesty had organized asked my wife to accept the Honorary Presidency; assurances were obtained from the Germans, the C. R. B. was authorized to import thread and to export the lace, and the industry was placed on a basis it had never

known before. It not only saved the lace-workers from their immediate plight, but it released them from their old thralldom to the patrons. The artists of Brussels, under the inspiration of the Comtesse Elisabeth d'Oultremont, the Vicomtesse de Beughem and Madame Josse Allard, who directed the large enterprise, made new designs, prettier than any lace known before, and each woman was allowed to make a whole piece—which meant emancipation. And not only were the *dentelliéres* given employment but, what was not less important in its ultimate result, a new æsthetic appreciation of this rare and beautiful art was created in America.

. . . Yes, the food was coming in, and that was all-sufficient. Down on the docks there were vast fleets of barges and lighters from Holland, and the Dutch and Flemish canal boats, aboard which whole families lived in the neat little cabins, with pretty curtains at the windows and children recklessly playing about the decks in the wooden shoes which one feared were ever going to send them floundering into the water, though by some grace they were preserved, and those charming little dogs—*"schipperkes,"* as the Flemish call them—"little skippers," who long ago lost their tails by sitting down on them so often on the decks of the canal boats. And there were the vast warehouses stacked high with bags of flour and boxes of bacon, condensed milk, even peanuts and candy, which American children had sent for the little Belgians, who had never heard of peanuts and did not know what to do with them. They found them almost as strange as their elders found the maize, as they always called our Indian corn, or as the cowboy who for a while was in charge of the docks, delighting them with his theatricals, as though he had come out

of Buffalo Bill's Wild West show, as perhaps he had.

Mr. Gifford Pinchot was coming to be director of the work in northern France. We had been expecting him for days, and one evening, wondering what had befallen him, I learned that he had arrived. Count Harrach came in, wearing his hussar uniform with the ribbon of the Iron Cross knotted on one of the frogs. He came on the part of the Governor-General, whose compliments he duly bore, to say that Mr. Pinchot had been detained at the frontier.

The Governor-General, as the Count had come to do me the honour to report, regretted that Mr. Pinchot could not come into Belgium because he was the brother-in-law of Sir Alan Johnstone, the British Minister at The Hague, and that while at The Hague he had been Sir Alan's guest at the Legation. I suddenly recalled this relationship. None of us had ever thought of it when Mr. Pinchot was proposed for the work in northern France. Under the circumstances, the Count said, we would of course appreciate General von Bissing's inability to permit Mr. Pinchot to come into Belgium and to travel at large over the country, but inasmuch as Dr. van Dyke had asked for the pass, and as it had been issued for Antwerp, the Governor-General had given orders that Mr. Pinchot should go to Antwerp, but that thence he should return at once to The Hague. I explained that Mr. Pinchot was a distinguished personality and a gentleman of irreproachable honour, but the Count said it was not a question of his personality or of his position; the German authorities had decided that he could not come here because of his relation to Sir Alan. There was nothing to be done whenever it was a question involving the English, and it was my unpleasant and

ungrateful task to inform Mr. Pinchot, in a note which I had to send through the German authorities, of the regrettable decision of the Governor-General. Thus we were deprived of the services of Mr. Pinchot, and the work of directing the distribution of the food in northern France was therefore devolved on Mr. Connett, the Director of the Commission.

LXXI

SPRING

The winter was over and spring had come, and, to adopt a phrase from that wonderful first paragraph of Tolstoy's "Resurrection," spring was spring, even in Belgium. In the Place de l'Industrie the young leaves were a vivid green, the soft buds were falling on the damp pavement. The flower market in the Grand' Place was once more blooming in its brilliant colours. Walking one morning in the Rue de la Paix I saw a pretty boy—he could not have been fifteen—playing a guitar; he played it loudly and triumphantly, and it was the prohibited "Marseillaise" that he played! Windows were flung up suddenly all along the street, there was delighted laughter and a clapping of hands, a sudden shower of coins on the sidewalk, and then all the windows were as suddenly closed. Along the Avenue Louise under the budding chestnut trees the whole population seemed to be taking deep inhalations of the spring air, basking in the sunlight after the dreary winter. German soldiers sat before the open cafés drinking beer as though they were quite at home, but the people went on their way calmly as though the soldiers did not exist, a way of sending them to Coventry—the only place, apparently, to which they could send them.

In the Bois people were rowing on the little lake, youths and maidens were courting, and children playing hide and seek behind the noble trees. In the Park old von Bissing, in his bluish-grey greatcoat, with the

broad white collar and the red reveres, the cap with the red band, and an enormous sabre clanking against his boots, accompanied by an *aide,* was taking the air, walking slowly, stiffly, like an automaton. The spring seemed to have affected him too; he was just out in a new *affiche* about the pigeons. In view of the excellent conduct—either of the Belgians or of the pigeons, we could not be quite sure—the pigeons might fly from three o'clock to six, but at that hour they must all be snugly in their coots once more. It was a fact, abundantly recognized by all, especially on sunny mornings, that the war could not last another winter; there were innumerable reasons, military, political, financial, dynastic, social, and hope was high; the Allies might arrive at any time!

It was impossible to resist the temptation of the fields, the wistful haze, the warm air, the sky without a cloud—without even the usual ugly German captive balloons—*saucissons,* they were called, because they looked like sausages—to mar it. Every one felt the need of movement, the longing to get away, but since the Brussels folk could not go far—there was always the lack of *passierscheins,* which spring itself, alas! could not amend—they would invade the Forêt in bands on Sundays, and explore all the lovely land toward Tervueren. A few friends and I even ventured out to Ravenstein for a round of golf; true, the course had not been kept up; the two English professionals were gone—Pannell in the British army and Kyte a prisoner at Ruhleben; the members were scattered, the grass was long, and few had the heart to play any more. But the old château was a peaceful place of an afternoon; the larks were soaring and singing again, and there were other songs, or one

afternoon there was another song, from across the fields toward Tervueren; a procession of children was winding along the road far in the hazy distance; their clear, sweet, childish voices came to us, borne on the breeze—in the strains of "La Brabançonne." And my Belgian companion turned away, biting his lip. . . .

To be sure, we of the legations were shamelessly privileged; we could motor where we would, as long as we stayed in the *Occupationsgebiet.* Villalobar frequently drove to Namur to inspect the château de Dave, belonging to his aunt, who had fled before the oncoming tide of war and was in Spain. And now and then I was called by some duty, or if not by duty, by some whim, to Dinant or Louvain or Mons, and the drives never lost their charm. Much of the country about Brussels showed no physical effect of the war, though one could never escape its presence, the grim fact of it, or rid one's self of the depressing preoccupation that all was not well with the world. And yet, there along the roads with their wayside shrines were still the cumbersome carts and the strange waggons with three wheels, though they had cows yoked to them; now and then a country doctor, who might have driven out of one of Balzac's novels of provincial life, was jogging along in his high gig; a sower was going forth to sow, his bag under his arm, casting the seed abroad with that long leisurely sweep of the arm—Millet might have painted him, as Jacques might have painted the flocks of sheep, the shepherds in their cloaks, with their crooks and their dogs.

Once under its influence one can never escape the spell of Belgium, or wish to do so. It is not only picturesque, but, a detail that picturesqueness in certain other lands too frequently lacks, it is clean; not a fallen

twig that is not picked up; the people are scrubbing and polishing all the time. The great Forêt de Soignes, which once had covered with its noble splendour all that land between the city and Tervueren, and south to Waterloo—the Park and the Bois in Brussels are remnants of it, and it remains in pristine glory there about Tervueren—had all the enchantment of the Forest of Arden, which was not, after all, so far away, and I recall a sunny day when there at the Eight Cross Roads we turned and went thence on through the woods, with their tender greens and blossoms, and their birds. Far off falling trunks crashed with a solemn boom. The wily peasants were surreptitiously felling the trees. We went on deeper into the woods of Tervueren, along an avenue of noble pines, low hanging and cool, like our woods in Michigan, and then out into a new clearing where whole acres of pines had been felled, a sad spectacle; it takes so long to produce a tree! The trunks lay in winrows on the ground, the air was laden with the odour of their balsam. The old Flemish woodsman, his hands black with resin, stood a moment to rest, leaning on the axe with which he had been lopping off the boughs, and he explained that the trees were being cut out at the order of the Germans. Where were they to go? He shook his wise old head.

Out of the woods, on a hill, below us and all around for miles the little fields in the harmonious tones of their green and red and brown lying like soft, rich carpets in the warm sun; suddenly, just over the horizon I saw a slender spire and four sails of a windmill turning lazily in the breeze, and recognized them instantly as the spire and the windmill we used to watch with endless interest and emotion in their peculiar charm from the terrace

of Bois Fleuri, that long-lost summer, Christminster, we used to call the unknown town lost in the mystery of the far horizon.

The patient peasants were tilling their fields; with what courage, with what faith! There was a strong, handsome peasant woman who might have come out of, or at least gone into, a novel by Mr. Thomas Hardy. She paused to talk with us, glad of an excuse to rest from her heavy toil. The brown men working with her in the fields paused too in their labour, and looked up, and beyond there were other peasants going homeward over the hill. . . . Then, at the risk of destroying another illusion, on through a sunken road, like the one at Ohain, with old, ancient, humble cots and wayside shrines, and so into Christminster just around the turn of the road. But for once the reality equalled the dream. We entered the pretty little village of Duysbourg, with its eighteenth-century church, its high town pump, and its bevy of curious children, and as we emerged again, old walls overhung with cherry boughs in bloom.

> Loveliest of trees, the cherry now,
> Is hung with blooms along the bough,
> And stands about the woodland ride,
> Wearing white for Eastertide.

The sun rays slanted across the fields, enveloping every roof and outline with an aura—a phenomenon the effect of which is enhanced by the moist atmosphere of the low countries. Just as one turned into Tervueren, in a dell below an old château is a stone grotto and a shrine within; three candles were burning there, three little pointed flames against the blackness of the grotto, and a girl was kneeling before it at her prayers. . . .

But at Tervueren there are again those grey figures who have ravished the lovely land, and well nigh ravished faith and hope out of the breast of man. A sentinel stops us, then waves us on again. A company of soldiers plodding in their clumsy boots, march into a flock of sheep and scatter them right and left in panic. Across the fields a squadron of Uhlans, the black-and-white pennants fluttering from their lances, gallop recklessly over the ground the peasants have just tilled, the peasants flying in terror before them.

Down a peaceful side road, half-way to Louvain, is the old château of Leefdael. There had been an engagement near there in August, 1914, Belgian *chasseurs* galloping along the road and over the fields, and a German hussar plunging his horse into a ditch and breaking his neck. The Germans pillaged the château and took *objets d'art,* everything, away, cut the old paintings out of their frames, carried off even the bed-clothing. There is a pretty chapel.

"Did they go in there?" I asked an old peasant.

"No, only one of the officers."

"And what did he do?"

"He said his prayers for half an hour."

The light fades from the fields. High over Brussels in the blurred sky two ugly captive balloons mark the place for the Zeppelins to return from their raids; and the sound of the cannonading comes from the distant front in France.

Occasionally we would go down to Mariemont to lunch with Raoul Warocqué, taking the road to Waterloo through the little villages, occupied by companies of the melancholy old men of the Landsturm; there were

always troops of children shouting *"Vive l'Amérique!"* and old peasants doffing their caps, or, if it happened to be a Sunday, processions of young girls in white frocks for their first communion.

The present château of Mariemont was built in the middle of the last century to replace the old, which, having been burned in 1794 during the French revolution, lies now in picturesque ruins in the great park. Charles V, Marie-Thérèse, Louis XIV, and other monarchs whose glories have departed were entertained there, but the park is given another aspect to-day, something of contemporaneity, by the great vase of Devreese, and statues by Rousseau, the Belgian, and by Rodin. A replica of "The Bourgeois of Calais" is there, and there are strange trophies of Warocqué's life in China, great Buddhas and temples, and in the château there are collections that give it the aspect of a museum. In those spring days of 1915 there were always, besides the grazing deer, German officers and German soldiers strolling about, entirely at home. The officers went frequently; they used to send an orderly to say what they wished for dinner, announce the number of uninvited guests, and insist on Warocqué making up bridge-parties in the evening.

Poor Warocqué! He did much for his country. His château was the local headquarters of the C. R. B.; Mr. Carstairs, the C. R. B. delegate, lived there, and the American flag floated from the staff until the German Kreischef objected. And in the midst of all his wealth, his collections, the finest library perhaps in Belgium, and all the trophies of his travels, Warocqué sickened, and the strain and sorrow of the war hastened him toward his end. He came, finally, to have only one wish, one

longing, and that was to live to see the King come back, and even that was not to be granted.

As one drove from Dinant, all along the road from Brussels to Namur and over all the fields were new barbed-wire entanglements and new trenches with little steel turrets, and German soldiers in the dirty grey uniforms, their guns slung over their backs, bending by the wayside picking buttercups! The steel turrets were the latest thing in trench warfare, it was said, and they were not altogether unpleasing to the natives, since they suggested the possibility of retreat, and gave rise to constant rumours that the Germans were about to fall back along the line of the Meuse. There were ruins, too, at Namur, especially in the Grand' Place, and Dinant was another and a worse Louvain. The charming little village was quite gone; the curious spire, something like a minaret, so familiar in the pictures of the town, had disappeared; and in the main quarter the poor people were digging among the ruins, pathetically hunting some souvenir of their broken lives, or, with a courage that was remarkable, perhaps trying to clear away the ruins in order to remake them. We drove on through the town, through the cleft of the Rocher Bayard, and on up the hill. The Meuse flowed below, and two little Walloon children stood staring at us. They were just like the children who were shot that terrible August evening near that very spot, on the shore of the river that flowed by so tranquilly. . . . Fortunately there was some candy to give them.

There are many inexplicable injustices under the sun, but none, to my mind, so inexplicable as innocent suffering, the cruelty inflicted on children and animals. I knew a man near Givet, a rocky wooded country beyond

Dinant, where many of the earlier atrocities were committed by the Germans! On the night of the twenty-third of August from his home he saw twenty-seven villages in flames, the flames of Dinant rising higher than any other in the sky, glowing red as from an inferno. And of all the civilians who were stood up against the walls to be shot not one asked for mercy. But yes—there was one; a little boy of twelve who, just as they placed him against the wall, began to whimper and to beg, piteously. . . . The bullets stilled his crying.

But nature, like man, though not quite so cruel—since there is impassivity, a kind of impersonality, in her cruelty, forgets. Already the ruins of Dinant had taken on an ancient and detached, almost a classic air, so that we viewed them with hardly more emotion than we viewed the ruins of the Abbaye de Villers, on the road homewards, a point for tourists before the war, when there were few other romantic ruins to see in busy Belgium.

German soldiers were guarding the ruins there in that gloomy ravine, lest some one remove them, perhaps—although they allowed us to wander about among the ruins and to try to decipher the inscriptions on the stone tablets, taken from the graves of the old abbots and the nobles who once were buried there. *Sauviter et Fortiter* and *Post Tenebra sperro lucem.* Ah yes; perhaps! The rooks cawed from the dripping mossy walls and flapped heavily over the high nave and transept that were open to the sky. And all this ruin was wrought in the name of democracy during the French revolution, as ruin is wrought to-day in the name of autocracy. Is the folly of the human race, after all, quite incorrigible? . . .

At tea that afternoon in the *salon* with its soft faded

colours and the grace and harmony of its Louis XIV furnishings, the Baroness was in her corner knitting; the little table at her elbow covered with *objets d'art,* with a photograph of the Queen and one of the boy who was on the Yser; L—— sits on the fender moodily smoking a cigarette; B——'s monocle seems so high in his pale face, and his wife lolls indolently in a *fauteuil.* The old Count d'O——, grown old and white in an abiding grief over the catastrophe of his country, sits and stares vaguely before him. There is the usual gossip, there are the usual stories of the latest German atrocities, of the latest exhibition of German taste, of *la mentalité allemande;* then the prospects of the Russian advance, speculation as to when the Allies will arrive, the dream of the day when the King will come back; something too about Kitchener, bitter reflections on Italy, who will not come into the war.

"Enfin!" sighs the Baroness wearily. Then a long silence. There is no more to be said, and for the feeling deep in all hearts, no expression. It is raining; the water drips dismally from the trees along the boulevard. There is no spring, after all. In the stillness of the universal depression the Baroness heaves a sigh and says:

"Mais, tout de même, ils sont diablement près de Paris."

LXXII

VIOLATIONS OF THE CONVENTION

April 8 was the birthday of King Albert.[1] There were extra guards placed to prevent any manifestation, and the display of the national colours was, of course, forbidden; there seemed to be nothing that his people could do to testify their love, their admiration—one might almost say their idolatry, for the most heroic figure, I suppose, in the modern world, and more heroic than most figures in the ancient world. But while he was down there in the little corner of his kingdom that remained to him, fighting to protect it, and not only it, but France and England and America and all others whose lives and liberty were equally involved—the dramatic anomaly of a king fighting for democracy—it was decided, no one knew how, that gentlemen were to wear high hats and walk on the boulevard that day, there being as yet no *verboten* to that effect. It was not a very good day for high hats; there were *giboulées,* a flash of sun one minute and rain, or hail, or snow, or perhaps all three, the next, but every man in Brussels who had a high hat wore it, and that honoured symbol of respectability received a new consecration.

It was about that time, though the two events had no relation, that the Germans took over the Red Cross. One afternoon, while the Red Cross officials, the Countess de

[1] The King's fête officially falls on November 15, but after the war the Belgian people began to celebrate in addition his birthday, April 8.

Mérode, the Prince de Ligne, and others appointed by King Albert, were holding a meeting, the Prince Hatzfeld suddenly appeared, and, on behalf of the Governor-General, notified them that they were removed from their posts, that the Governor-General proposed to take over the Red Cross himself and have it conducted by a delegate named by him, and that "at the disposition of this delegate there would be placed the armed forces." The Belgian delegates decided to make a written protest to von Bissing—very politely, of course, and to prepare a statement for the International Red Cross at Geneva. The protests were duly made and filed, but thereafter Prince Hatzfeld directed the Red Cross in Belgium.

This sensation occurred concurrently with another that created some excitement at German Headquarters. Cardinal Mercier had written a letter to the Bishop of Paris, which was published in the French newspapers—a letter excoriating some of the deeds of the Germans in Belgium; and when von Bissing read it, or heard of it, furious with rage, he dictated a terrible letter and, consulting no one, sent it out at once to Malines by a German chaplain. When Baron von der Lancken heard of this it seems that he at once went to von Bissing, told him he had made a mistake—that the Cardinal would find means of publishing the letter in the outside world, to the detriment of Germany. The wrath of the old Prussian had cooled somewhat and all afternoon they kept the road between Brussels and Malines hot with *aides* and orderlies trying to overtake the chaplain and to recover the imprudent letter before it could be delivered to the Cardinal. I asked at the Politische Abteilung the next morning whether the speeding almoner had reached

Malines in time, and with a droll expression of relief the Baron replied:

"Non; le ciel lui a envoyé une bonne panne en route, et nous avons pu l'attraper avant qu'il n'arrivât à Malines."

I do not know whether the state of the road between Brussels and Malines was responsible for the *bonne panne* or not; the roads in Belgium are not famous for their smoothness, since they are paved with stubborn Belgian blocks, and these had been displaced by the cannons that had been hauled over them for half a year. It was about this time that the German authorities ordered the city of Brussels to reconstruct the road from Malines to Brussels. The municipal authorities at once refused, saying that they had no power under the Belgian law to use the city's moneys for works outside the city's limits—which was, of course, incontestable, but that besides this objection there was another—namely, that the road would be used for military purposes by Belgium's enemies. After menacing Burgomaster Lemonnier with arrest and I know not what else besides, the German authorities imposed a fine of 500,000 marks on the city of Brussels. The authorities protested again on the ground that the Convention providing for the original levy on the city had stated that it was to be in lieu of all contributions.

The German authorities replied to this protest, defending themselves on the charge of having broken their promise not to levy any more contributions on the city of Brussels by saying that this was not strictly a contribution, but a "military necessity," and that while they recognized the fact that the municipality of Brussels had not the right to use the money of the city for the purpose

of building a road beyond the limits of the city, they would have to do so because people elsewhere in Belgium refused to work for the Germans—a *non sequitur* that may have served as well as any other excuse for what they wished to do.

It may have been something that they made any excuse at all, since it was the fourth time that the Germans had broken their original Convention. The theory, or the phrase, "military necessity," was invoked in any exigency, in the naïve confidence that it carried the same convincing weight with the rest of mankind that it did with Germans. When the German troops entered Brussels, the city and the communes of the agglomeration, as I have said, were summoned to pay, as a contribution of war, the sum of fifty millions of francs. This amount, after discussion with the municipal authorities, was reduced by the Germans to forty-five millions; and the twelfth of October a convention was drawn up, signed by the Military Governor in the name of the German authorities, and by the City of Brussels, in which it was stipulated: "The indemnity thus paid by Greater Brussels being forty-five millions of francs, it is understood that there will not be imposed, either directly or indirectly, any new contribution on the inhabitants of Greater Brussels. In case, however, that a criminal attempt should be made against the German troops there will be imposed on the communes of the agglomeration, in the territory where the attempt was committed, a contribution, or some other punishment.[2]

[2] "L'indemnité ainsi payée par l'agglomération bruxelloise étant de quarante cinq millions (45,000,000) de francs, il est entendu qu'il ne sera plus imposé, *ni directement ni indirectement*, de nouvelle contribution aux habitants de l'agglomération bruxelloise.

This Convention was negotiated between M. Lemonnier, the Acting Burgomaster of Brussels, and Herr von Schwabach, as the representative of the German authorities. In discussing the clause relative to the criminal attack, M. Lemonnier remarked to Herr von Schwabach that this clause should not be made to cover any deed of violence except one undertaken deliberately by a considerable portion of the population; that is to say, that if an insane person, or some assassin, should strike at a German soldier, it should not be considered as justifying the application of this clause. Herr von Schwabach stated that he was in accord with this view of the matter, that the clause meant an attack on German troops and nothing else. A few days after, however, in that same month of October, a German detective or policeman in civil attire tried to arrest a newsdealer, and, the newsdealer resisting, there was a scuffle. Two Brussels policemen ran to the scene and in the scramble the German detective was injured. Thereupon the two Belgian policemen, de Ryckers and Seghers, were arrested, tried before a German court martial behind closed doors without any one to defend them, and condemned, de Ryckers to five years' and Seghers to three years' imprisonment. The Military Governor, announcing this condemnation to the city authorities of Brussels, wrote that de Ryckers had been condemned for an assault on a German *functionary,* and for having attacked a German *soldier.* Therefore, because a soldier had been attacked, said the Military Governor, the punishment

"Dans le cas, cependant, où un attentat criminel serait commis contre *des troupes allemandes,* on imposera à la commune de l'agglomération, dans le territoire de laquelle l'attentat a été commis, une contribution ou une autre punition quelconque."

mentioned in Article II of the Convention of the twelfth of October applied, and the city of Brussels was fined five million francs.

By a somewhat too evident coincidence the five million francs was precisely the amount by which the original contribution had been reduced; and as a final touch, almost artistic, Burgomaster Max, some time before his arrest, having asked how many detectives the Germans were maintaining in Brussels, had been officially informed by the German authorities that there were no German policeman in plain clothes—to use our American expression, in Brussels. The soldier, or policeman, was not in uniform.

The city of Brussels, of course, protested; an inquiry had revealed that the policemen had not injured the German secret agent, and the city cited the original Convention, claimed that even if the German agent had been wounded, and by Brussels policemen, it could not be said that German troops had been attacked, because the agent was not in uniform. The German authorities, however, insisted, and the fine was paid.

This was the first violation of the Convention of October. The second occurred on the sixteenth of December, when the Germans imposed a war contribution of four hundred and eighty millions of francs on the provinces of Belgium, to be paid at the rate of forty-two millions a month from that day. The convention of the twelfth of October had stipulated that no further contribution should be imposed on the inhabitants of Brussels; Brussels is in Brabant, and of the fifteen hundred thousand inhabitants of Brabant, seven hundred and fifty thousand lived in Brussels, and were obliged to pay their share of the four hundred and eighty

million francs, which was, as it would seem to most minds, an indirect method of fining once more the city of Brussels.

The third violation of the Convention of the twelfth of October occurred on the sixteenth of January, 1915, when the Governor-General, as I have already said, imposed on those Belgians who had left the country—that is, on the *refugiés,* among whom, of course, were many inhabitants of Greater Brussels—a tax equivalent to ten times the personal tax they paid.

The fourth violation was that of the twelfth of March, 1915, when the city of Brussels was fined five hundred thousand marks for refusing to repair the road from Brussels to Malines.[3] And all this in addition to those contributions that were so frequently imposed on the communes under the form of condemnation for dam-

[3] There were many other contributions. When the German army arrived at Brussels it demanded each day for the troops 18,000 kilograms of wheat, 10,000 kilograms of fresh meat, 6,000 kilograms of rice, 10,000 kilograms of sugar, 72,000 kilograms of oats. And similar requisitions were made in every city through which German troops passed. At Louvain the Germans requisitioned two hundred and fifty thousand francs' worth of preserved vegetables; at Malines, four million francs' worth. At Flanders and in parts of Hainaut they seized nearly all the horses and beasts of burden belonging to the farmers, and the little wheat and flour that remained to them. At the little village of Middleburg, notably, which had only eight hundred and fifty inhabitants, after having furnished fifty cows, thirty-five pigs and 1600 kilograms of oats, was forced to deliver up in January and February, 1915, one hundred pigs, 100,000 kilograms of wheat, 50,000 kilograms of beans or peas, 50,000 kilograms of oats, and 150,000 kilograms of straw.

Everywhere the splendid draft horses, that were the result of more than a century of careful, scientific breeding, were seized. Not only did the German army requisition the horses necessary

ages which it was said German citizens had sustained when war was declared, and to do this the more easily and readily the Governor-General had issued as I have shown, a decree changing the Belgian law which made communes liable in damages for the work of mobs.

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to draw its waggons, to mount its troops, and to serve in its artillery, but it took away the best of the Brabançon stallions, which were wholly useless for military service, and sent them off to Germany.

German quartermasters at Ghent and at Antwerp seized over 40,000 tons of oil-cakes used for feeding cattle in winter; they seized also several hundreds of tons of phosphates that still existed in Belgium. They cut down all the walnut-trees, not only in the State forest but even in private grounds, and used them to make the butts of rifles. All raw materials used for Belgian industry were requisitioned and sent to Germany; leather, hides, copper, wool, flax, etc. Besides this, nearly all the machines and tools were seized and sent to Germany, there to be used, as the German authorities said, to make munitions which Belgian factories had refused to manufacture.

Enormous quantities of materials and products were requisitioned at Antwerp. Notably, there were seized: 18,000,000 francs' worth of cereals; about 5,000,000 francs' worth of oil-cakes; over 4,000,000 francs' worth of nitrate; animal and vegetable oil to the value of 2,000,000 francs; petroleum and mineral oil worth 3,000,000 francs; 6,000,000 francs' worth of wool; cotton in enormous quantities—there was taken from one firm more than 1,300,000 francs' worth; rubber to the value of 10,000,000 francs; up to December 1st, 1914, copper valued at more than 20,000,000 francs was seized; horse-hair worth 1,500,000 francs; ivory worth 800,000 francs; wines, 1,100,000 francs. The total amount requisitioned amounted approximately to 85,000,000 francs.

There was also requisitioned a large amount of merchandise stored in the warehouses, which had been consigned to various exporting and forwarding houses. It is impossible to place even an approximate valuation on this property, which was of many different sorts, but its value was enormous.

LXXIII

FEEDING THE NORTH OF FRANCE

MEANWHILE the work of *ravitaillement* was going on with those various strains, accidents, and crises that marked its career to the end. M. Francqui had been permitted to make a journey to Paris, and had completed there certain of the details relative to the feeding of the north of France. Then Mr. Connett gave up the position as Director of the C. R. B., and was succeeded by Mr. Oscar T. Crosby, who, like Mr. Connett, was an engineer by profession. He was a soldier too, which, as he was not fighting them, we felt would gain him the sympathy of the German officers, for he had been graduated from West Point, and had served in the Engineer Corps of the army for five years, had resigned, and later traveled extensively in China and the Far East. Glad as we were to have Mr. Crosby, we were all sorry to see Mr. Connett go. He had quite won the hearts of the Belgians, as well as our own. He had accomplished many things; he had perfected the organization that Captain Lucey had so well installed, and he had done it all quietly and gently, with tact and intelligence, but, a phenomenon not uncommon among the men in the C. R. B., the atmosphere was too oppressive for him, the "odour of invasion" too strong; he could not endure it. At the prospect of getting out he was a happy man, and as he and Mr. Crosby were dining with me the night before he went away, he said:

"The moment I cross the Holland border I shall take a long inhalation of free air."

The work of feeding northern France was under way, the arrangements having been made directly, as I have said, between Mr. Hoover, for the C. R. B., and the German General Staff. The difficulty was in exercising the control; several delegates of the C. R. B. had been detailed for that duty, and they had to go about in northern France, at the very front, in the midst often of danger, and the Germans insisted that each one of them be accompanied constantly, day and night, by a German officer—their "nurses," the young men called them. Such a relation under the best of circumstances would be difficult; under the conditions actually prevailing it was almost intolerable. The eyes of the German officers were never off the C. R. B. delegates; they "watched him when he rose to eat and when he knelt to pray." The delegates were compelled, too, to lift their hats whenever a German officer passed, and they had to endure in silence the not always delicate expression of the instinctive dislike the Germans had for America and Americans. The Germans were forever bringing up the question of the shipment of munitions, and their attitude toward the *ravitaillement* was one that implied a cynical suspicion of the motives of the Americans in undertaking the charitable work. It was common for them to ask bluntly:

"What are the Americans getting out of it?"

But the delegates of the C. R. B. bore it all with an admirable patience, and as a result of their voluntary services and sacrifices, three million French people had their daily bread. And that was all the Americans got out of it. But the experience told on the delegates.

When they returned for a respite of a day or two their nerves would be so affected that they suffered greatly; at best they could not endure it long. The unceasing and often-times insulting surveillance would be beyond human power to endure. There have been many examples of courage and patience and devotion in a war that is the most hideous and savage mankind has known, but of all there are few more admirable than that of the young Americans of the C. R. B. who served in northern France.

The difficulties accumulated, and on all sides. A German aeroplane dropped a bomb on one of the ships of the Commission, accidentally, the Germans afterwards explained, and as a result it became difficult to get ships or sailors to cross the North Sea. England would close the sea, or Germany would close the Dutch frontier, and rumour would run hot-foot with the news that one or the other were about to stop the *ravitaillement,* and all these complications had to be adjusted, arranged, compromised; we lived with our hearts in our mouths. When a committee, formed in England to raise funds for the C. R. B., issued a statement calling attention to the deeds of the Germans in Belgium as responsible for the plight of those on behalf of whom the appeal was made, the Germans were angry and threatened to stop the *ravitaillement;* when the Germans torpedoed relief ships the British were angry, and threatened to stop it. There was, to be sure, a wide moral difference between the two provocations, but there was little difference in their reaction on us.

Then the Germans complained that Mr. Crosby had been for seven years, and until the outbreak of the war, in the service of the Russian Government, and that

therefore they could not consent to his remaining. This was not exact; Mr. Crosby had never served the Russian Government in his life, and had never served any public or private interest in that country; he had indeed been in Russia but once, on his way to Thibet, when Count Cassine objected to his presence there or to his entrance into Thibet, and again the summer of 1914, when, on a trip around the world, he was overtaken in Pekin by the war, and hurried through Russia on his way to Stockholm, to England, and so home. I explained all this to the German authorities, and the objections were withdrawn. . . .

The little Grand Duchy of Luxembourg was imploring us for food. The people there had foolishly sold all their supplies to the Germans and Count d'Ansembourg, the Chargé d'Affaires for the Grand Duchy at Brussels, would come with citizens of the Grand Duchy, literally with tears in their eyes, to implore of us the aid we were so powerless to give.

These were but some of the many difficulties that each day produced; there was always a larger question, one that went to the principle of the work.

The German administration had no sooner taken over the Red Cross than it was intimated that it was about to take over the Department of Charity of the Comité National. At the time the work was organized it had been agreed by the German authorities that the C. N. might receive and distribute certain sums in the form of direct aid as charity. The details had been discussed by representatives of the two sides, and an understanding reached, Villalobar and I having had nothing to do with the arrangement. There were in Belgium vast numbers of employees of the Belgian Government, all the men

who worked for the state railways, telegraphs and postal services, etc., and these, refusing to work for the Germans, were paid their wages by the C. N.; they were the *chômeurs,* or unemployed. The sums dispensed were, of course, enormous, and it all excited the suspicion, if not the cupidity, of the military influence which was always paramount.

The apprehension of interference was not groundless. One day the Comité National received a letter from Dr. von Sandt, chief of the Zivilverwaltung, complaining of two incidents that had occurred in the Department of Charities; that, first, the section of agriculture had sent out a circular in which there was some covert criticism or, if not criticism, a phrase that might be construed as criticism, of the Germans. The other complaint was of the department which furnished aid to the wives and children of officers in the Belgian army; Dr. von Sandt said that this aid could be given henceforth in kind, not in money.

In an organization so thorough and so complicated as that of the Germans it was not surprising that the Zivilverwaltung should not have known that the section of agriculture had been organized by General von Bissing himself, and that it had sent out the offending circular itself in December, before the section was taken over by the Comité National, and that the Comité therefore could not be held responsible for its criticisms; and as to the wives of Belgian officers, "We can't say," remarked one of the Comité National, "to the wife of a Belgian General, 'Madame, if you need a *chemise* you need only to come and ask us.' "

We did not, however, go into these details; it had been understood that communications should be addressed to

the committee through the intermediary of Villalobar and me, and this fact was called to the attention of Dr. von Sandt with the observation that evidently some mistake had been made. This had the effect of limiting the discussion of all such questions thereafter to the Baron von der Lancken on the one hand, and the two patron Ministers on the other; that is, theoretically it had this effect; there was always some one somewhere in the amazing labyrinth of the German organization who wished to have a finger in the pie.

The work was a beautiful one and the organization superb, as the Germans indeed, privately, though I think never publicly, admitted. The National Committee had taken all the existing charitable organizations in Belgium and united them under its ægis, and this seemed to excite the suspicion of the Germans, or of some of them, who said that these charitable organizations were political organizations in disguise. Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth, but there was no way of arguing with those who had this idea once in their heads, and no way of dislodging it. The Germans were always haunted by a fear that the Comité National might develop into a rival, become a government within a government, wielding a powerful influence all over Belgium. They made no objection whatever to the *ravitaillement*. This they found satisfactory and were prepared "loyally and honestly" to respect all assurances given in that regard. But what the Governor-General wished to do, apparently, was to take over this *secours* as he had taken over the Red Cross, and to this Villalobar and I objected, reminding them of the various assurances they had given. There was much discussion as to the extent of the engagements the Germans had taken

as to the funds to be used by the Comité National. They had indeed been negotiated chiefly, as I believe, by Mr. Heineman with the Geheimrath Kaufman, and they seemed ample to cover all forms of *secours,* but when the subject was again under discussion and these assurances were recalled, the Geheimrath Kaufman cited as applicable to the situation the old, and it would seem very characteristic, German proverb:

"You never eat your food as hot as you cook it."

It was a critical moment, and the problem bristled with difficulties. There were endless conferences and interminable discussions that lasted over a month—conferences at our Legation with the Belgians, who asked only to be permitted to use their own money to succor the woes of the women and children of the poor and homeless of their own stricken land; conferences in the yellow *salon* of the Ministère de l'Industrie, overlooking the Park, where the sun was golden among the trees then all green with spring, with the Baron von der Lancken, Count Harrach, and usually one of the Herr Doktors or Herr Professors.

When the Governor-General went to Berlin for a few days, the atmosphere seemed somehow conducive to compromise and settlement, and it was arranged that the German authorities should have the right to be informed as to what was done by the Department of Secours.

We had the impression, indeed, at that time, that the Governor-General did not wholly understand the work of relief; certainly he did not understand the organization and the work of the C. R. B., for just as we were beginning to draw a sigh of relief over the settlement of the difficulties in the C. N. there came a long

telegram from Mr. Hoover saying that an interview with von Bissing had been printed in the *Staats Zeitung*, of New York, saying that the work of America in Belgium was not a charity at all, but a business, if not something worse. Mr. Hoover threatened to stop the whole enterprise—unless I could see the old satrap and have a denial made.

We had only extracts of the offending interview of the Governor-General, and when the newspapers from home had time to get across the sea to Belgium nearly a month had elapsed. A month can accomplish wonders in the way of allaying anger and irritation, and when at last we had the amazing statement in its fulness before us, we were rather glad that we had had only extracts, and that, after several conversations with the Baron von der Lancken, I had been able to obtain a satisfactory expression from the Governor-General, so that the incident was already closed. What had offended Mr. Hoover was the reference to the C. R. B.

There were not only interviews, but pictures of von Bissing benevolently standing in the Art Museum beside a marble statue of Hercules and the Hermes of Praxiteles, or sitting in the Belgian senate, piously listening to the preaching of some German pastor. In the interview he told how he was ruling Belgium, referring to it as a country that had been *badly governed*—Belgium, with its communal system, its democracy, its liberty, its peace, contentment and prosperity!—and he spoke of his efforts to "revive" the country, to open the museums, to encourage agriculture, etc.

The museums had been opened, it was true, but by German order and against the will of their directors. Le Musée Moderne was open the first three, and le

Musée des Beaux Arts the last three days of the week; German sentinels with guns and bayonets were at every door, and the vast halls were empty, for never a self-respecting Belgian would enter them so long as he had to pass German sentinels and rub elbows with German soldiers within the museum. What was more remarkable was the reference in the interview to the resumption of life in Belgium. But there was no resumption of life in Belgium. The people would long since have starved if America had not organized the Commission and got food over the seas to them. Von Bissing had very little to do with that; he had not greatly helped it, save as he confirmed and enlarged the former guaranties, and at that time he did not seem even to understand it. Indeed, while he was absent in Berlin and being interviewed, his staff officers were preparing a statement to lay before him so that he might know what the *ravitaillement* consisted of, and what was being done by it.

He had printed *affiches* urging that industry be revived, and the interview stated that it had been revived; but there was no industry in the country. The Germans, indeed, were having all the machinery taken out of the factories and sent to Germany. There could be no imports because of the blockade, and nothing could be exported unless it went to Germany. Industry was literally impossible because there were no raw materials. Forty-thousand men working in the gun factories at Liége had refused to work; the mines had been seized by the German authorities because they wanted the coal. Belgium, in fact, had tacitly declared a general strike as a protest against German aggression.

As for agriculture, Belgium was already the most densely populated country in the world, and the most

intensively and scientifically cultivated; there was nothing that von Bissing or any one could teach the Belgians in that department. The seeds that were being used were sent by the American Commission. They were planted by the patient peasants in their fields and, after the order of nature, spring had come, these seeds were bursting, unconscious apparently that an elderly German general of cavalry was the cause of the phenomenon. The sap was pulsing in the trees; nature, in her august indifference to forms of government and the quarrels of men, was serenely carrying on her mysterious processes.

The Germans were cutting down the trees, denuding the forests, using the wood to make roads for cannons and covers for trenches and stocks for rifles. Even the boughs of the fir-trees were utilized; they made, it was said, an excellent camouflage. The Germans had taken much of the live stock in the country, most of the fine horses and the fine breeds of dogs, and sent them to Germany.

We were all relieved, and, if it were a word with a place any more in this world, I should add that we were happy, in the receipt of a telegram from Mr. Hoover bearing the good news that there was enough food to last until August fifteenth. We were not happy long, however, for when the explanatory letter that follows all telegrams arrived, it informed us that August fifteenth was placed as a period when the *ravitaillement* would come to an end, unless the Germans should yield to a demand about to be made by the English Government, that the forthcoming harvest in Belgium be not seized by the Germans. We all felt like applying to the Countess of our acquaintance whose château near

Brussels had been requisitioned and transformed into a hospital for neurasthenic German officers just out of the trenches.

But then there was a despatch from Washington, with a touching letter the Belgian Minister there,[1] M. Havenith, had handed Mr. Bryan, expressing the gratitude of the Belgian Government to the American Minister

[1] The letter delivered by M. Havenith, the Belgian Minister at Washington, to the State Department, was as follows:

LEGATION DE BELGIQUE,
Washington, D. C.

Washington, March 17, 1915.

Excellency,

I have been directed by the Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs to forward to Your Excellency the expression of deep gratitude which my Government owes to His Excellency Brand Whitlock, American Minister to Belgium, for the repeated efforts he has made in order to alleviate the heavy burden laid upon Belgium, and especially upon Brussels, as a consequence of the German occupation. The Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs has already extended to Mr. Brand Whitlock his sincerest thanks for the precious help he was able to give to the unfortunate Belgian population.

My Government has instructed me to inform Your Excellency that Mr. Brand Whitlock's activities, under different conditions, have been beyond all praise. On many occasions the firm attitude adopted by him reminded the occupying authorities of the respect due to international conventions.

The Belgian Government wishes me to associate the staff of the American Legation in its official expression of gratitude toward the American representative in Brussels, His Excellency Mr. Brand Whitlock.

Accept, Sir, the renewed assurances of my highest consideration.

E. HAVENITH.

His Excellency,
W. J. Bryan,
Secretary of State.

at Brussels and a group of women from Laeken had come in tears to present to me one of the flour sacks that had brought them wheat from America, a flour sack in which, with their own hands, they had embroidered expressions of their appreciation. And so, some way would have to be found to save the crop to the Belgians who had planted it.

LXXIV

ESCAPING AT THE FRONTIER

It was indeed difficult even for that hope which is an element of the phenomenon of spring, working mysteriously in man as a part of nature, to preserve itself animate in such an atmosphere. It was as though the atmosphere had been poisoned by those gas-bombs of which we were just beginning to hear. We heard of them first from the Germans themselves, who, on the tenth of April posted an *affiche* stating that the French were employing a new kind of bomb containing an asphyxiating gas which rendered its victims insensible. The Germans were pained and surprised, even horrified; they said that it was barbarous for the French to do such a thing. Then three weeks later, on the twenty-eighth of April, we read in the newspapers that came in from the outside the accounts of the asphyxiating bombs used by the Germans at Hill 60 near Ypres—for the first time, I believe, in human history. Not only was there the constant outrage of that sense of justice which lives in most men who have known liberty, but there was every day some new and concrete instance of injustice, or, if not always that, of indelicacy, which, according to Talleyrand, is worse than crime.

Nothing was too small, too petty, for the official notice of the Government of Occupation. It had the notion, everywhere the mark of immature development, that every inexact statement, no matter how trivial, must be pursued and hunted down. It spent much time in

denials and explanations; long, elaborate, puerile discussions were posted on the walls and published in the censored Press. *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse.* When the American newspapers published a story to the effect that a German officer in a Brussels restaurant had objected to my speaking English, and that I had risen and with a bow and a flourish handed him my card, precisely, of course, as it would be done in the cinema, the authorities asked me to issue a formal denial and were nonplussed when I declined to do so; having read Treitschke more deeply than Emerson, they could not understand the attitude.

Some such adventure, indeed, had befallen the American Consul at Ghent, but I told them that Ministers were sometimes confused with Consuls, especially in my country, and that in any event the story was not worth denying; that in four days it would be forgotten in the new interest that would be taken in a later inexactitude, and a denial would serve only to introduce it to all those who had not seen the original story.

They found it difficult indeed to understand why the American Government could not control and regulate the American Press; they frequently asked me if something could not be done, and seemed unable to comprehend when I explained that our Press had no censorship whatever.

"Freedom!" said Count H—— one day, with a sneer at the word. "It's not our way; and as for democracy—we want none of it."

One of the members of the Rockefeller Commission, after returning to America, had reported in an interview that at Dinant the Germans had shot the Director or Cashier of the Banque Nationale de Belgique, and his

two sons, because they refused to open the safe at the bank. The German authorities, much distressed, reproached me with the inaccuracy of the statement and wished me to have it denied. I declined, and in their methodical way, they proceeded to the denial themselves. A certain German official summoned a responsible official of the Banque Nationale before him and asked:

"Is it true that the Director of the Banque Nationale at Dinant and his two sons were shot by the German soldiers for having refused to open the safe?"

Now the fact was, as all Belgium knew, M. Wasseige and his two sons had been shot by German soldiers at Dinant for having refused to open the safe, not of a branch of the Banque Nationale, but of a branch of the Société Générale, of which M. Wasseige was Cashier; the Banque Nationale had no *succursale* at Dinant, and the official under interrogation began to explain this fact and to say that it was the Director of the branch of the Société Générale, who, with his two sons, had been shot, when the German official interrupted him, refused to accept this response, and told him that he was not to reply beside the question (*à côté de la question*) but was simply to answer, yes or no, the question whether the Director of the Banque Nationale at Dinant and his sons, had been killed. Limiting the question to that categorical form, the bank official could only reply, of course, that he would have to say no, and the German authorities thereupon sent out this statement to contradict the story that had been published as coming from the Rockefeller Commission.

The German censor seemed to read all the letters in the post. The Political Department complained to me

of a letter which the Legation had posted; it was the most innocent thing imaginable, a response to some inquiry concerning the health of an old lady. And one day an officer actually brought to me a letter written by a clerk in the Legation to a man in Liége, with the objection that there was a statement in the letter that the Germans could not approve! It was done with apologies, to be sure, but—*"ce sont les militaires qui l'exigent,"* the officer explained. The censor for the C. R. B.'s correspondence, Count von somebody, delivering to Mr. Crosby, the Director, a letter which Mr. Crosby's daughter, had written to him from Rome, observed:

"That is a very interesting letter of your daughter's; I enjoyed reading it."

Again, my friend Mr. Edward Riley went to the Pass-Zentrale to reclaim a pocketbook which he had inadvertently left there the day before, and, in asking if it had been found, remarked:

"There is a letter in it that I prize."

"Oh, yes, I know," the officer said, most politely; "I read it."

These were trivialities, but there were other incidents with more formidable consequences. Thus a young girl, the Countess Hélène de Jonghe, who lived across the street from us, a girl of sixteen with her hair still down her back, a mere "flapper," as the English would say—walking with some of her young girl companions along the Boulevard du Régent, *"près des écuries de mon Roi!"* as she said, with a proud and defiant toss of her head before a court martial a few days later—saw two German officers. One of them, the Count Metternich, scion of an old family, had often been in Brussels before

the war and had been a guest in the home of the girl. Seeing him she said to her companions:

"Voilà encore un sale Prussein!"

The officer heard the remark, as doubtless it was intended he should, turned, seized the girl by the arm and took her to the Kommandantur, where she was interrogated and released. The next day she was again summoned to the Kommandantur; a great affair was made of it, and when she went home from the Kommandantur and related her adventure, the old Countess, her grandmother, flamed up and wrote a letter, in no gentle terms, to the German authorities. Then she, too, was ordered to appear, and, with her little granddaughter, haled before a court martial composed of I know not how many officers, all in uniform and decorations, and there tried.

"Stand up!" they ordered the grandmother. She refused. . . . When asked her name she replied:

"Je demande de savoir le vôtre," and then said to them:

"Envoyez-moi votre Bissing!"

There was no lawyer to defend them. The young officer was there as an accuser. He stood behind them, as was the custom for accusing witnesses before the courts martial, and the grandmother reproached him for not facing them. He testified that the girl had called him *"un cochon allemand."*

"Vous mentez!" cried the spirited girl.

The dowager was wholly intractable at the trial. When the German officers arose, solemnly held up their right hands to take the oath, she laughed in harsh derision.

"Ha! ha! . . . *Le serment allemand!"* she said.

The Germans were of course furious. And she continued to taunt them thus throughout the trial.

One can imagine the scene. . . . A bench of German officers in uniforms and decorations, and the elderly Countess, whose husband had been Minister at Vienna in his time, sitting there taunting them, and the little girl, the cause of it all, troubled but courageous, and the young nobleman of the ancient name, much embarrassed by his situation. . . .

Hermancito, who always had all the gossip, had heard that the nobleman had not meant to carry the thing so far; that he had regretted the incident, and indeed tried to have the Countess and the little girl released, but that von Bissing was determined; the German uniform had been insulted, it was necessary to make an example, and if the nobleman did not prosecute the business to a conclusion he would be expelled from the officers' club. It was the fetich of militarism; "the uniform had been insulted"; it was as though an altar had been violated.

And so when the trial was over the girl was condemned to three months' imprisonment in Germany, and her grandmother, the old Countess, to four months.[1]

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[1] The official German account of the incident was as follows:

CONDAMNATION

Le 25 mai 1915, à l'avenue du Régent, à Bruxelles, un officier allemand entendit des cris de "sale Prussien" partir d'un groupe de dames. Après que ces dames eurent proféré d'autres injures de même genre, l'une d'elles, Mlle. la Comtesse Hélène de Jonghe d'Ardoye, âgée de 16 ans, passa tout près de l'officier en criant de nouveau "sale Prussien!" L'officier fit conduire la comtesse devant l'officier judiciaire de la Kommandantur impériale. Mme. la Comtesse Valentine de Jonghe, grand'mère de Mlle. Hélène de Jonghe, exigea alors impérieusement de cet officier qu'il la laissât assister

"C'est monstrueux! C'est inimaginable!" exclaimed an old Belgian nobleman who had once been a friend of

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à l'interrogatoire de sa petite-fille. L'officier judicaire lui fit remarquer poliment, mais énergiquement, que lui seul avait à décider qui pouvait assister à l'interrogatoire d'une accusée; il envoya ensuite Mme. la Comtesse dans l'antichambre et interrogea Mlle. Hélène de Jonghe en présence de sa demoiselle de compagnie. Dans l'antichambre, Mme. Valentine de Jonghe se mit à crier qu'elle voulait qu'on allât chercher le gouverneur général et le gouverneur. Elle injuria l'officier de justice et l'appela "paysan!"

Les deux comtesses passèrent pour injures, devant un tribunal de guerre. Mlle. Hélène de Jonghe déclara qu'elle avait voulu injurier un officier allemand quelconque par haine des Allemands et qu'il était regrettable que d'autres femmes belges n'agissent pas de même. Mme. la Comtesse Valentine de Jonghe se comporta aussi très arrogamment devant le tribunal et pendant la prestation de serment des juges et des témoins, elle se mit à rire pour montrer qu'il lui semblait incroyable qu'une dame de son rang soit citée en justice et y soit rendue responsable de ses injures.

Mlle. Hélène de Jonghe a été condamnée à 3 mois, sa grand'-mère à 4 mois de prison pour injures. Toutes deux ont été internées dans la prison d'Aix-la-Chapelle.

Translation

CONDEMNATION

On the 25th of May, on the avenue du Régent, in Brussels, a German officer heard cries of "dirty Prussian" coming from a group of girls. After these girls had offered other insults of the same kind, one of them, the Countess Helen de Jonghe d'Ardoye, sixteen years of age, passed very close to the officer and cried again "dirty Prussian!" The officer had the Countess taken before the judicial officer at the Imperial Kommandantur. The Countess Valentine de Jonghe, grandmother of Helen de Jonghe, then imperiously demanded of this officer that he allow her to be present at the interrogatory of her granddaughter. The judicial officer politely but energetically told her that it was for him to decide who could be present at the interrogatory of an accused; he there-

the German nobleman. His eyes flashed with indignation. The *affaire* was the talk of all Brussels, and was in the newspapers outside. It threatened, indeed, to take on even more formidable proportions, for the Belgian nobleman wrote a letter to the Count M——, forbidding him ever to salute him again in the street, and declaring that any Belgian who even after the war should shake his hand would be guilty of *lése-patriotisme*. . . . And furthermore, if he himself was too old to fight for his country as his sons were doing he was not too old to say to Count M—— that if he were too cowardly to go down on the firing-line and fight, he might do better than to play the spy on little girls and old ladies in Brussels.

The defiant letter was sent by a messenger. The two Countesses, the old and the young, were taken off to Germany, and it was supposed that the affair was at an

upon sent Madame the Countess into the antechamber, and questioned the young Countess in the presence of her governess. In the antechamber Madame Valentine de Jonghe began to cry that she wished them to go and bring in the Governor-General and the Governor. She insulted the officer of justice and called him a "peasant."

The two countesses were arraigned for their insults before a military court. Helen de Jonghe declared that she had wished to insult some German officer on account of her hatred of the Germans and that it was to be regretted that other Belgian women did not do the same thing. The Countess Valentine de Jonghe, also conducted herself very arrogantly before the court, and during the swearing in of the judges and the witnesses, she began to laugh, to show that it was unbelievable to her that a lady of her rank should be haled into court and made responsible for her insults.

Helen de Jonghe was condemned to three months and her grandmother to four months in prison for the insults. Both have been interned in the prison of Aix-la-Chapelle.

end, but no, nothing was ever at an end. A German officer came to notify the Belgian nobleman that he had committed a very grave offense in writing as he had to the Count M——; the Etat Major, he said, had tried the Count to determine whether he had conducted himself as an officer should, and had decided that he had; therefore, in criticizing him the Belgian nobleman had reflected on the infallibility, sacredness, or I know not what divine attribute, of the General Staff—and therefore must go to Germany as a prisoner. In the end he did not go, because, I think, though I do not know—such things are profound and complex in their mystery—because when it came to the test the Germans, tremendous snobs in such things, were too much impressed by the exalted rank of the Belgian nobleman to proceed against him.

Whatever one might have thought of the incident, or of the code that makes mountains out of such mole hills, there were others of a somewhat similar nature happening all the time. For instance, Madame Lemonnier, the wife of the Burgomaster, walking in the Bois one Sunday afternoon, went into the *Laiterie* with a number of friends. They took a small table and had ordered their tea, when a young man and a young woman sitting not far away became excited, and the young woman seemed to urge her companion to some action, so that at last he got up and went to the *restaurateur* and complained that Madame Lemonnier was mocking his companion, and calling the Germans *"boches."* The *restaurateur* did nothing, but when Madame Lemonnier went to her home in the Avenue Louise that evening she saw the same young man on the sidewalk before her residence.

The next day she was summoned to the Kommandantur and haled before one of the German judges, and ultimately fined fifty francs. And not only this, the condemnation of "the wife of the Burgomaster" was published on all the walls of Brussels by means of a large *affiche.* Of course Madame Lemonnier had said no such thing as the *agent provocateur* attributed to her, but with the system of espionage, denunciations and the general reign of terror, it was what any one who went into a public place was exposed to.

The tram, too, was a place of danger; the wise kept very still there, were careful not even to jostle a German. A German Colonel entered a tram one day, and immediately all the Belgians arose, some going into the second class compartment, others to the platform, while others got off; the German who told the story said that the *Oberst* was very much hurt and surprised.

A gentleman mounting a tram encountered a German officer in the doorway; the officer bowed, gave the Belgian the *pas,* and said:

"Après vous, Monsieur."

But the Belgian bowed low, and said:

"Mais non, après vous, Monsieur; je suis chez moi."

The little daughter of a man I knew, a child of ten, walking on the boulevard with her governess, used the word *boche,* and instantly a man beside her, a German spy in civil garb, sprang forward and then and there boxed her ears.

And I knew a tradesman in a small way who was standing one afternoon near the Colonne du Congrés gazing idly up at the western sky, where the captive balloon always soared over Berchem-Sainte-Agathe, miles away. One of the swarm of German spies saw him look-

ing at the German balloon and arrested him. He was kept a day and a night at the Kommandantur, and his house raided.

Perquisitions were as common as denunciations; no one's home was safe; at any moment a squad of soldiers might enter and ransack the house, turn out all the drawers, rummage in all the closets, peer, and pry, and peep everywhere. Nothing was safe or sacred; a man's house is not his castle under German rule. We had a neighbour who was denounced for having, or for being suspected of having, letters of a compromising nature. The only thing she had was some topical verses about the German Kaiser, and these were in the *salon*. While the secret agents were hunting through the house her husband came to the door outside and they went down to arrest him. The lady took advantage of this respite to enter the *salon*, get her doggerel and put it in a room that already had been searched—and so escaped.

A common trick was to appear at the door and ask for means to join the Belgian army; they came to the Legation often with this ruse. I knew a woman who one morning had a call from a man in miserable clothes; he asked charity and for means to get away and join the army. She refused him assistance and he went away. But he came back the next day and said:

"Pour l'amour de Dieu, donnez-moi assez pour aller à Anvers."

Finally touched by pity she gave him two francs. The next day he returned in a German uniform and arrested her for assisting soldiers to escape, and the poor woman could only say to him:

"Monsieur, c'est un joli métier, le vôtre!"

Madame Carton de Wiart, the wife of the Belgian

Minister of Justice, had not gone to Antwerp with her husband and the other members of the Government, but had remained behind with her six children and the servants, living on in the ministerial residence, when all the other ministries were occupied by Germans. This charming woman, with the white hair and the blue eyes and the gracious smile, was to give an example of the fine courage of which women are capable. She used to come occasionally to see us; she had visited America, she was fond of it and had much of its spirit; she found, to use a phrase of Ibsen's, that "there a freer air blows over the people," and she had been so impressed with our system of juvenile courts that, with the infinite toil and patience required to inculcate any new idea anywhere, she had induced their adoption in Belgium. Of indomitable energy, and of strong human sympathies, with deep interest in social amelioration of all sorts, Madame Carton de Wiart had worked incessantly among the poor, and especially among the children of the poor, and after the German occupation she found, not only a human, but a patriotic solace in these good deeds. She had little time then for social visits, and formal calls were no longer in fashion in Brussels, but she came now and then to the Legation, generally in the evening after her day's work was done. She used to wear a long black cape, which enveloped her like the cloak of a conspirator. We used, indeed, to rally her about it, and assure her that a garment so mysterious and conspiratorial in appearance would surely bring her to trouble.

In the first days of the war, before the German occupation, and at some risk of unpopularity, she had organized a charity for the women and children of the Germans in Brussels. She had gone to distribute food

and warm drinks to the refugees there in the Cirque those nights when we were shipping off the German refugees to Holland. She had organized soup kitchens for the poor, *l'Oeuvre des Soupes populaires.* Under the occupation she continued to go about in her charitable work, traveling, sometimes on foot, all over Belgium, visiting the poor in the stricken districts, bearing clothing and comforts to them, and what no doubt was more, out of her inexhaustible sympathy, heartening them and keeping up their spirit of passive resistance, a resistance no less to despair than to the invaders and despoilers of the land. She set them an example by her courageous and cheerful attitude.

The Germans naturally did not relish her presence in the only one of the imposing block of Ministries there in the Rue de la Loi that they had not taken over. Every one who entered or left the Ministry was harassed by having to show a *passierschein;* spies followed her wherever she went; three of her children were arrested and taken to the Kommandantur because they wore little medals bearing the portraits of the King and Queen. The Germans tried in every way to induce her to quit the Ministry, but she was oblivious to suggestions, invitations, and even to more pointed observations, and continued to come and go as though there were no Germans in the world—though there were always a guard of them, thirty or more, at her door, and now and then companies of them quartered in her home, sleeping even on the floor of the dining-room. They sent old Grabowsky, *conseiller aulique* of the German Legation, to see her, but Madame Carton de Wiart, who knew the protocol, would not receive him, and told them to send some one of her own rank if they wished to communi-

cate with her. Then they sent the Count d'Ortenburg, of the Governor-General's staff, who was exceedingly polite, but she told him that she would leave her home only as the result of the employment of force.

It was no surprise, then, to Brussels, when one morning early in May we heard that the Ministry of Justice was surrounded by a cordon of soldiers, and that Madame Carton de Wiart was detained at the Kommandantur. On the fourth of May a perquisition was made at the Ministry of Justice, all her papers seized and translated and studied. The same day she was subjected in the Senate chamber to an interrogation lasting four hours; the next day she was subjected to another interrogation lasting four hours. She was allowed to return then to her home, but forbidden to leave Brussels, and when she went for a promenade in the Bois she was followed by the police. A few days later she was again interrogated, this time in her own *salon,* and on the eighteenth of May she was formally arrested and confined in the Kommandantur, and during nine mortal hours again subjected to an interrogation. The next day there was another interrogation in the Senate chamber, lasting five hours. The day following she was taken to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs to hear the reading of the formal charges; the next day there was another interrogatory lasting three hours, and at six o'clock in the evening of the eighteenth she was condemned to deportation. The day following she was taken to Berlin and confined in a common prison for female criminals.

We saw Madame Carton de Wiart only once after the proceedings began, and that was one afternoon at the Palais de Glace, in the Rue du Marché aux Herbes Po-

tagères, where there was an exposition, and the Burgomaster of Brussels presented to Villalobar, to van Vollenhoven and to me, medals of St. Michel, the patron saint of the city. A little girl recited a poem written by George Garnir for the occasion, in presenting to my wife, on the part of the school children of Brussels, a souvenir that recalled the Christmas gifts sent by the American school-children to the Belgians. Madame Carton de Wiart was very calm and smiling, but her eyes showed the excitement of her dangerous adventure, and she did not converse long with any one, fearing, in her knowledge of the presence of spies, that she might compromise her friends.

We did not, indeed, know of her departure until a few days after she had been deported, and I did not know the details or the reason of it until long afterward. She had never, to us, referred in any way to her patriotic activities. It was a bit of the charming humour characteristic of Madame Carton de Wiart that she had somehow arranged to have "p.p.c." cards left on us at the Legation.

Among the published *arrêtés* of the German authorities one day following was one announcing the condemnation and deportation; it took pains to refer to Madame Carton de Wiart as the wife of the *former* Belgian Minister of Justice. She was condemned to three months and two weeks imprisonment. The Pope himself made a personal request of the German Emperor to liberate Madame Carton de Wiart, and it was intimated to her that she might be set free if she would ask for pardon.

"Ask pardon for what?" she demanded. She would not, and she remained in a common prison at Berlin until

the expiration of her sentence. She was allowed to take little with her, though she did have a small box containing a bit of the soil of Belgium. At the end of the time she was released and sent to the neutral soil of Switzerland, whence she rejoined her husband at Havre, where he was still Belgian Minister of Justice.

During the interrogation and badgering to which she was constantly subjected, Madame Carton de Wiart acknowledged that she had been in correspondence with her husband at Havre, that she had transmitted news of the state of health of soldiers in the Belgian army to their families in Belgium, and that she had caused to be circulated the famous Pastoral of Cardinal Mercier, "Patriotisme et Endurance." She acknowledged, too, that she found a letter in her post-box addressed to the Kommandantur, and that she had destroyed it. But all the letters she had transmitted, she declared, were of a personal nature, intended to alleviate the anxiety of those who had no news of their sons and brothers at the front, and that they contained nothing of a military nature.

Among her papers seized at the Ministry there was found a journal, which was subjected to a most thorough examination. Madame Carton de Wiart was closely questioned as to its contents. On a certain date the following note was found:

Passé une soirée très intéressante chez B. W. Le Ministre a raconté une belle histoire dans laquelle il a fait allusion au mot du Ministre Talleyrand, "on peut militariser un civil, mais on ne peut pas civiliser un militaire." [2]

[2] "Passed a very interesting evening at B. W.'s. The Minister recounted a delightful anecdote in which he alluded to a saying of the Minister Talleyrand, 'one can militarize a civilian but one can not civilise a military.' "

The reference was to an evening at the American Legation when I had told I know not what story in which the saying of the witty Frenchman was introduced. During the investigation the official, a large German in uniform and wearing glasses, holding in his hands Madame Carton de Wiart's journal, said, in an impressive manner:

"Madame, I see here that you allude to a remark made by a certain minister, a Monsieur Talleyrand. You apply this saying to the Germans, do you not, Madame?"

"Not at all," answered Madame Carton de Wiart, "it is not I who said it, it was Monsieur Talleyrand."

"But you say here, Madame, that 'one can militarize a civilian.' Now then, the Belgians fired on the Germans when they entered Belgium. It can, therefore, be said that one can militarize civilians, can it not?"

Madame Carton de Wiart could with difficulty keep from smiling. She replied, however:

"Not at all; that has nothing to do with the Belgians; I have told you that it was the Minister Talleyrand who said that."

"But who is this Minister Talleyrand?"

"He was a Minister of France."

"What portfolio does he hold?"

"He was Minister for Foreign Affairs."

"But, Madame," said the German, "every one knows that it is Monsieur Delcassé who is French Minister for Foreign Affairs."

"I did not say," said Madame Carton de Wiart, "that Monsieur Talleyrand is the Minister of Foreign Affairs at the present time. It was some time ago that he occupied that post."

"And when was he Minister for Foreign Affairs?"

"Oh! It was about a hundred years ago, Monsieur; under the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, and the Restoration."[3]

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[3] In the *arrêtés* published by the Germans in *La Belgique,* on the twenty-seventh of May, is the following:

CONDAMNATION

Mme. Carton de Wiart, femme de l'ancien Ministre de la Justice, a été condamnèe le 21 mai 1915, par le tribunal militaire du gouvernement à trois mois et deux semaines de prison. Mme. Carton de Wiart a, elle-même, avoué avoir continuellement, dans un grand nombre de cas, et en évitant la poste allemande, fait transmettre des lettres è elle et à d'autrui en Belgique, et au delà de la frontière hollandaise. Elle a, aussi, soustrait ces lettres au contrôle et rendu possible leur utilisation pour l'espionnage et la transmission de nouvelles défendues. Elle a, en outre, d'après son propre aveu, distribué des écrits défendus tout en connaissant très bien leur caractère offensant. Elle a, enfin, toujours après son propre aveu, soustrait et détruit une lettre adressée à la Kommandantur et mise par erreur dans sa boite à lettres. Par de tels procédés, il est possible de mettre en danger la sécurité des troupes allemandes. Par conséquence, Mme. Carton de Wiart a dû être condamnée et transportée en Allemagne.

Translation

CONDEMNATION

Madame Carton de Wiart, wife of the former Minister of Justice, was condemned on the 21 May, 1915, by the military tribunal of the government to three months' and two weeks' imprisonment. Madame Carton de Wiart has, herself, in many cases, and thereby avoiding the German post, admitted having continually caused letters to be transmitted, both her own and those of others, in Belgium and across the Holland frontier. She has thus withdrawn these letters from control and rendered possible their utilization for espionage and for the transmission of forbidden news.

The women of Belgium, indeed, were quite as patriotic as the men. The young Countess d'Ursel, a charming and beautiful girl, was arrested, tried, and condemned, *on suspicion of attempting to aid* young men to cross the frontier—such, precisely was the charge. She was tried before a court martial and, as she was permitted no counsel, she displayed in her own defense a clear and clever mind. She protested that it was unjust to convict her on a charge of suspicion, especially of a fact that had not yet been established—namely, the fact of the escape of the young men at the frontier. Once she began to speak English, and was told:

"C'est une langue défendue."

"Mais," said she, *"si l'on est américain!"*

She was condemned to one month in prison in Germany, or to pay a fine of one thousand francs. She wished to go to prison, in Belgium preferably, because *"autrement les pauvres gens considèreraient que je suis libre parce que j'ai de l'argent."*

But her father paid the fine. For the family of one thus accused the whole experience was an agony of suspense and vague fears. And then such an affair was never ended. Not long afterward the brother-in-law of the young Countess was visited in his château, which was searched, and his concierge and his guard arrested.

She has, furthermore, according to her own admission, distributed forbidden pamphlets, knowing very well their offensive character. She has, finally, always according to her own admission, taken out and destroyed a letter addressed to the Kommandantur and by mistake put into her letter-box. By such proceedings it is possible to endanger the security of the German troops. Consequently, Madame Carton de Wiart had to be condemned and transported to Germany.

The pretext was that there were arms in the château. Then the house of an aunt was perquisitioned: some one had denounced her for having made signals to aeroplanes. The assertion, of course, was ridiculous, but denunciations were frequent and inseparable from the system. The Kommandantur believed everything it heard, and the amounts of money thus collected in "fines" were enormous.

There were, of course, vast numbers of Belgians who were secretly concerned in the work of aiding young men to cross the frontier. For a long time after the occupation began it was not difficult to escape over the border into Holland; a few francs to a sentinel—and his back was turned. Afterwards the methods were systematized; there were known centers and agents who arranged such escapes.

Belgians knowing well this part of the country, collected in groups the young men desiring to escape, conducted them by night across the country to the sentinel in league with the guide.

The expense of crossing the frontier, like all other expenses indeed, increased as the war continued. I was told that a group of eight young men who crossed together, paid each one a thousand marks to the sentinel. And the sentinel asked the guide to bring as many young men as he could that same week because the week following he was going to the front.

For a while it was not a very deep secret that a certain German officer at Antwerp would arrange these escapes, but the price of his services, growing more and more extortionate, became finally too great to be available. The higher authorities would ultimately discover and break up these combinations, and the vigilance at

the Dutch frontier would be redoubled. All along the border through the dreary Campine country, with its woods of low scrub oak and its waste moors of purple heather, there were elaborate contrivances of barbed-wire, and a high fence of gleaming wire charged with electricity that instantly killed any one who touched it. Men used to escape through these wires, however, by thrusting between them a barrel from which the heads had been removed, and then crawling through it. Sometimes the wires were insulated by wrapping rubber blankets about them; sometimes they were cut. But the wires were strengthened and there were double rows of them; the barrier was made higher and higher. Along the river Scheldt there were all sorts of expedients contrived by means of boats. Besides, many plunged in and swam the stream—and many were shot by sentinels as they were in the water.

It was a long and dangerous journey to the frontier; oftentimes it occupied days, with long waits and pauses in certain houses, barns, and *estaminets,* what our grandfathers in America in the days before the Civil War used to call an underground railway.

There were those who knew the pass words, and in the woods there were poachers who acted as guides. The routes, the pass words, the stations, and all the mysterious paraphernalia were changed frequently, for the German spies were always discovering the means.

It is said, however, that in that first winter more than 34,000 young men found their way out of Belgium and into Holland, and eventually joined the army on the Yser; 34,000 adventures, full of what excitement and danger!

Mothers in Belgium trembled to see their boys grow

up, for that meant not only the danger of war that was common to all, but the far greater danger of crossing the frontier. There is not in history any story more heroic than that of those lads, some of them only seventeen, who braved the many dangers that lay between their comfortable homes and the taut, shining spread of electrified wires at the Dutch frontier. Thousands of boys were shot down with liberty in sight, there among the bracken and the heather of that drear land of the Campine. Among those who thus escaped were those English soldiers cut off from the main body of their troops after the battle of Mons, hiding in the woods and fields and farms for months until they found their Belgian friends. There were French soldiers in this plight as well, and even Belgians. There was a captain of artillery, a Belgian, who had been wounded and taken prisoner at Liége; he escaped from the hospital, got to Brussels, hid for months in an attic, and then, after wonderful adventures in Oriental Flanders, was guided by a poacher at night across the frontier.

The adventurous voyage of the tug *Atlas V*, as it was told to me—after I had come out of Belgium—by one who participated in it, shows the spirit of the young men and the dangers they braved to get away. He was at Liége then, and to-day is in the Belgian army.

"They came to tell me," he said, "at my home one evening about eleven o'clock, that the moment had come to go. I wrapped pieces of felt about my boots so as to make no noise in the streets, for we were forbidden by the Germans to be out after half-past ten. The chief of my group gave me a playing card with a special sign, and said to me, 'Crawl on your hands and knees past the two German posts which guard the foundry

along the guard rail of the Meuse, cross the bridge at the communal rifle range, and you will see some trees on the left. Then a man will come out toward you; say to him "Charleroi." ' However, when I came to the trees it was not one man but fifty that I found. I thought that I had been betrayed; nevertheless I spoke to one of them and he replied 'Charleroi,' and told me that the man in question was not there. I had been told that the tug was called *Atlas V* and that it had a four-leaf clover on the funnel. I went toward the Meuse and found the tug, and those who were to be my companions —Belgians, anxious to get away. The tug, in order not to attract attention, had the prow turned in the direction opposite to that in which we were to go. About midnight it started and turned about, which was very dangerous, because three hundred metres away there was a German sentry. As soon as the tug had turned they shut off the steam and we were caught in a violent current, the Meuse having risen three metres. We passed without any trouble under the bridge of Wandre, but at Argenteau we noticed a mill guarded by the Germans, and they must have seen us, for as soon as we came in sight of the bridge of Visé we were caught in a sharp fusillade. At the same time two search lights were turned on us, and guns and *mitrailleuses* started up in a lively fashion. Three gun shots even were fired at us, but they did not hit. It was a nasty moment (*un sale moment*) because the balls were striking the hull as high as our ears. A German boat, furnished with two *mitrailleuses* and with a crew of six *boches,* advanced toward us to shoot point-blank, but our pilot did not lose his head and with a turn of the wheel sank the bark with its crew. I saw it all very plainly because I was

looking through a forward porthole. The Germans had built a bridge about thirty metres over the Meuse in order to give passage to a four-track railroad joining Antwerp and Aix-la-Chapelle, and beside this viaduct there was a low foot bridge of wood, with a double track. We were going at full speed and hit this foot bridge. The tug bounded back and again butted the bridge, which went under. The funnel of our tug looked like an accordion. Six Germans guarding the bridge were drowned. This detail was afterwards confirmed by the German Consul at Maestricht. But our troubles were not over. After that we had to cut through seven chains strung across the Meuse, and all that under a hot fire. When the seven chains were cut there still remained the electric cable, the most terrible obstacle, but the last. The cable resisted and the tug was lifted up at the prow and slid over toward the river bank. We thought we were lost, when one of the cable posts on the river bank broke, and the tug dove forward and I had a douche of water from the porthole above. The tug struck the river bottom and we thought we were gone; we were running toward the companion-way when the Captain shouted 'Full speed ahead,' and we understood then that it was all right. Two minutes later the firing had ceased and we were free. What joy! We sang the national hymns with all our hearts. It was half-past one o'clock. There were one hundred and three Belgians aboard, among them two women and two children. And think of my astonishment when I discovered that the crew of the boat consisted of the Captain, who was a forage merchant, and a pilot, who knew how to steer but who knew the Meuse only between Dinant and Namur; the engineer was an engineer by trade,

and the one who indicated the turnings, the islands and the depths of the water, was an old man who had fished all his life along the Meuse."

I know a priest who escaped across the frontier with the aid of a poacher, returned to the land and escaped again; he hid in the covert while the Uhlans were beating it in every direction in their effort to find him; at night they brought motor cars with electric search lights, and he lay there in the broom and heather while the long rays swept the ground about him.

Again, I was told of a group of lads from Brussels; they went to Louvain; there, in the railway station, was a man who carried a handkerchief in his left hand with which he wiped his brow; this was the signal. They followed this man, who entered a train, finally got off far up in Flanders, thence led his young men to a little inn, where they stayed over night, and then, in carts with pigs, crossed the frontier, bribing the sentries—at that time not a difficult thing to do.

And the priest at the prison of St. Gilles, condemned for two years for aiding them to escape—he had got forty out of the country—said:

"My loss of liberty helps others to be free, and my country to be free."

To aid these young men was held by the Germans to be treason, on what strange, exaggerated notion of law it would be difficult to imagine, but treason it was—"military treason," they called it, *trahison de guerre*. It was not always punished by death, but it was so punished sometimes, and more and more as time went on, until the yard at St. Gilles prison was full of graves, and at the Tir National there was another cemetery that has now more than two score graves. Strange

dramatic destiny of the National Rifle Range of Belgium, that it should become the scene of so many heroic martyrdoms—those scores of patriots blindfolded and stood before the grey firing squad in the dawn!

I think now of the shudder that went through Brussels when poor Lenoi was shot; so many knew him; the fact somehow made it more real and more terrible. Lenoi was a division chief of the Government railway, who had been talking more than was good for him in the *estaminets* in Brussels, telling of his services, and how he had sent information to the Government at Havre. One morning he was arrested and taken to Ghent and tried that same day. At eleven o'clock he was condemned, and at five o'clock in the afternoon, without having been allowed to see his wife or a priest, he was led out before his coffin, a squad of soldiers before and behind, stood up against the wall, and shot. And then his wife was sent to Germany. The story sickened one as it was told. The poor chap was only one of hundreds, of thousands of Belgians, men and women, killed thus.

There were, of course, many spies of the Allies in the country, who under the hard rules of war, expected no mercy if they were caught, and there were others who played an even more difficult and involved rôle, in practising what is called *contre-espionnage;* they were Belgians who pretended to sell themselves to the Germans and to obtain information for them, when, in fact, they were doing this in order to obtain for the Allies information from the Germans. They not only ran all the ordinary risks of the spies, but lost as well the confidence and respect of their own fellows and countrymen.

It would be impossible to relate all the dramatic stories that were told more and more as time went on and the

terror grew. An American, whose release from the Kommandantur I had just secured, told me of a French girl, with dark flashing eyes, who was to be shot in the morning; she sang "La Marseillaise" all night.

No wonder the Belgians hate the Germans with a hatred that will not die for centuries. No wonder that Le Jeune could say:

"They are brutes, you know!

"I hate them as nobody ever hated another, you know!

"If I could I'd kill six millions of them every day.

"When I shave them my hand itches to cut their throats."

LXXV

THE LUSITANIA

On Saturday, the eighth of May, the loveliest of spring days, I had gone to Ravenstein. There was something like a *détente* in the atmosphere; there seemed to be a new hope, a possibility of new life—that vague reassurance of the spring that one's projects, after all, will come to fruition. The château had been reopened, and the little flags fluttered again over the greens that rolled away toward the red roofs of Tervueren; a few of us had mustered up courage to brave the fates and play golf again. I was coming in, toward tea-time, from the eighteenth hole and I met a friend who said:

"Is it true that the *Lusitania* has been torpedoed and sunk?"

I had heard nothing of the kind and did not, could not, believe it. I had been reading in the *Times,* it is true, only the night before of Count von Bernstorff's warning and of how the newspapers at home were resenting it, but such a thing simply could not be. It is implicit in the egoism of our nature, this inability to imagine calamity befalling *us.* No one can conceive of his own city without himself in it; no one can conceive of the world, or of life going on in the world, without him. It is a part of that will to live which preserves life; it is a proof, if philosophers and economists would only study it, of the validity of individualism, in opposition to two theories of the State, both authoritarian and both German, different, and yet essentially alike in conception

and application—the doctrinaire socialist and the militarist. There is a persistent and ineradicable instinct in man that refuses to admit the authority of the general staff of the central committee of the soviet; he revolts at the thought of becoming a mere cog in the intricate wheels of some gigantic and grotesque clock that marks the flight of hours that can have no meaning, no purpose, no beauty, unless man is free. . . .

The *Lusitania?* Sunk? Impossible! Why, I could *see* her, feel her under my feet. I could hear my old friend O'Farrell say, as we walked the promenade-deck one bright morning:

"I smell the west coast of Ireland!"

Then we sighted the Bull, Cow, and Calf, and the Fastnet, and late in the afternoon, there, under the green-brown shores of Ireland, was Kinsale light. . . .

But de Siugay was coming out of the château as I went on to the terrace. Yes, it was true; he had seen it in the German newspapers that afternoon. She had been torpedoed and sunk off the entrance to Queenstown. . . .

The green-brown shores, and Kinsale—just as those poor souls, happy in that exhilarating moment when the voyage is almost over, had seen it that afternoon, one moment all was light and life and joy, the next horror and blackness—and the cowardly thing scuttling off there far in the depths of the green waters, after a hideous deed that one would have thought so short a time before no living being could be found low and dastardly enough to commit. It made one almost physically ill. . . .

I went home at once, and there were none but grim faces at the Legation; rage, indignation, that could find

no expression. . . . There it was, just as de Siugay had said, a great ugly headline:

"Ozeandampfer Lusitania Torpediert."

With the punctiliousness in such matters that had always characterized the *Bruxellois,* many came to the Legation to leave condolences because of the Americans who had lost their lives. The Prince de Ligne was announced late that same afternoon; I see him now, his distinguished face, his white hair, his black garb, his perfect bearing, bowing and sawing:

"Excellence, je ne veux pas vous déranger, je viens simplement pour vous exprimer mes condoléances à propos de la perte de vos concitoyens; les Américains ont été si bons pour nous Belges que tout ce qui vous touche, nous touche . . ."

We lived thenceforth for days in uncertainty, which no other agony is quite like. We had no news; the German authorities, as always in times of crisis, forbade the entrance of the Dutch newspapers, the one neutral source of information that we had. The only newspapers published in Brussels were under German censorship and control—*journaux embochés,* intellectually immoral sheets in which one could place no confidence and for which one could have nothing but contempt. The German newspapers, even with their censorship, were not nearly so bad, for they made no pretense of being anything but German; we had them from Cologne and Dusseldorf every day, and just then they were filled with an almost maniacal gloating over the deed of the submarine, and that was intolerable.

I did not go over to the Rue Lambermont the day after the catastrophe, nor for several days, but I heard that it had been said that Germany was not responsible

for the loss of American lives because every one had been warned not to go aboard the *Lusitania.* When I did go there again, some days later, every one was affable; the word *Lusitania* was not spoken, no reference, at that time, was made to the event. There had been, however, for a long time much feeling among the military against America, due partly to the old complaint about munitions, and partly to the conviction that there was no longer any chance of winning American sentiment and sympathy. We had been its victims now and then, the young men of the Commission, especially those in northern France, were often, I might almost say constantly, exposed to a resentment that the officers there were at no pains to conceal, but more often, indeed, quite frank to express to men whom they were always reminding were there as their "guests."

The subject of munitions was mentioned to me only two or three times, I believe—once at that time and again later. It was a young German officer, a Count, of a well-known family, who mentioned it the first time. He was in my office and, noticing the photograph of President Wilson on the *cheminée,* said:

"Est-ce Monsieur Wilson?"

"Oui," I replied, *"regardez-le bien."*

He studied it a long time very attentively.

"Notez bien la mâchoire inférieure," I said.

"Oui," he said, *"mais il devrait défendre qu'on vende des munitions à nos ennemis."*

"Mais ils ne sont pas nos ennemis," I replied. And I tried to explain it to him, showing him that under the conventions it was not part of the duty of our Government to forbid its own citizens from selling munitions of

war to any one they pleased, that this was recognized by the Hague Convention and that when an effort to change it had been made some years ago it was the influence of Germany that defeated the project; that Germany could buy goods on the same terms with others in America, that all she had to do was to get her ships across the Atlantic. He seemed not to understand. They seemed always incapable of understanding. As I have said, that which is known to Englishmen and to Americans as the sporting sense, seemed to be unknown to them; their one sport is war, and they do not play at that as sportsmen. The higher officers at Antwerp were generally offensive in their attitude toward America, and in their comments at and after the time of the crime of the *Lusitania* the military men at Brussels were in the same mood. One of them, speaking on the subject one day, after advancing the usual excuse that it was all England's fault, said that they had done all they could to enlist American sympathy, and had failed; *"Et nous en avons fait notre deuil."* He spread out his arms wide, grew red in the sudden gust of passion that swept him, and cried:

"If we have to fight the whole world we will do it!"

It was nearly a week before any public official reference to the *Lusitania* was permitted in Brussels, and then there was posted on the walls an *affiche*. Nothing, perhaps, could better have set forth the immaturity of the mind it expressed than this piece of special pleading, with its illogic, its disregard of the most rudimentary understanding of the laws of evidence and of the rules by which enlightened men fix responsibility. It ended, as the officer's statement had ended—as most all of their

contentions indeed ended—with the statement that they "now had proved that it was all England's fault." [1]

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[1] Nouvelles Publiées Par le Gouvernement General Allemand

Berlin, 11 mai.—Le gouvernement des Etats-Unis d'Amérique et les gouvernements des puissances neutres ont reçu la note suivante par l'entremise du représentant impérial accrédité dans leurs pays:

Le gouvernement impérial regrette sincèrement les pertes de vies humaines causées par la destruction du *Lusitania,* mais il se voit cependant obligé de décliner toute responsabilité! L'Angleterre, en essayant d'affamer l'Allemagne, a contraint celle-ci à user de mesures de représailles. En réponse à la proposition de l'Allemagne de cesser la guerre sous-marine si l'Angleterre renonçait à vouloir affamer l'empire allemand, les Anglais ont appliqué un blocus plus sévère encore. Les navires de commerce anglais ne peuvent être considérés comme des navires marchands ordinaires, car ils sont d'habitade armés et ont tenté plusieurs fois de faire couler nos navires en entrant en collision avec eux. Pour cette raison, il nous est impossible de les visiter. Le secrétaire du Parlement anglais, répondant à une demande de Lord Beresford, a déclaré dernièrement que pour ainsi dire tous les navires marchands anglais sont à présent armés et pourvus de grenades à main. D'ailleurs les journaux du Royaume-Uni avouent franchement que le *Lusitania* était armé de canons. Le gouvernement impérial sait, en outre, que le *Lusitania,* lors de ses dernières traversées, avait en plusieurs fois une forte cargaison de matériel de guerre à bord; les vapeurs de la Compagnie Cunard *Mauretania* et *Lusitania* étant plus ou moins à l'abri des attaques des sous-marins grâce à leur grande vitesse, ont servi de préférence aux transports de matériel de guerre. Il est prouvé que le *Lusitania,* pendant son dernier voyage, avait 5,400 caisses de munitions à bord. Le reste de la cargaison était aussi en grande partie de la contrebande. Abstraction faite d'un avertissement général, le gouvernement allemand avait cette fois prévenu spécialement le public par l'intermédiaire de l'ambassadeur comte de Bernstorff. Les neutres n'ont cependant aucunement

Meantime, while the President was bearing the greatest burden that any American had borne since Lincoln,

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tenu compte de cet avertissement, qui a même été l'objet des railleries de la presse anglaise et de la Compagnie Cunard. Si l'Angleterre a répondu à cet avertissement en niant tout danger et en prétextant l'existence de mesures de protection suffisantes; c'est elle qui a amené les passagers à ignorer les conseils du gouvernement allemand et à s'embarquer sur le *Lusitania,* condamné à la destruction par son armament et sa cargaison, et c'est l'Angleterre seule qui est responsable de la perte de vies humaines que le gouvernement allemand regrette très profondément.

LE GOUVERNEMENT GÉNÉRAL EN BELGIQUE.

Translation

NEWS PUBLISHED

BY THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT

Berlin, May 11.—The Government of the United States of America and the Governments of the neutral Powers have received the following note by the imperial representative accredited to their countries:

The imperial Government sincerely regrets the loss of human lives caused by the destruction of the *Lusitania,* but it finds itself obliged to decline all responsibility. England in trying to starve Germany has forced her to take measures of reprisal. In response to the suggestion from Germany that the submarine warfare would be stopped if England would renounce her desire to starve the German Empire, the English applied a still more severe blockade. The English merchant-ships can not be considered as ordinary merchant-ships because they carry arms and have several times tried to sink our ships by ramming them. For this reason it is impossible for us to visit them. The secretary of the English Parliament, replying to a question from Lord Beresford, declared recently that all the English merchant-ships, so to speak, are at present armed and provided with hand-grenades. Besides, the newspapers of the United Kingdom avow frankly that the *Lusi-*

and bearing it, as we were so proud to feel, as Lincoln would have borne it, we could only live on in uncertainty from day to day, and try to appear in public uncon-

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tania was armed with cannons. The Imperial Government knows, furthermore, that the *Lusitania,* during its recent trips had had several times a heavy cargo of war material on board; the Cunard Company's steamships *Mauretania* and *Lusitania,* being more or less immune from submarine attack on account of their great speed, have been given preference in the transport of war material. It is proved that the *Lusitania,* during her last voyage, had 5,400 cases of munitions on board. The rest of the cargo was for the most part contraband. Setting aside the general advertisement, the Imperial Government had specially warned the public, through the intermediary of Ambassador the Count de Bernstorff. The neutrals, however, took absolutely no account of this advertisement, which was, indeed, the object of jeers from the English Press and from the Cunard Company. If England replied to this advertisement by denying all danger, and by pretending the existence of sufficient protective measures, it is she who has led the passengers to ignore the warnings of the German Government and to embark on the *Lusitania,* condemned to destruction by her armament and her cargo, and it is England alone who is responsible for the loss of human lives, which the German Government very profoundly regrets.

THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT IN BELGIUM.

NOUVELLES PUBLIÉES PAR LE GOUVERNEMENT GENERAL ALLEMAND

Berlin, 15 mai.—Il résulte du rapport du sous-marin qui a fait sombler le *Lusitania* que ce vapeur, qui ne portait pas de pavillon, a été aperçu le 7 mai, à 2 h. 20 m. de l'après-midi (heure centrale), près de la côte méridionale de l'Irlande, par un beau temps clair. A 3 h. 10 m. le sous-marin a lancé *une* torpille qui a atteint le *Lusitania* à tribord, près de la pesserelle de commandement. La déto-

cerned and to discourage the rumours that our trunks were all packed and that we were ready to leave. The opinion in Brussels was that if the incident did not bring our countries to war it would, at least, result in a rupture of diplomatic relations. Brussels was torn between a great desire and a great fear; the one to have a new and powerful ally ranged at her side, the other lest the *ravitaillement* cease. It was pathetic to note the people, especially the poor, who passed the Legation many times a day and looked up at the balcony to see if the flag was still there; they would glance up half fearfully and then, beholding it on its staff, turn away satisfied.

We had, indeed, packed our trunks and were ready to leave. We had sent all our important documents to The Hague. Mr. Hoover had given orders that as much food as possible be shipped to Rotterdam and into Brus-

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nation de la torpille a été suivie immédiatement d'une autre explosion d'une violence extraordinaire. Le navire s'est incliné à tribord et a commencé à s'enfoncer. Le deuxième explosion ne peut s'expliquer que par la déflagration des fortes quantités de munitions qui se trouvaient à bord.

. . . . .

Translation

Berlin, May 15.—It is shown from the report of the submarine which sank the *Lusitania* that this ship, which carried no flag, was sighted on the 7 May at 2:20 P.M. (central time) near the southern coast of Ireland, a fine, clear day. At 3:10 the submarine fired a torpedo which struck the *Lusitania* on the starboard side, near the commander's bridge. The detonation of the torpedo was followed immediately by another explosion of extraordinary violence. The ship listed to starboard and began to sink. The second explosion can be explained only by the deflagration of the great quantities of munitions that were on board.

sels, and we waited. Then one morning de Leval came up to my room, quite early, with a copy of the *Kölnische Zeitung* and read to me a despatch saying that Count Bernstorff and Mr. Bryan had opened *pourparlers* in the hope of settling the whole matter, and that meanwhile the submarines would abstain from torpedoing Americans. There was a visible *détente*. The German newspapers suddenly sang small, lowered their tone, ceased to *straffen* America. Brussels breathed more easily, and admired, with us, the President's note, when it finally made its way into Belgium; *La Belgique* had published it, but with certain passages deleted, and others so distorted that the Belgians thought for a day that the President had intended to pay compliments to Germany.

The suspense was lessened, though it never quite wore itself away, but lurked there always in our subconsciousness, just as the submarines lurked in the nether seas. It was a suspense to which we were to grow accustomed, so far as we can grow accustomed to suspense, for we were to live thereafter for nearly two years literally from day to day, expecting each morning to usher in the event we were certain was inevitable. The Germans, of course, must have their final fling, the last word, and it was a last word characteristic of those who put their faith in the puerile principle of the last word. They blazoned on all the walls of Brussels an *affiche* announcing that the passengers on board the *Lusitania* were warned in time; that the ship, carried not only munitions but soldiers as well, and that just before sailing the passengers had all gone ashore in fear, but that when Captain Turner announced that he would accord a reduction of ten dollars in the passage money all

of the timid passengers, save twelve, finding this lure irresistible, had remained on board.[2]

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[2] Nouvelles Publiées Par le Gouvernement General Allemand

Nouvelles allemandes quotidiennes

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Cologne, 2 juin.—*La Koelnische Zeitung* mande de Stockholm: Un Suédois venant d'Amérique a fait une révélation intéressante au sujet de la catastrophe du *Lusitania.* Ce Suédois, qui voulait aller directement d'Amérique en Norwège, a raconté ce qui suit au *Svenska Dagblat:* Le vapeur que je voulais prendre a levé l'ancre trois heures après le *Lusitania* et j'ai assisté au départ de ce navire. Tous les passagers furent avertis à temps que le *Lusitania* avait à bord non seulement des munitions, mais aussi des soldats, et ces avertissements, aussi clairs que possible, eurent pour conséquence d'inquiéter tous les passagers quant aux dangers du voyage et de les décider à redescendre à terre pour s'embarquer sur un autre vapeur. Lorsque le capitaine Turner, du *Lusitania,* apprit cela, il annonça qu'il accordait aux passagers une réduction de 10 dollars par personne. Sauf 12 personnes qui persistèrent dans leur intention de quitter le navire, tous les passagers, séduits par l'offre du capitaine, restèrent à bord.

Le Gouvernement général en Belgique.

(Translation:)

News Published By the German General Government

German Daily Report

Berlin, June 3

. . . . .

Cologne, June 2.—The *Kölnische Zeitung* reports from Stockholm: A Swede coming from America made an interesting revelation on the subject of the catastrophe of the *Lusitania.* This

While all Brussels with upturned eyes was watching the staff on the American Legation in the hope of seeing that the red, white, and blue flag was still there, it was also watching the Italian Legation, over in the Boulevard Bischoffsheim, in the hope of seeing that the red, white, and green flag had come down. The interest in Italy had been for weeks exceedingly keen. Crowds stood all day long before the Italian Legation and before the residence of Baron Reseis, the Italian Chargé d'Affaires, waiting for the moment when the absence of the flag would indicate that Italy had joined forces with the Allies.

"L'Italie entrera-t-elle dans la danse?" was the question that men put to each other when they met. The gossips could tell you of Reseis's every moment, how often he went to see von der Lancken, how he looked when he came away, whether pleased or ill-pleased, whether his monocle was coolly in his eye or dangling nervously by its cord, how von der Lancken had treated

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Swede, who wanted to go directly from America to Norway, gave the following account to the *Svenska Dagblat:* The ship that I wanted to take weighed anchor three hours after the *Lusitania,* and I was present at the sailing of this ship. All the passengers were warned in time that the *Lusitania* had on board, not only munitions but also soldiers; and these warnings, which were as clear as possible, had the effect of disturbing all the passengers concerning the dangers of the voyage and of making them decide to return to shore in order to take passage on another steamer. When Captain Turner, of the *Lusitania,* learned this he announced that he would grant to the passengers a reduction of 10 dollars apiece. Excepting 12 persons, who persisted in their intention of leaving the ship, all the passengers, seduced by the offer of the Captain, remained on board.

THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT IN BELGIUM.

him, and all that. And they watched with eager interest the movement of the drama toward its climax; now the signs were growing more and more decisive, and with Italy in the line they felt the war to be all but over, the victorious end in sight, the King coming home. There was something pathetic in the constant hopes and reassurance as in the retrospect there is something tragic, in their repeated deceptions and cruel disappointments.

But at last the day came; the flag was down. Italy had broken off diplomatic relations. Reseis had packed up and was ready to go; he had applied for his passports.

There was an Italian gentleman in Brussels, Count Chicogni, who had rendered valuable services in connection with the relief work. He was in Holland when the rupture came, having gone there on a *laissez-passer* that had been issued to him at my request, and on my assurance that he would return. He might have remained, of course, in Holland but he came back at once, surrendered his *laissez-passer* because he had given his word to me to return, and then in his own name asked for another permitting him to leave. I hastened to salute him, to tell him of my admiration for his conduct. He flushed red:

"On ne peut pas faire autrement," he said.

He paid for his chivalry, however. Instead of beholding something admirable in the conduct that proved him so fine a gentleman, the German authorities regarded it as highly suspicious, and were perplexed. *"Il y a quelquechose de louche là-dedans,"* one of them said. Count Chicogni's passport was thereupon refused; it was even rumoured that he would be imprisoned as an officer in the Italian Reserve. The town talked of nothing else

for days. Baron Reseis's movements were noted more closely than ever, and one day when he and Count Chicogni had gone to demand their passports and had come away from the *ministère* empty-handed, Reseis in indignation, there were stories of terrible scenes in the yellow *salon.* We all participated more or less in the excitement and suspense that were so wearing on the nerves of Reseis and Chicogni.

Then Italy declared war. The news came on Pentecost, when every one was out of doors along the boulevards, in the Bois, in the Forêt de Soignes, great crowds in summer clothes—of a former summer, to be sure, but summer clothes nevertheless, and their wearers all happy in the assurance of early victory and peace. There were those who were dreaming of new summer clothes, and St. Moritz for August, for it was said that the Germans would now fall back along the line of the Meuse and abandon Brussels. The people were not allowed to celebrate the new alliance, of course; they were not allowed to express their gratitude and their sympathy with the Italians by displaying the Italian colours, as they would have liked to do; so, as the latest expression of *la zwanze bruxelloise,* in all the shop-windows there were exposed quantities of macaroni.

The Germans posted a great blue *affiche,* complaining of Italy for breaking her treaties; they were shocked by such immorality, and enumerated all the advantages, in the way of Austrian territory, that Germany had generously offered Italy not to break them. But they showed no signs of falling back along the Meuse. Over at the Politische Abteilung one of the officers told Villalobar that they had not decided yet where to have their Kommandantur in Italy, whether at Florence or at Venice.

"Si j'étais à votre place," said the Marquis, who saw the humour in every situation, *"je la mettrais plutôt à Naples."*

Then Brussels began to talk about Roumania.

"La Roumanie," they would say, *"va-t-elle entrer dans la danse?"*

And it was in the high hope which the joining of the new ally inspired in them, and the prospect of still another new ally in Roumania, that Brussels entered upon the summer.

The lovely chestnut-tree which we could see from our window across the green of the garden and over the tiles of the roofs, had shed its pink bloom. The white façades of the closed houses were blinding in the unaccustomed glare of the sun. At the Palais des Académies there were German convalescents basking in the park, looking like zanies in their costumes of blue-and-white ticking. At certain Maternity Homes extensive preparations were being made to receive the nuns from the convents in the eastern provinces of Belgium—victims of German soldiers; their hour was approaching. When I met my melancholy young German doctor of philosophy who was so unappreciated at German headquarters, walking moodily along the Rue Ducale, and stopped and asked him how he was, he shook his head sadly and said:

Ça na fa pas pein . . . on se tue bartout—le monde est devenu fou."

The Governor-General, who all the spring had been seeking a château, had found one at last—the château of the Orbans, "Trois Fontaines," near Vilvorde—and when the owner refused to rent it, had requisitioned it.

The story ran in Brussels that when the Governor-

General offered the owner of the château 1,000 francs a month as rental, the owner replied:

"I can accept no money from you. If you want it you can, of course, take it by force."

"Then," said the Governor-General, "I shall turn that amount over to the village of Vilvorde for the poor."

"But they will not accept it either."

Von Bissing then asked that he be assured that there would be no interference with the water, with the electric lights, etc.

"I can give no such assurance," said the gentleman. "You must take your chances. I am Belgian; I am your enemy. If you don't like it, send me to Germany."

And so the Governor-General turned over the amount of the rental to the poor of Vilvorde—I do not know whether it was accepted or not—and retired to the "Trois Fontaines" for the summer.

LXXVI

AIR RAIDS

I WAS awakened one morning in that June, the seventh of the month, by what I thought was thunder; but no, there was that sharp resonant explosion, three times —a shell, evidently. I got up and went to my window. It was half-past two o'clock and the dawn was breaking over the huddled roofs, whose tiles and chimney-pots gave the illusion of upholding the *quadriga* of the Cinquantenaire. A moon in the last quarter, with the dull glitter of old battered silver, hung in the pale sky, and near it the morning star. There was the cool breath, the stillness, the solemnity, of dawn, and a touch of delicate rose in the heaven. Then, suddenly, those sharp reports again. One by one the windows along the Rue de Trèves were opened and heads popped out.

"C'est un aéroplane," said the inevitable wiseacre to be found in all crowds, with his satisfied and important air.

The *agent de police,* glad of human companionship in his vigils, sauntered into the middle of the street and addressed the out-thrust heads above him; he spoke in Flemish, and I did not know what he was saying, but every one laughed, though nervously, and the policeman was evidently satisfied—avenged momentarily, no doubt, by some *zwanze,* for having to salute the arrogant conquerors. The man across the street, who was always reading novels at his upper window, now unlocked his door with a great rattle of keys, came out

into the street and joined the *agent;* they sauntered off to the corner. Some one sneezed and every one laughed. Then it was still.

And there in the lovely dawn we watched and listened. The shells, solemnly, not unmusically, boomed in the silence, incessantly. We saw nothing at first, then out over the roofs toward the north-east, beyond the Cinquantenaire, in the direction of Evere, high in the sky, we detected flashes of fire, gone before one could point them out, shells exploding in the air, and we knew that the allied aviators had come to bomb the Zeppelins at Evere, their great hangar painted in varicoloured stripes, as though by a futurist painter; *camouflé*—though the old French word in the new meaning the war gave it had not come to Brussels then.

And then suddenly there was another sound—two dull explosions, in a lower, heavier, more muffled note; surely, one thought, bombs falling on the hangar. Then a furious cannonade, and the flashes in the sky, and then all was still again. We waited.

Then—the *ronflement* of a motor, and there, high in the sky, a monoplane was flying toward the north; the firing began again. Having now fixed the dramatic center of that strange conflict in the air, it was easier to follow it. The shrapnel was exploding below and around the monoplane, flashes of fire—but the youth sailed on. . . .

The Rue de Trèves was filled with men gazing upward, one man having thoughtfully provided himself with binoculars. All Brussels was awake and watching, following with bated breath and intense, affectionate sympathy that unknown friend flying so high in the northern sky. One was acutely conscious of a prayer

in all hearts—universal aspiration going up from the silent city toward that brave, unknown flyer there out of sight, in God's sweet dawn, and the guns making a kind of solemn music all the while.

It was well on toward three o'clock and quite light, the sky gold and rose all around to the east, and not a cloud. He soared aloft there, going north, higher and higher, smaller and smaller, the guns booming on in the solemn stillness, the shells flashing into sheets of flame, leaving little white balls of smoke behind, exploding about him while we watched; would one reach him?

It was a beautiful, inspiring sight, that battle in the air, in the still and lovely dawn, symbolic, somehow; the old conflict between the Prince of the Powers of the Air and the Prince of the Powers of Darkness. What bravery, what heroic daring. That lad up there, some fair, clean, beautiful English boy, with his traditions of honour, who had flown up out of France, across the hell of those trenches, and unerringly in the moonlight to that spot where he had a tryst with the dawn. There in the morning light, exposed to all dangers, seen of all men—not skulking like those submarines in nether darkness, stealing up and striking a treacherous, cowardly blow at the innocent, at non-combatants, at women and children! The implications of it all were tremendous. That unknown youth in the skies that serene morning was the darling of half a million Brussels hearts; their greetings, their gratitude must have risen to him in waves that were almost palpable; he might almost have been imagined then as waving friendly hands—the sign of that democracy for which he was risking his life! . . .

He was flying serenely on and up, like some glorious

bird, never turning, never swerving, sailing on in a kind of majesty. He disappeared behind one of the old chimney-pots; then appeared again across the red tiles. The guns fired a last shot, the shells flashed spitefully in the clear morning sky; then against its blue a cloud of smoke arose, and we said that the hangar was burning, that the aviator had accomplished his mission and was safely on his way back to the lines of the Allies. Rue de Trèves was excited for awhile—then went back to sleep.

At nine o'clock that morning a company of German troops went trudging in their clumsy boots down the Rue de Trèves. They plodded along, heads hanging, singing lugubriously, evidently under orders. It was a sad, sodden kind of singing and the Rue de Trèves laughed and knew the man of the air had succeeded. The Germans would, of course, do something to show that they did not care.

And then Marie, my wife's maid, popped in, all excitement.

"Oh, Monsieur le Ministre! Les avions ont détruit le hangar à Evere, et le Zeppelin qu'il contenait! Le laitier vient de me le dire! Il y en avait six—il les a vus!"

She stopped to catch her breath.

"Je me suis éveillée aux deux explosions—bomb! bomb! et j'ai couru vite, vite!"

She ran out and was back at once; some one had arrived with confirmation. The streets all about Evere were barred, the hangar and the Zeppelin therein destroyed. All the people at Auderghem had been at their windows, and all exclaiming, as they watched the aviator:

"Que Saint Antoine le garde! Que Saint Antoine le garde!"

The population at Evere mocked the Germans during the attack; the people ran out in their night clothes, and one Belgian got out a cornet and played "La Brabançonne!"

De Leval had spent the night out at the château Charles-Albert, at Boitsfort, had been awakened by the noise of the motors, and had seen it all; he had seen the aeroplanes flying across the Forêt de Soignes, there were ten of them, he said; he had seen them circle over the hangar, one swooping very low.

Then at eleven o'clock fair Inez came, riding by on her bicycle, all rosy with smiles, and very pretty and charming in a fresh linen morning gown (the day was very warm). She had arisen and with her maid had pedalled out to Evere; had heard that eight German soldiers were killed, one badly mangled.

Topping had seen it all too; he was sitting up reading and had seen the aeroplanes, six or more, arriving in the form of a flying wedge, and he watched the battle.

Thus all morning the stories came in, until in the afternoon a gentleman from Mont St. Amand, near Ghent, called at the Legation to say that at half-past two that morning four aeroplanes had flown over Ghent and that the Zeppelin there arose to meet them; they flew high over it and, dropping bombs, destroyed it so that it fell and was shattered to pieces, killing the twenty-three Germans in it. But a shell also struck a convent and killed a nun and a girl living in the convent, the daughter of a Belgian officer. The man brought me a piece of the frame of the Zeppelin as a *"souvenir."*

And so Brussels was smiling that day, much encour-

aged. The exploit had small military significance, perhaps, but it cheered the people.

"Cà prouve," said one man, *"qu'on pense à nous!"*

No one went to the Germans for passes or other favours that day. No newspapers were permitted, and they kept companies of soldiers marching about the city all day singing!

A German officer, speaking to an American just then in Brussels, Mr. Montgomery, said:

"It must have been an Englishman; he was so brave!"

And so it was. The attack on the hangar was made not by ten, or by six, but by two men, Flight-Lieutenants J. P. Wilson and J. S. Mills, R.N. The hero of the dramatic conflict at Ghent was Flight-Sub-Lieutenant R. A. J. Warneford, R.N., who was killed so short a time afterwards, with Henry Beach Needham, at Paris.

LXXVII

THE STRIKE AT MALINES

THERE were those in Brussels who did not hesitate to predict that the city would be compelled to pay a heavy fine as a penalty for the raid of the allied airmen, and, while the two cases were not alike, they could point to Malines as a precedent and as an example of how a whole community could be punished. For a week Malines had been *incommunicado,* blockaded, the population shut up within the city walls and cut off from all contact with the outside world. This had been done because the workmen, five hundred or more, employed in the Malines arsenal, had refused to work for the German authorities. The arsenal was not an arsenal in the military sense, but the machine-shops where the locomotives operating the railways, which in Belgium belong to the state, were repaired. The Germans had of course seized the railways and were using them, and when the locomotives needed repairs they called on the workmen to effect them. This the workmen unanimously refused to do on the ground that the railways were used by the German military authorities to transport troops, and that as patriotic Belgians they could not aid the Germans in this. They invoked the Hague Convention in support of their position but the Government of Occupation insisted that the work was not at all in the interest of the German army, but in the interest of commercial traffic and of the Belgian population; and to make this distinction clear, the Governor-General issued a state-

ment which insisted that "if the population of Malines is cut off from the world. . . . it owes it to the strike of the workers. By such a machination, the origin of which may be easily discovered, the intention of His Excellency the Governor-General to revive the economic life of Belgium are called into question in the most criminal manner, to the detriment of the entire Belgium population.[1]

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[1] Le Gouverneur Général a fait publier, le 30 mai, à Malines, un avis disant que, si mercredi 2 juin, à 10 heures du matin, 500 ouvriers expérimentés, anciennement occupés aux arsenaux, ne s'étaient pas présentés au travail, il se verrait forcé de punir la ville de Malines et les environs par la suspension de tout trafic économique, aussi longtemps que des ouvriers en nombre suffisant n'auraient pas repris le travail.

Tel n'a pas été le cas. Il s'agit visiblement dans ce refus de travailler d'un accord collectif. Il y a lieu de considérer que, par l'avis publié par le kreischef de Malines, tout citoyen raisonnable de la ville a pu se rendre compte que le travail exigé n'est pas à faire au profit de l'armée allemande, mais simplement à exécuter dans l'intérêt du trafic économique de la population belge.

Ces agissements inexcusables des ouvriers de l'arsenal de Malines ont rendu nécessaire l'application de mesures coercitives qui ont déjà été portées à la connaissance de tous par l'affichage et qui entreront en vigueur le 3 juin à 6 heures du matin.

Si la population de Malines est coupée du monde jusqu'au moment où une modification se produira dans la situation inadmissible actuelle, elle le doit à la grève des ouvriers. Par pareille machination, dont l'origine peut être facilement retrouvée, les intentions de S.E.M. le Gouverneur général de faire renaître la vie économique en Belgique sont remises en question de la façon la plus criminelle, au détriment de la population belge tout entière.

Translation

The Governor-General caused to be published, on the 30 May, at Malines, a notice, saying that if on Wednesday, the 2 June, at 10

This solicitude, however, with the veiled allusion to the Cardinal by which it was accompanied, was all lost on the stiff-necked Belgian workmen and on the sixth of June the Governor-General proclaimed an edict stating that "in view of the fact, which any unprejudiced person could recognize from the edict of the twenty-fifth of May, the German administration had not the slightest intention of forcing the labourers to work for the German Army, and that as the work in question was solely in the interest of the Belgian population" he was "obliged to punish the city of Malines and its environs by arresting all economic traffic so long as a sufficient

o'clock in the morning, 500 experienced workmen, formerly employed in the arsenal, had not presented themselves for work, he would find himself obliged to punish Malines and the environs by the suspension of all economic traffic so long as the workmen in sufficient numbers did not return to work.

Such was not the case. In this refusal to work there was obviously a collective agreement. We must consider that, according to the notice published by the Kreischef of Malines, every reasonable citizen of the city could have satisfied himself that the work required was not to be done for the benefit of the German army, but simply to be executed in the interest of the economic traffic of the Belgian population.

These inexcusable activities of the workmen of the arsenal of Malines have made necessary the application of coercive measures, which have already been brought to the knowledge of every one by the posting of notices, and which will come into effect on the 3 June at 6 o'clock in the morning.

If the population of Malines is cut off from the world until such time as there shall be a modification in the present intolerable situation, it owes it to the strike of the workmen. By such a machination, the origin of which may be easily discovered, the intentions of His Excellency the Governor-General to revive the economic life of Belgium are called into question in the most criminal manner, to the detriment of the entire Belgian population.

number of workmen in the arsenal shall not have resumed their labours."

And so all traffic and all travel from the four railway-stations in Malines was prohibited; no civilian was allowed even to approach the stations; all circulation of vehicles, bicycles, automobiles, interurban trams, and canal-boats was forbidden; even the rails of the interurban tramways were taken up, and the office for passports closed.

"If the economic life of Malines and its environs," the statement concluded, "which I have endeavoured especially to favour, must suffer gravely from the above-mentioned measures, the fault and the responsibility will be due to the lack of foresight on the part of the workers in the arsenal in allowing themselves to be influenced by their ringleaders." [2]

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[2] A L'Arsenal de Malines

Avis du Gouverneur Général en Belgique en date du 30 mai 1915.

M. le Chef de l'arrondissement de Malines m'a fait savoir que son avis du 25 mai n'a pas amené un nombre suffisant d'ouvriers expérimentés à reprendre l'ouvrage à l'Arsenal.

Vu que, comme toute personne qui n'est pas de parti pris a dû s'en rendre compte par l'avis du 25 mai, l'administration allemande n'a nullement l'intention d'obliger les ouvriers à travailler pour l'armée allemande et que les travaux dont il s'agit répondent uniquement aux intérêts de la population belge, je suis obligé de punir la ville de Malines et ses environs en y arrêtant tout trafic économique tant qu'un nombre suffisant d'ouvriers de l'Arsenal n'aura pas repris le travail.

J'ordonne donc que:

Si le mercredi 2 juin, à 10 heures du matin (heure allemande) 500 anciens ouvriers de l'Arsenal pouvant et désirant travailler (ceux qui désirent travailler peuvent se faire inscrire à l'entrée de l'Arsenal tous les jours de 8 à 12 heures et de 2 h. 30 à 6 heures—

And so the gates were closed and the city with its sixty thousand inhabitants shut off from the rest of Belgium. The Comité National even was forbidden to send in any clothing though it was still permitted to send in food.

There were protests on the part of the Cardinal and

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heure allemande), ne se présentent pas à l'ouvrage, les restrictions suivantes au trafic entreront en vigueur le 3 juin, à partir de 6 heures du matin:

(a) Les autorités des chemins de fer empêcheront tout trafic de personnes et de voyageurs partant des gares situées sur les parcours suivants, ou y aboutissant:

Malines-Weerde;
Malines-Boortmeerbeek;
Malines-Wavre-Sainte-Catherine;
Malines-Capelle-au-Bois,

y-compris les gares-terminus.

Il sera défendu à tout civil, sous peine d'être puni, de pénétrer dans les gares en question.

(b) Toute circulation de véhicules (transport de personnes et de fardeaux) de vélos, d'autos, de vicinaux et de bateaux, même en transit (à l'exception du transit des bateaux) est interdite dans la région comprise entre le pont de la chaussée de Duffel, la Nèthe et le Rupél en aval jusqu'au confluent du canal de Bruxelles, la rive est du canal vers le sud jusqu'à Pont Brûlé, puis les chemins d'Eppeghem, Elewyt, Wippendries, Berghsheide, Campelaar, Boort-Meerbeek, Rymenam, Wurgnes, Peulis, Hoogstraat, Wavre-Notre-Dame, Buckheuvet, Berkhoef, jusqu'au pont de la chaussée de Duffel.

Les rails de vicinaux seront enlevés aux limites de la région délimitée ci-dessus.

(c) Il ne sera fait d'exception à l'alinéa (b) que pour les transports du Comité National destinés à l'alimentation du district interdit.

(d) Le bureau des passeports sera fermé.

Si la vie économique de Malines et des environs, que je me suis efforcé spécialement de favoriser, souffrait gravement des mesures

the Burgomaster, but the Germans were deaf and persistent in their determination to punish the whole com-

susmentionnées, la faute et la responsabilité en seraient au manque de prévoyance des ouvriers de l'Arsenal se laissant influencer par des meneurs.

Translation

MALINES ARSENAL

Notice of the Governor-General in Belgium, under date of the 30th of May, 1915.

The officer in command of Malines has brought to my knowledge the fact that his order of the 25th of May has not brought out a sufficient number of experienced workmen to resume the work at the arsenal.

Therefore, as every one who is not prejudiced could have recognized from the edict of the 25th of May that the German administration had not the slightest intention of forcing the labourers to work for the German army, and that the work in question was solely in the interest of the Belgian population, I am obliged to punish the city of Malines and its environs by arresting all economic traffic so long as a sufficient number of workmen in the Arsenal shall not have resumed their labours.

I therefore order that:

If, on Wednesday, the 2 June, at 10 o'clock in the morning (German time), 500 former workmen of the arsenal, being able and willing to work—those who desire to work can sign up at the entrance to the Arsenal every day from 8 to 12 and from 2:30 to 6, (German time)—do not present themselves for work, the following restrictions on traffic will come into force, on the 3 June, beginning at 6 o'clock in the morning:

(a) The railway authorities will stop all traffic of persons and travellers leaving from the stations on the following lines, and those connecting with them:

Malines-Weerde;
Malines-Boortmeerbeek;
Malines-Wavre-Sainte-Catherine
Malines-Capelle-au-Bois,

munity. The workmen stood firm, and the citizens of Malines made it a point of honour to stand with them. There were no disorders, simply a firm, silent, dignified, patriotic resistance. The situation lasted two weeks. Then the Germans themselves began to suffer,they could not carry on their affairs; they brought in German workmen, announced that the work was resumed, and threw open the gates of the city.

And thus ended one of the most singular strikes ever undertaken. Not a single Belgian had worked for the Germans, and a German official at the Politische Ab-

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including their terminals.

It will be forbidden to every civilian, on pain of punishment, to enter the stations in question.

(b) All circulation of vehicles (carrying persons or goods), of bicycles, automobiles, interurban tramways, and boats, even in transit (with the exception of the transit of boats) is forbidden in the region comprised between the bridge on the Duffel road, the Nethe and the Rupel down to its confluence with the Brussels canal, the east bank of the canal toward the south up to the bridge Brulé, then along these Roads, Eppeghem, Elewyt, Wippendries, Berghsheide, Campelaar, Boort-Meerbeek, Rymenam, Wurgnes, Peulis, Hoogstraat, Wavre-Notre-Dame, Buckheuvet, Berkhoef, up to the bridge on the Duffel road.

The rails of the interurban tramways will be taken up as far as the limits of the region herein marked out.

(c) There will be an exception made in section (b) in favour of the transports of the Comité National destined to the feeding of the restricted district.

(d) The passport office will be closed.

If the economic life of Malines and its environs, which I have endeavoured especially to favour, must suffer gravely from the above-mentioned measures, the fault and the responsibility will be due to the lack of foresight on the part of the workers in the arsenal in allowing themselves to be influenced by their ringleaders.

teilung paid a reluctant tribute to their character when he said bitterly:

"The Belgians are indomitable; the Cardinal has shown us that."

The Cardinal, indeed, about the same time had been having another difficulty with the oppressors of his country. He had written a note to the Kreischef at Malines informing him politely of a religious procession he proposed to have—an old traditional ceremony held every year, and the Kreischef had forbidden it because, as he said, the Cardinal had not expressly asked permission; the Kreischef had insisted that the Cardinal use the word "permission." The Germans were told by a certain diplomat that for a distinguished man like the Cardinal to write and inform the Kreischef of his intentions was equivalent to a polite request for permission. But no, that would not suffice; German authority, German supremacy, must be recognized to the very uttermost.[3]

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[3] The same measures were attempted at Ghent, which was in the Etappengebiet and not in the jurisdiction of the German General. There the following order was issued:

LES AVIS OFFICIELS ALLEMANDS

L'Administration communale de Gand nous transmet l'avis suivant:

Avis

Par Ordre de Son Excellence M. l'Inspecteur de l'Etape, je porte à la connaissance des communes ce qui suit:

L'attitude de quelques fabriques qui, sous prétexte de patriotisme et en s'appuyant sur la Convention de La Haye, ont refusé de travailler pour l'armée allemande, prouve que, parmi la population, il y a des tendances ayant pour but du susciter des difficultés à l'administration de l'armée allemande.

À ce propos je fais savoir que je réprimerai par tous les moyens à ma disposition de pareilles menées qui ne peuvent que troubler le bon accord existant jusqu'ici entre l'Administration de l'armée allemande et la population.

Je rends responsables en premier lieu les autorités communales de l'extension de pareilles tendances, et je fais remarquer que la population elle-même sera cause que les libertées accordées jusqu'ici de la façon la plus large lui seront enlevées et remplacées par des mesures restrictives rendues nécessaire par sa propre faute.

Lieutenant-Général,
Graf von Westarp,
Le Commandant de l'Etape.

Gand, le 10 juin, 1915.

Translation

The Municipal administration at Ghent transmits to us the following notice:

Notice

By order of His Excellency the Inspector of the District I bring to the attention of the communes the following:

The attitude of certain manufactories which, under the pretext of patriotism and depending upon the Hague Convention, have refused to work for the German army, proves that among the population there are tendencies to create difficulties in the administration of the German army.

In this connexion I announce that I shall repress by every means in my power such efforts, which can only trouble the good spirit existing until now between the Administration of the German army and the population.

I hold responsible, in the first place, the communal authorities for the dissemination of these tendencies, and I may add that the population itself will be the cause if the liberties up to now granted freely are taken away from it and replaced by restrictive measures rendered necessary by its own fault.

Lieutenant-General,
Graf von Westarp,
Commandant of the Etape.

Ghent, June 10, 1915.

LXXVIII

LA LIBRE BELGIQUE

THE centenary of the Battle of Waterloo falling in June of that year, was not observed by the great celebration that had been planned in Belgium. The poetic imagination might figure to itself Napoleon and Wellington sitting in the shades of twilight before the ugly mound, exchanging reflections on the progress of the species and the improvements mankind has wrought since their day, when submarines and asphyxiating-gas bombs had not yet been invented, and women and children and helpless non-combatants had not become *chair à canon* as well as men. Perhaps old Blücher would have been there too, smoking his long pipe, though perhaps he would have felt his place rather to be in Brussels with von Bissing, just then haranguing a regiment of Imperial Guards drawn up in the sun before the palace in their *opéra bouffe* costumes of white and red, in celebration of the day and the event.

At any moment, indeed, the reflective mind could find in Brussels scenes and subjects to moralize. Strolling out of a morning there were always to be observed, for instance, the strings of horses going down the Rue Belliard, led by a cavalry under-officer who rode arrogantly along. They went by every day in an endless procession, every one of the patient beasts the symbol of a little tragedy in some life of toil, of sadness in the humble peasant home from which it had been taken. Every day at noon there was a guard

mount before the Houses of Parliament; a battalion marched from the Palais de Justice, which had been turned into a barracks, down the Rue Royale to the Place de la Nation; they were led by a band that brayed "Die Wacht am Rhein," and other German patriotic tunes. The Belgians in the street affected generally not to see them; even the familiar spectacle of small boys trotting along beside the bandsmen was lacking. Frequently, too, there was a morning parade of troops in the Avenue Louise and along the boulevard; the troops had music at their head when they did not have a *mitrailleuse*. Standing on the sidewalk one morning was a young man who, looking at the soldiers, laughed; instantly two soldiers sprang out of the column and seized him. The poor lad wildly protested in terror.

"Je n'ai rien fait! Je n'ai rien fait!" he cried.

One of the soldiers significantly touched his gun, and they dragged him off behind the soldiers.

There were always such morally sickening scenes to be witnessed, and always the latest *affiche* giving the names of the victims of the firing squad: *"Ont été fusillés aujourd'hui en vertu de l'arrêt du Conseil de Guerre——"* And then the tragic list, half a dozen or more, of those martyrs to liberty whose only monument was the red *affiche* that recorded their sacrifice—the *affiche* so soon to be saturated by the rains and torn and tattered by the winds, until it was covered over with another just like it, save that the names were of other martyrs who had helped boys across the frontier, or "counted trains," or in some other way resisted or offended the Germans. There were the names of women as well as of men, and no distinctions were made in applying the last penalty. And they had

their effect in the hatred which they intensified in every heart; they must have had their effect on unborn children as well. I shall never forget the expression of the face, nor the tone of the voice, nor even the peculiar contour of the lips, of one of the scholars of Belgium, an eminent critic in letters and in art, who, one day, at some such sight, burst forth:

"Que Dieu me prête encore la vie pour savourer la revanche!"

God, whose ways are past finding out, did not lend him the life to relish the revenge he so confidently anticipated, for he died soon after, as died so many others whose hearts could not endure the strain daily put upon them, and were overwhelmed at last by the preposterous injustice that poisoned all the air. . . .

The hatred grew as the terror grew, and the resistance with both. It was a resistance that was kept up in countless ways, difficult to describe; there was something occult and mysterious about it; it was all about in the very air. There was the blood of the martyrs, and the courageous denunciations and appeals of patriots like the Cardinal and Maître Théodor. But the only organ it had was that remarkable publication, *La Libre Belgique,* a little sheet that people found in their letter-boxes from time to time, they knew not how it got there; von Bissing himself did not know how it got to him, but there it was punctually, without missing a number, so it was said, on his table at each publication. He tried by all the means at his command to find out, but he never succeeded. It was a small sheet of four pages, with three or four columns of observations the Governor-General could not have liked to read. No one knew who edited or published it, no one knew where

or by whom it was printed. It was, as its announcement said, "A Bulletin of Patriotic Propaganda, irregularly regular," in appearance; the price of a number was "elastic, from zero to infinity," and those who resold it were "requested not to go beyond this limit." As to its editorial rooms it was stated that as it had been unable to find a "peaceful location" it was "installed in an automobile cellar." And as to advertisements, "Business being dead under the German domination, we have suppressed the advertising page and we advise our clients to save their money for better times." Its telegraph address was "Kommandantur, Brussels."

All that I knew, or ever learned of it, was that it mysteriously appeared in the letter-box at the Legation. Then for a long time it would come no more; after a while the clandestine distribution would be renewed. While prudence advised every one to show no familiarity with it, people used to discuss its contents and applaud the temerity of its unknown editor, who "had a dauntless spirit—and a press."

The German police tried every device known to them; they made raids and perquisitions; they offered rewards; but they never discovered the editors and publishers and *La Libre Belgique* continued to appear with its announced irregular regularity on von Bissing's table. Probably nothing in all that the Belgians did irritated the Germans more, and they were incapable of seeing the humour of it, of course, or of understanding that their desperate and intense resentment only made the sheet the more powerful, determined, and influential. Now and then they did succeed in arresting some luckless person who was distributing it, or who had a copy of it, but even those who had it could not tell whence it

came. Women spies, dressed as nuns, were sent about soliciting subscriptions; they went to every door behind which they suspected the presence of some one knowing about the paper, and asked for odd numbers to complete their files, but all to no avail; neither editor nor printer was ever discovered.

La Libre Belgique was not the only patriotic paper clandestinely published in Belgium. There was *De Vlaamsche Leeuw—The Flemish Lion*—published in the Flemish language, and circulated in the two Flanders. It was in the same note as *La Libre Belgique,* and bore at the head of its columns the statement: "In these times of sorrow and trial we Flemish place ourselves without reservation beside our brethren, the Walloons, around the Belgian tricolour, and we share the same misery and the same dangers. We are convinced that on the day when the final victory is won we shall also participate in the same rights." It announced that its office was in Brussels across the street from the office of *La Libre Belgique.* There were other publications, too, giving extracts or résumés of the news; such as the *Weekly French Press,* but these did not circulate at Brussels—or at least never got in our letter-box.

LXXIX

THE BELGIAN CROP

In the midst of the excitement and the trying suspense over the *Lusitania* incident we took up, and all summer long discussed, one of the most difficult problems that ever threatened the relief work. We had had already an intimation of it in the letter from Mr. Hoover saying that the British Government would refuse to allow the *ravitaillement* to continue after the fifteenth of August unless the Germans gave guarantees not to requisition the new crop in Belgium. Then one evening, just as Hermancito was translating the President's note out of a German newspaper for us, and we were hearing of Mr. Bryan's resignation, Mr. Hoover arrived from London, and we were face to face with the problem. It was a question of exquisite delicacy and it was complicated by another quite as difficult, that of the intention, or if not the intention, at least the desire, of the Germans to interfere in the work of the Comité National. At the time they had destroyed the Belgian Red Cross it was predicted that they would destroy the Comité National, or take over the charitable work it was doing, which would have destroyed it. There were, as I have said, suspicions in the German mind of the Committee's activities, and fear of their results. I suggested that the questions be separated and discussed one at a time, and we were fortunate in that the first of them to be taken up concerned the disposition to be made of the Belgian crop. The Germans, of course, would not give way before threats or ultimata; once

their pride was engaged the situation would have been irremediably compromised, and the work at an end. Their original guarantees had bound them not to touch any imported food, and these guarantees had been respected by them, but they had requisitioned for their army such products as were still grown on Belgian soil, and this was not in contravention of any expressed engagement. But, as is always the case in any enterprise conducted by human beings, there were those difficulties and complications that are inherent in the mystery of personality; there were those various susceptibilities, antipathies, and inexplicable antagonisms that exist wherever men of different races are brought together, and usually whenever human beings are brought together at all, so that in the long discussions that ensued, in making the delicate approaches to the Germans in the hope of winning their assurances as to the crops then ripening in the little fields that lay like rich carpets over Belgium, it was necessary to watch the expressions on a dozen countenances, to read the signals in a dozen eyes, to know what significance to attach to frowns, or lifted eyebrows, or sudden hardening of the lips. The atmosphere created by that torpedoing off the coast of Ireland was growing even more tense, and surcharged with grave potentialities; the Americans who had worked so hard, so faithfully, without recompense, purely for humanity, were smarting under the treatment the Germans had accorded them—suspicion, contempt, hatred, insult even; and there were moments when they were tempted to throw over the task. But there in the shadowy background of the scene were always those helpless hungry Belgians who must be fed, and there seemed no one else to assume the responsibility.

Thus one morning Villalobar and I went to see von der Lancken. He received us that day in the little room upstairs, where, overlooking the pleasant park, he worked such long hours every day. No one ever worked as those Germans worked; they were up and at it early in the morning and toiled far into the night, with no week-ends, no holidays, not even Sundays. We presented the notes that we had prepared, identical in terms, concerning the disposition to be made of foodstuffs at the time the new crops were to be gathered. Villalobar had asked me to do the talking that morning, and after we had conversed a while about certain details I found a way of suggesting that we discuss principles and to intimate that the notes, in effect, raised the whole subject, which was, literally:

"What did the Germans propose to do with the new crop?"

And von der Lancken harked back to what I had once said about the difficulty of feeding a lamb in a cage with a lion and a tiger, and asked:

"Qui est le tigre et qui est le lion ici, nous ou les Anglais?"

"Cà dépend," I replied.

He laughed, and a laugh makes things simpler; I said that it could all be put very simply.

"What proportion of the food stock required by the Belgians for a year will the new crop provide?"

"Roughly speaking, about a fifth," he said.

"Very well," I said, "I make you a proposal. The new crop is one-fifth of the supply for the coming year. You can do one of two things: you can leave that one-fifth to the Belgians and the Commission for Relief will provide the other four-fifths, and you will get in addi-

tion, and very cheaply, the credit for having been just and generous, or, you can take that one-fifth and then from Germany yourselves import the four-fifths necessary to make up the deficit."

He thought a minute and said that while he could not speak for the Governor-General he thought it would be better to accept my first proposal. I told him that I thought so too, and the Marquis added an approval. But von der Lancken returned with an additional thought:

"If we give you the one-fifth," he asked, "what assurance have we that when the Belgians have eaten that up the English will continue to allow the four-fifths to come in?"

We came thus tentatively to terms on the principle, but the details, of course, were not so simple. Men talk much and importantly about principles but they agree upon them much more readily than they do upon details because, perhaps, they hold theoretical principles so much more lightly than they hold practical details. I shall not recount the long and difficult negotiations that occupied us day and night for the better part of that summer, but perhaps I can convey some suggestion of what they meant, if I recall what seemed a remarkable experience, unique in the world in that pass to which man had succeeded, after twenty centuries, in bringing it. I heard one morning as I awoke a strange and beautiful sound, latterly unknown in our life, and coming with what rich suggestion of memories out of the world we had lost—the musical ring of a mason's trowel on a brick! There had been no building, no industry, and this note of remote normal life was sweet to hear. And what longing it created! I could imagine myself for an

instant in a certain Ohio town on a summer morning, with peace around, and men working serenely. Would we ever know peace again, ever win our way back to a life in which the only price of bread should be honest work, and not ever tortuous, endless, distasteful, nerve-racking negotiations, discussions, and arrangements?

In principle, then, we were agreed; and von der Lancken, sitting there at the little marble-topped table in the Louis XVI *salon* of the old Ministry of Industry, furnished for the polite uses of society, one day officially informed us that the Governor-General had agreed that the new crop should go to the Belgians; that much was gained. But—one used to official discussions learns before drawing the long and happy sigh of relief, to await the adversative conjunction that connotes new difficulties—but the Governor-General wished to put into effect his pet project of organizing the distribution of the crop on the lines already prevailing in Germany.

General von Bissing was a man of force, and no doubt had many virtues, but he had lived in Barmen, Prussia, and he had this prejudice: he thought that everything should be done in the way that it is done in Barmen, Prussia. It is not, perhaps, a rare prejudice; every man has his Barmen, Prussia, and there were many Barmens represented around that table, Belgian Barmens, and Dutch Barmens, and Spanish Barmens, and California Barmens, and Ohio Barmens, all widely separated in space and time. Von Bissing oft-times thought, no doubt, that the Belgians were unreasonable and at fault in not appreciating the advantages of Barmen and of doing things in the Barmen way. The notion of introducing the Barmen system of distributing crops

was an old and darling project of his. We, of course, could object on numerous grounds, and von der Lancken said it would be difficult to get the General to change his mind; that was a thing he seldom did, as we well knew, alas! And so for a long time we discussed the difficulty of convincing England, where there were yet other Barmens, and, like a convention in deadlock, met and adjourned, and met and adjourned.

And they went on for a month, those meetings in an atmosphere that had become so familiar to me, so inseparable from the discussions of men! I had been living in that atmosphere for a quarter of a century, and I may as well own that I detested it; a room full of men all smoking, and all talking at once, all with more or less vague and nebulous ideas of what ought to be done or what they wished to do, and finally, when it came to writing it down, each anxious to have it set down in his own words; the infinite difficulty of reaching a common understanding, of discovering the agent that will cause the muddy element of discussion to precipitate. It is bad enough when it is done in one language, but here it was necessary that it be done in three, sometimes in four. One of those sessions comes back to me. It is a hot, sultry summer day; one of the Herr Professors, of the type that removes its glasses when it wishes to read, is bent over the table, very red in the face, with perspiring brow, writing; impossible to get him to see a thing or to change a single line. Another, his face scarred like a Kaffir warrior's, is reading a copy of *The Manchester Guardian*—with what sensations, I wonder! There is a sputtering discussion, every one talking at once, endless palaver, incredibly barren and stupid. I go over to the window and look out into the Park,

waiting for the futile discussion to wear itself out. C—— comes to me and tells me that F—— is doing too much of the talking, spoiling everything in fact. Then F—— comes over and confides to me that C—— really talks too much and will inevitably ruin the whole business. . . . When it is over for that day I go away with a nervous headache, and drive off to the fields where the poppies and the *bluets* are blooming in the ripening yellow corn, the very crops whose distribution we were squabbling over.

However, we had the assurance that the whole Belgian crop would be reserved for the Belgian civilian population, and it was agreed that the C. N. and the C. R. B. should continue to function as before, and that was the principal thing. It was the desire of the C. N. and the C. R. B. that the principle of distribution by regions be adopted, first, because the two organizations were established on that principle; and second, because such a method facilitated the work and was more economical. Mr. Hoover demonstrated in an able memorandum, that the production of bread stuffs was of irregular proportions in various districts; the province of Limbourg could produce enough to supply the people of that province during the entire year, while the agglomeration of Brussels obviously produced none at all. If the wheat in each province were reserved for the people of that province, then the Commission could confine its shipments to the various districts as required by the exhaustion of their local supplies. Such a system would simplify the work of distribution as it would diminish the number of centres into which it would be necessary to transport imported food; whereas, if the harvest were distributed to the entire population for immediate consumption, a

large amount of railway stock would have to be employed to move it about and much money spent in transportation.

We supposed that the military authorities would prefer not to be troubled with this constant shifting of goods. But no, that was not the German way: a German organization must be created and everything squeezed into it, everything poured into the German mould, or hammered on their anvil. It seemed to be a principle with them not to turn the crop of the Belgians over to the Belgian or even to the American organization, which would have seemed to be the simple and logical method; while agreeing that the crop should go to the Belgians and be eaten by them, the Germans were determined to keep it in their own hands as long as possible, and to dole it out from time to time. Then we suggested that it be distributed by the communal or regional authorities, and when this idea was rejected we suggested that the wonderful coöperative institution of Belgium, known as the *Boerenbond,* be utilized. But no, this would not do either: there must be a *Zentrale,* and for weeks the form of the *Zentrale* was discussed. They would elaborate its bewildering and complex organism day after day. The Herr Doktor who had the details in hand, or in head, might have been a plenipotentiary at a peace conference charged with fixing the status of all the nations and regulating the affairs of the world for all time; it must be that way and no other, because that was organization, and it was doctrinal that everything must be organized. We discussed it learnedly and solemnly for days on end, and the marvellous and unprecedented phenomenon of organization was at last evolved. Then one afternoon, by an innocent ques-

tion of one of us, it was suddenly discovered that none of the Herr Doktors or Herr Professors, or I know not what gowned and hooded experts, had ever once thought of such questions as insurance, transportation, demurrage, freight charges, and, above all, the fluctuation of the wheat market and the desirability of buying as cheaply as possible. None of these things had entered into their consideration. They looked up in amazement and put on their glasses, as they always did when they did not wish to see anything.

Finally, however, we reached an agreement by which the Commission was to continue to import into Belgium the food necessary to the support of the population, and the German Administration would hold the native crop, used in making bread, at the disposition of the Belgian people, the details of the distribution to be decided on later by the Governor-General.[1]

[1] The agreement was as follows:

Le Comité National et la Commission for Relief in Belgium, sous le patronage de Messieurs les Ministres d'Espagne et des Etats-Unis d'Amérique et du Chargé des Affaires des Pays Bas, continueront à importer en Belgique, jusqu'à la récolte de 1916, les denrées nécessaires à l'alimentation de la population civile dans le territoire occupé, placé sous les ordres du Gouverneur Général en Belgique.

Le Gouverneur Général en Belgique de son côté tiendra à la disposition de la population civile belge du territoire placé sous ses ordres le produit de la récolte de blé de 1915 servant à la fabrication du pain (froment et seigle).

Aussitôt que Monsieur le Gouverneur Général aura pris une décision au sujet de la répartition de la récolte, que celle-ci soit réparte dans tout le pays, ou bien qu'elle le soit dans les régions productrices, ou bien encore suivant tout autre système, la décision prise sera communiqués à Messieurs les Ministres d'Espagne et des Etats-Unis d'Amérique et à M. le Chargé des Affaires des Pays

Mr. Hoover could then return to London with the desired assurances as to the disposition of the new crop; they came just in time, for on the very evening when we were all relieved by the solution, a telegram came from our Embassy at London saying that the English Government was about to make some announcement affecting the work unless we could assure an immediate solution. As to the method of distribution of the indigenous crop, the Germans finally organized a new *Zentrale,* called the Zentrale Ernte Kommission, composed of five Germans—one representing the Politische Abteilung, one the Zivilverwaltung, one the Bank Ab-

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Bas pour être transmise au Comité National et à la Commission for Relief in Belgium, afin que ceux-ci puissent prendre leurs mesures en conséquence.

Translation

The Comité National and the Commission for Relief in Belgium, under the patronage of the Ministers of Spain and of the United States of America and of the Chargé des Affaires of Holland, will continue to import into Belgium, until the harvest of 1916, the provisions necessary to the support of the civil population in the occupied territory under the orders of the Governor-General in Belgium.

The Governor-General in Belgium, on his side, will hold at the disposition of the Belgian civil population in the territory under his command the harvest of grain of 1915 used in the making of bread (wheat and rye).

As soon as the Governor-General shall have come to a decision on the question of the distribution of the harvest, whether it be distributed throughout the entire country or whether it be distributed in the regions producing it or whether, according to some altogether different system, the decision taken will be communicated to the Ministers of Spain and of the United States of America and to the Chargé des Affaires of Holland to be transmitted to the Comité National and the Commission for Relief in Belgium, in order that they may take measures in accordance therewith.

teilung, and two others, who seemed to represent the Empire at large. But as a proof of their liberality and fairness they made a concession and allowed two more members, with full powers to vote, on the committee, one representing the C. N. and one the C. R. B. The sessions were formal and every proposal made by the Germans was carried by the same vote—five to two; every proposal made by the Belgian or the American was lost by the same vote—two to five. And, in addition to this, inasmuch as Mr. Hoover's direct American way had offended the Germans, a new organism attached to the Politische Abteilung was created, the Vermittlungsstelle, through which contact was established thenceforth between the German Administration and the C. R. B.

LXXX

A CRISIS

We had no sooner disposed of the question of the indigenous crop than the Germans proposed to take up the discussion of the second point into which we had divided the problem under notice—namely the status of the C. N., and we received from the Governor-General a letter that created something like consternation. It was a remarkable letter, evidently the sequel of all the dissatisfaction with the Comité National and it demanded a *quid pro quo* for the concessions made as to the new crop. Though it was written in diplomatic phraseology and plainly a product of careful collaboration, it was autocratic, Prussian; it laid down the law as to what the C. N. might and might not do. Some time before, the Germans had appointed Dr. Reith and Dr. Schachs as representatives to consult with M. Francqui as to the work and the status of the C. N.; for weeks they had been examining the matter, and had come to an agreement which we supposed was satisfactory. It had also been suggested that were the Governor-General to have a personal interview and a frank discussion with M. Solvay and M. Francqui a better understanding might be reached. We were delighted and General von Bissing sent for M. Solvay and M. Francqui, who accordingly went one morning at the hour fixed to the Ministère des Sciences et des Arts, were ushered into a drawing-room, and presently von Bissing entered in state, in full uniform, booted, spurred, and surrounded

by his staff. Von Bissing stood there, his hands crossed on the hilt of his sabre, and, the presentations concluded, drew from his pocket a paper and read a formal address to M. Solvay and M. Francqui—the Prussian notion of frank discussion.

The exigent letter which so concerned us was addressed to Villalobar, to van Vollenhoven and to me as protecting Ministers—M. van Vollenhoven, the Dutch Chargé des Affaires, was then acting with us, his chief, the Jonkheer de Weede, Dutch Minister to Belgium, who was with the Belgian Government at Havre, having been named, at the request of the Germans, a patron of the C. N. and the C. R. B. We were informed by the letter that "while the protection and favour which the Governor-General had never ceased to accord to the C. N. gave proof of the interest he had in the work, it appeared that the sphere of activity of the C. N. had taken on an extension that had not been foreseen when it had been created." The Governor-General esteemed it necessary that the action of the C. N. be clearly determined so that friction would not be produced. To this end, in order to enable the authorities to have a deeper knowledge of the work of the Committee, and to facilitate its task, the Governor-General had decided to instruct the German authorities in the country to maintain closer contact with the sub-committees of the C. N., and, in short, to attend the meetings of these sub-committees and take part in the proceedings. There was much else in the letter, which concluded by saying that all this was in accordance with international law. But even international law could not make German Kreischefs *persona grata* at a meeting of a Belgian committee, and if that

were insisted upon it meant, of course, the collapse of the work.

And so again those long wearying discussions, opened by a preliminary meeting between Villalobar, van Vollenhoven, and me, on the one hand, and von der Lancken and one of his assistants, Dr. Reith, on the other. We told of the fears and reluctance of the Belgians. I asked the Baron to picture to himself a meeting of a Belgian committee with a German officer seated at the table; they protested that they had meant no such thing. It seemed that it had never occurred to the Governor-General that the presence of his subordinates at the meetings of men at Dinant or at Louvain could in any way be objectionable to those men. From just what quarter the suggestion had come we did not know: up to that time there had been some confusion; orders had emanated from von Sandt, from von Lumm, and from others, and we had the impression that there had been differences, jealousies, no doubt, and perhaps quarrels among the German officials, with the military always in the background. There seemed, indeed, to be a continual, desperate struggle in von Bissing's entourage to secure the ascendency over him, to get in his good graces, to be near the fountain of privilege and of power, and to make draughts on it from time to time, an interesting example of what irresponsible personal government may be.

We obtained an agreement that thereafter only Baron von der Lancken was to issue orders in reference to the *ravitaillement*. Our discussions lasted for days. In von Bissing's letter, or in the French translation of it which we had before us, the paragraphs that foreshadowed the grim figures of the Kreischefs at the committee-meetings

was written in the conditional mood, as though it were merely a suggestion, a possibility, and Villalobar and I had seized on this fact to calm the Belgians, saying that the matter was not yet wholly settled. But when the objections were set forth von der Lancken said that he saw no way out of it since the Governor-General had stated that it was necessary to do this; the orders had already been prepared instructing the Kreischefs to attend the committee-meetings. We called his attention to those conditional phrases, and he said that in the original German which the Governor-General had seen and signed, they were in the indicative; it was only in the French translation given to us, that they were in the conditional. . . .

We urged him to try another plan, which would permit the Kreischefs to receive a report of the proceedings of those meetings, and thus informed to continue "to favour and protect the work."

"Ne forcez pas le mariage, Monsieur le Ministre," said M. Francqui to the Baron von der Lancken at one of our final meetings, *"je vous prie; sinon vous aurez un divorce deux semaines, après."*

Von der Lancken consented, and said the orders already prepared would not be put into execution.

The next morning, in the vast relief I felt, I had gone to the studio of the painter Watelet. We were talking of something quite important—values, I think—when there was a knock at the door and de Leval burst in, saying that I must come at once, that the Germans had ordered their Kreischefs or the commissioners of the Kreischefs to attend all committee-meetings, that the thirty thousand Belgians working for the C. N. had given their resignations, that the *ravitaillement* was at

last and definitively at an end, and that Villalobar and Francqui and Lambert were waiting for me at the Legation to decide what steps were to be taken. We rushed back to the Legation then, and there they were, though calmer than I had expected to find them in such a crisis. On inquiry I learned that the order had indeed gone out to the Kreischefs, either after or before von der Lancken had said on Wednesday that he would suspend execution and change the method, and that several Belgians had either resigned or had signified their intention of resigning.

Villalobar and I went at once to von der Lancken and explained to him the gravity of the situation. It was all a mistake, he said; there had been *trop de zèle* on the part of some of the Kreischefs; he would arrange all as we had agreed; the presidents of the committees would see the commissioners before the meetings and discuss with them and furnish them with *procès-verbaux* afterward. He said that he did not wish any one outside to say that the *barbares* had seized the crop and that the Governor-General was eating it all up himself.

"Ne faisons pas en sorte que cette belle lumière," I said, *"la seule qui existe au monde aujourd'hui soit éteinte."*

And so when Mr. Hoover came back to Brussels in a few days, and M. Francqui gave a dinner in his honour, with the wide doors of the dining-room opening upon the garden, lovely in its mysterious purple shadows and the cool, dark greens, we could all feel that the *ravitaillement* was assured for a time, at least.

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